

If You Want Help, You
POST-DISPATCH NEED IT
"WANTS" SAT- VERY BADLY,
ISFY ALL YOUR YOU NEED IT,
DAILY NEEDS. OH SO SADLY.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH.

THE ONLY ST. LOUIS EVENING PAPER WITH THE ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCHES.
THIRTY-SIX PAGES.

SUNDAY MORNING—ST. LOUIS—AUGUST 1, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

More St. Louis Homes Are Visited
IT SUPPLIES BY THE
ALL THE POST-DISPATCH
NEEDS OF THE THAN ANY OTHER
HOUSEHOLDS. NEWSPAPER.

FOUND DEATH IN THE DESERT.

Garrett E. Anderson Perished of
Thirst on the Arid Plains
of Arizona.

WAS A NEW YORK BROKER.

He and His Wife Had Gone
After Their Son, Who Is
an Invalid.

SHE CAME NEAR DYING ALSO.

The Couple Were in Shouting
Distance of Their Son
When They Be-
came Lost.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.
PHOENIX, Ariz., July 31.—Garrett E. Anderson, a New York broker, who came here in search of health, died of thirst yesterday on Salt River Desert, about twenty miles from this city.
He and his wife were driving to where their son was camping at Cave Creek. When within a quarter of a mile of their destination they feared they had lost their way, and giving the horse the last drop of water, they started to retrace their way to Arizona City. Later in the afternoon a freighter named Moore had his suspicious aroused by carriage tracks that crossed and recrossed the road. He followed the tracks until he reached the now delirious couple and almost crazed horse. He gave Mrs. Anderson water, but Anderson was too far gone to drink. Moore latched the carriage behind his wagon and hurried to the canal, but Anderson was dead before he arrived there. Mrs. Anderson is now here, where three physicians are doing their utmost to save her life. When they turned back they were within shouting distance of the camp of their son.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.
NEW YORK, July 31.—According to a dispatch received to-night, Garrett E. Anderson, a wealthy resident of Brooklyn, perished today in the desert near Phoenix. A year ago the son developed symptoms of consumption and was taken to the Arizona deserts. There he met Whitelaw Field, Mr. Field recommended the young man to go to a stock farm near Phoenix. For a time his letters were full of encouragement. Then came a change and one day a few months ago Mr. and Mrs. Anderson started west. A week ago Mr. Anderson wrote to his hotel in Brooklyn and asked that a suite of rooms be retained for himself and his wife. He spoke of a fine team of horses behind which he and his wife and son were taking exploring tours around Phoenix.

BUILT A GLORIOUS JAG.

Henry Berger Drinks Thirty-
Eight Whiskies After Work.

Henry Berger drank thirty-eight glasses of whiskey last evening.
He does not know why he did it, how he did it, nor does he know how he knows he drank that many. In fact, Henry was not in a shape last night to know much of anything. He was the drunkest man sent in many months to the City Hospital to sober up.
Berger is a grand old worker and lives with his wife at 237 California avenue. He worked all Saturday and received his pay check. Then he started home.
Late in the afternoon a policeman found him, limp and helpless, on the sidewalk. A passing physician said Henry was suffering from a cerebral hemorrhage. Mrs. Berger went from one faint to another.
At 10 o'clock last night Henry was taken home. He was in a good mood, but he knew he had drunk thirty-eight glasses of whiskey. His pay envelope was untouched and he could not tell how he had obtained the liquor.

PRETTY GIRLS IN DROVES.

Answered an Advertisement for
a Postmaster's Assistant.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.
MADISON, N. J., July 31.—When William H. Larson received his appointment as Postmaster of this place last June a violent change took place in the office. The windows were washed and ink was put in the public inkwell. Each week something new happened that has centered interest in the local office. Applicants were found an acceptable one. She is Miss Clara Newman, about 18, an bright, is a dollar and very pretty.

HORSELESS CARRIAGE MISHAP.

Thomas Adair Killed by the Vehicle in
New York.
Special to the Post-Dispatch.
NEW YORK, July 31.—The horseless carriage made an error to-night. It ran over Thomas Adair on Broadway. It was as far as known caused its first death. It was the first of the kind. The bicyclist, the cable car and the horseless carriage.

BY MASTER MIND.

Miss Burridge Says She Was
Hypnotized Into a
Marriage.

CANNOT REMEMBER IT.

She Repudiates the Ceremony
Which Bound Her to T. R.
Milliken at Crawfordsville.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.
CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind., July 31.—Miss Kate Burridge was married in this town a few days ago to Mr. Thomas R. Milliken. The marriage was apparently regular in every way and was performed by an Episcopal minister, and yet the bride refuses to live with her husband, and stoutly declares that she has no recollection of the ceremony or of the events immediately preceding or following it. She says that she must have been under hypnotic influence at the time she promised to accept Milliken as her lawfully wedded husband, as she had no previous intention of marrying him.
Miss Burridge lives with her mother, Mrs. John Burridge, at Mansfield, O. A few weeks ago she met Mr. Milliken there, and he was somewhat devoted to her. The mother objected to the suit and did not want her daughter to marry him at least until the two were better acquainted.
After a few weeks in Mansfield, Milliken came to this town and at once associated himself with the Episcopal Church and became prominent in Y. M. C. A. work. He offered his services as an organizer to the Rev. Mr. Schulze, the pastor of the church, and declared his willingness and ability to aid in establishing the order of the Brotherhood of St. Andrews. A few days after his arrival Mrs. Burridge and her daughter came here to visit friends. They did not know that Milliken was here, but he soon called on them and resumed his attentions to Miss Burridge.
The mother was suspicious, and she always contrived to accompany the young people when they went to church or to places of amusement. Previous to the coming of the Burridges, Mr. Milliken had been attentive to a young lady who lives here, but he neglected her after his old sweetheart arrived.
On the day that Mrs. Burridge and her daughter were to return to Mansfield, Mr. Milliken called to bid them good-bye and asked for a photograph of Miss Kate. She had none, and he suggested that they go to a gallery and have a negative made. She consented. The mother did not accompany them, as she was busy packing.
Instead of going to a photograph gallery, Milliken took Miss Burridge to the Court-house, secured marriage license and then went to the residence of the Rev. Mr. Schulze, where the ceremony was performed. The license was perfectly regular and the minister performed the ceremony after asking the usual questions.
Both bride and bridegroom declared that they had known each other from childhood; that they were not related and that they knew of no reason why they should not be married. They said they were both members of the Episcopal Church at Mansfield, and gave as a reason for the quiet marriage the fact that the mother was not in good health. As the minister's time after the ceremony was performed, the bride kissed her husband and said: "The bond is sealed, and you can go away from me as long as you please."
Milliken escorted his wife back to where her mother was stopping, and she returned to her Ohio home. A few days after the marriage papers contained notice of the wedding. Then Miss Burridge, or Mrs. Milliken, protested that she knew nothing that happened after they reached the Court-house until they returned to her mother's home. She said that she had been hypnotized, and refused to have anything to do with the marriage. She said that she was not in her right mind when she and Milliken were married, and that she had been hypnotized.

As evidence of the truth of Miss Burridge's story she insists on being addressed by her maiden name. She says that her husband had never before been deeply interested in church work, and this makes it seem strange that he should have taken the pains of gaining the confidence of the minister, and that he would marry her when requested. Other people, however, say that Mr. Milliken, by his attentions to the other girls, had gained the confidence of the minister, and that he had induced her to consent to marry him, a step which she afterwards repented.

IS GULDENSUPPE ALIVE?

A Man in New York Says He
Saw Him in Germany.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.
NEW YORK, July 31.—A stranger just arrived from Germany declares that William Guldenuppe is alive and in Germany. Alvin W. Wunsch, a waiter in Hollander's Hotel, who served the stranger, says the stranger said:
"I don't see why people here are making so much fuss about this alleged murder of Guldenuppe. I have just returned from Germany and I can assure you that he is not dead at all. He is in Germany. He told me that he was in New York as a waiter, but he did not regard the matter seriously and believed that the man who was killed was not him. I learned that the people are still under the impression that Guldenuppe was murdered. Whether the stranger really did see Guldenuppe in Germany is another question. Lawyer Howe said to-day: 'I am not sure, but I believe he did see him in Germany. We have known all along that he is not dead. I don't know just where he is, but the Morgue is not that of him.' Martin Thorne will be on hand when he is called for trial. He does not feel uneasy about the result of his trial."

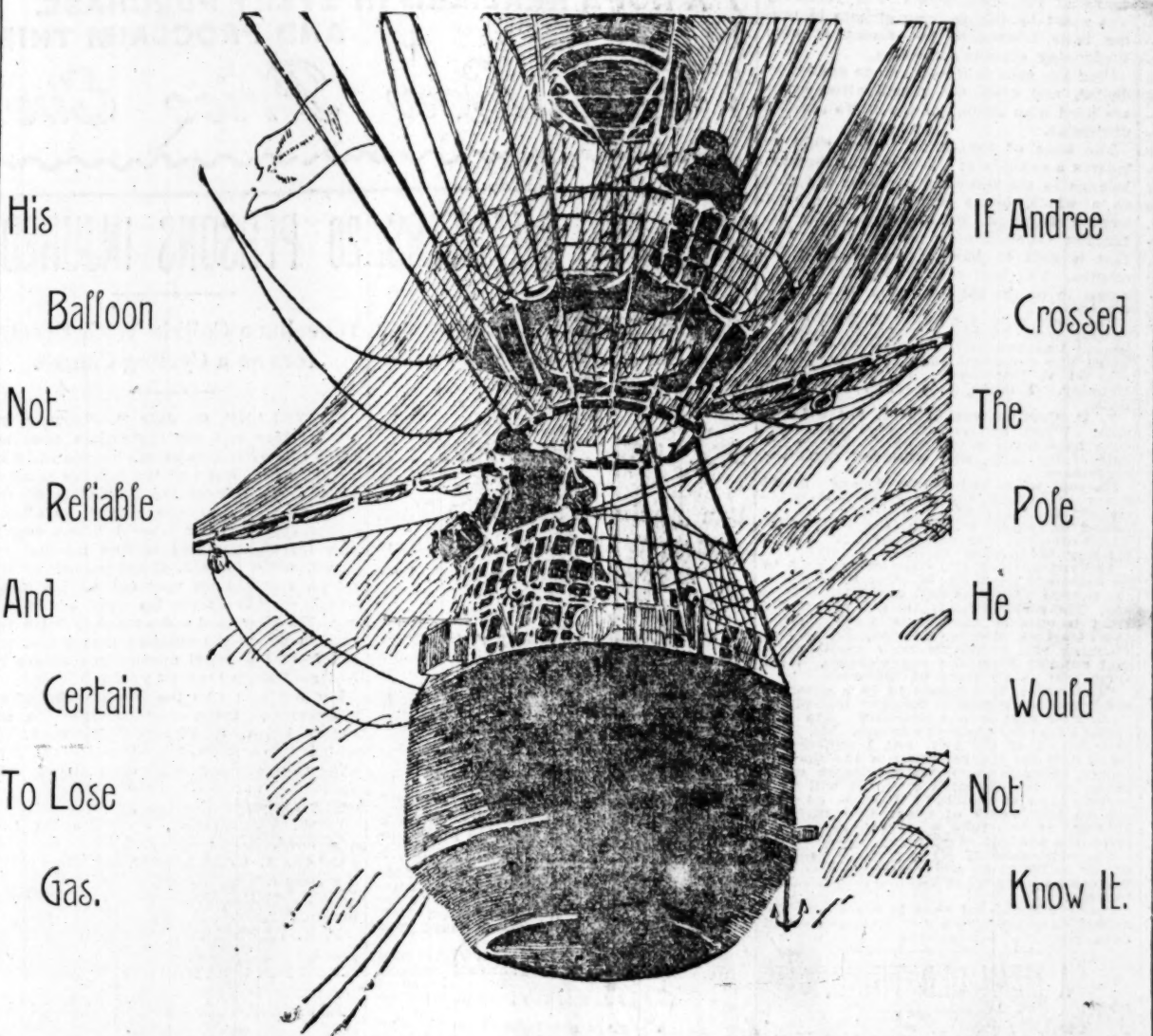
ON CAP HATFIELD'S TRAIL.

The Outlaw May Be Captured by
Posses in Close Pursuit.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.
HUNTINGTON, W. Va., July 31.—Cap Hatfield, the noted outlaw, was seen on Monday morning a few days ago, was seen on Island Creek, Logan County, today. Two posses are headed in that direction and he may be captured before sunset. Hatfield was heavily armed.

HAS EXPLORER ANDREE GONE TO HIS DEATH?

Gen. Greely Thinks the Daring Aeronaut and His Companions Will
Never Be Heard From.



The Scientific Value of Such an Expedition Is Small, as Accurate Observations Are Absolutely Impossible.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.
LINDEN, Va., July 31.—Gen. A. W. Greely, the hero of Arctic expeditions, has given up hope of ever hearing from Andree and the brave Arctic balloonists.
Gen. Greely was found by the Post-Dispatch correspondent at this picturesque place among the Blue Ridge Mountains, where he is spending the summer and gaining strength from a recent illness and surgical operation.
"Then he will not know when he crosses the pole," the correspondent asked.
"I don't see how he can determine when he crosses the pole or whether he crosses it at all or prove it he did."
"What are the chances of a balloon making such a trip as Andree has undertaken?"
"Slight. The longest time I ever knew of a balloon in air is nine days. That was in the slope of Paris. Andree attempted to keep his balloon in the air a longer period by preventing the escape of gas, which ordinarily is at the rate of 3 or 4 per cent a day, and he believed he had devised a method to reduce the escape to 1 per cent. But his 1886 balloon lost 3 to 4 per cent, the usual amount."
"How can he escape with his life if his balloon fall him?"
"There is, I fear, little hope of Andree's return if any accident happens to his balloon. A boat is of no service where he is likely to land, and sledging means making but two or three miles a day, and that shows how meagre are the chances of escape even if he have a year's provisions. He will find little in the way of food where he would probably land, and he would have difficulty in finding a bear or a seal. The best chance for food is always around the archipelago or along the coast, where the ice breaks readily and where seals and walrus and other game naturally resort."
"Where will Andree probably emerge, if at all?"
"The chances, if he comes out at all, are that he will reach Franz Josef land or the Siberian coast. The vessel that belongs to the Jackson exploring expedition, which has been at Franz Josef land for three years, left a short time ago with provisions for the Jackson party. They carried with them a quantity of provisions for Andree, and the intention is to catch them on Franz Josef land. If Andree could get to New Siberia land he would find there about provisions left by Baron Von Toll of the Russian Imperial Geographical Society for Nansen two or three years ago."
"You do not then believe that Andree will ever be heard from again?"
"I very much fear not, but as I have said, the marvelous is always happening, and Andree may return. I do not place much reliance in the alleged messages by pigeons from Andree. In the first place, it was difficult to locate latitude 46.2, and the explanation offered by learned people does not make the locality plain, and in the past carrier pigeons have not made more than 1200 miles. Andree's birds would have been obliged to cover two or three times that distance to bring any word from the balloon."
"Do you know Andree?" Gen. Greely was asked.
"I met him and had a long talk with him in London. He is a man of very great courage and determination. Some people regard him as crazy. I do not. His talk with me

THE COST OF ARMOR.

Secretary Long Thinks the Govern-
ment Pays Too Much.
Special to the Post-Dispatch.
NEW YORK, July 31.—"As to whether this government should make its own armor," said Secretary of the Navy Long to a Post-Dispatch reporter to-day, "is a question of the greatest importance. In accordance with an act of Congress, a board of officers is to be appointed to look into the matter and report to me, and through me to Congress, as to whether we can build a plant. The board is to be composed of three officers. Up to the present time I have selected two; the third will be designated in later dispatches. It is to be the President of the board and Capt. McCormick a member."
"Do you think the charge of \$450 per ton for armor by the Carnegie and other armor-making establishments is exorbitant?" asked the reporter.
"I think \$450 a ton for armor is entirely too much," replied Secretary Long. "The Navy Department to pay more than \$800 to build its own armor for \$300" asked the reporter.
"The matter has been looked into," said the Secretary. "Congress will not permit the Navy Department to pay more than \$800 for a ton of armor for the new ships. I see no reason why we could not build armor for that amount."
Secretary Long inspected the Brooklyn navy yard to-day and will proceed to Newport in the Dolphin to witness the naval maneuvers.

POOR, SILENT AND RICH.

A Peculiar Old Pair of Deaf
Mutes Who Lived in
Seclusion.

MONEY WAS EVERYWHERE.

When the Brother Died the Sister
Locked Herself Up and
Refused All Visitors.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.
COLUMBIA, Mo., July 31.—For nearly half a century there lived near Columbia, on a fine farm of 188 acres, a brother and sister, William and Julia Barnes, both deaf mutes. They lived utterly alone and little was known of them except that they were a remarkable pair. Neither had ever seen a railroad train and knew little of modern civilization. They dressed in the style of fifty years ago.
William Barnes, the older of the pair, died July 15 at the age of 77 years. The sister was prostrated with grief. She refused to see visitors and remained for days alone in her room with the door locked. It was reported in the neighborhood that a large sum of money was in the house, and it was feared that the place would be raided. James English and Parker Barnes of that neighborhood investigated. They searched the house and found it like a Klondike gold mine. Money was everywhere, under the carpets, over the doors and windows, tucked into old shoes and stockings. They found \$50,000 in silver and bills, besides a number of valuable notes and paper. In all, \$50,000 was found.
The Public Administrator was informed, and on the belief that the aged sister of the deceased was a person of considerable means, was brought here to-day and placed in a bank.
The parents of the strange pair lived and died on the same farm. Four members of the family survive. Mrs. S. M. Barnes, now in an asylum at Fulton, Mo.; Ely English, of Columbia, and Parker Barnes of Boone County.

CAMP CAMPBELL IS OUT.

Will Not Take Part in the Wil-
son Creek Reunion.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.
SPRINGFIELD, Mo., July 31.—Campbell Camp of Confederate Veterans, which has been seconding the efforts of the Grand Army posts in the work of arranging the Wilson Creek reunion, has officially declared that it will have nothing whatever to do with the reunion. However, points to this and the reunion programme has been time and time again revised, in order to, if possible, avoid a clash on the subject. This has been found to be impossible, as the Confederates finally demanded a point of view. It is the intention of the Confederates to have in the parade eleven young women representing the seceding States.
The Confederate flag was to be carried in front of them. Ex-Congressman J. P. Tracy, a member of the Grand Army, points to this and the reunion programme has been time and time again revised, in order to, if possible, avoid a clash on the subject. This has been found to be impossible, as the Confederates finally demanded a point of view. It is the intention of the Confederates to have in the parade eleven young women representing the seceding States.
There has been very little ill feeling displayed, but both sides are firm in their position. Every Confederate, however, points to a successful reunion and outside of this one incident, the blue and gray have been on a very best of terms, and while the Confederate camp will not be represented as a body, all members will work for the success of the enterprise.

HE HAD CHECKS TO SELL.

George Benson Got Himself Into
Serious Trouble at Boonville.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.
BOONVILLE, Mo., July 31.—Yesterday morning George Benson registered at the Hotel Commercial from New York. He represented himself at the saloon as a whiskey drummer. He made the acquaintance of E. H. Mueller of the "Woodbine" bank. Benson requested that \$50 of a letter to Otto Kistenmacher, a saloon keeper at Pilot Grove, from whom he had obtained \$50 yesterday in the same way. He will be arraigned Monday before Justice of the Peace Lamon B. Wright.
After he received the money, suspicion was excited. Mueller sent for Benson and together they went to the bank and Benson returned the money. Immediately after Benson left town in a lively rig. He was overtaken at Pleasant Green, eighteen miles distant, by a posse of men from Pilot Grove, who brought him back to this city last night on the M. & K. & T. and lodged him in jail.
On examining him they found a similar check for \$50, and found in his pocket \$50 in bank bills. Benson requested that \$50 of a letter to Otto Kistenmacher, a saloon keeper at Pilot Grove, from whom he had obtained \$50 yesterday in the same way. He will be arraigned Monday before Justice of the Peace Lamon B. Wright.

BANKER SPALDING GUILTY.

Verdict of the Jury in the Third
Trial at Chicago.

CHICAGO, July 31.—The jury in the third trial of Charles W. Spalding, treasurer of the Illinois State University, and president of the Globe Savings Bank, returned a verdict this afternoon guilty. The present trial is on an indictment charging Spalding with hypochondriac \$25,000 Macopin county bonds.

A SNAKE IN THE BED.

A Child Bitten to Death by a Rattler
in an Outdoor Camp.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.
PARIS, Tex., July 31.—A peculiar death is reported here from Coal Creek, I. T. A German named Schlegel, with his wife and three children, were in camp until they could build a house. A few mornings ago Schlegel arose from his bed, and looking over to the place where the children were sleeping behind a large rattlesnake snugly coiled up between two of them. Schlegel was almost petrified for a moment. The snake reared its head and was just in the attitude of striking when Schlegel struck it fairly with a bed slat, which happened to be near. The snake had bitten one of the children until it was swollen into an unrecognizable state. The other two children were unharmed.

DR. BURDELL

WAS STRANGLED.

Alleged Confession of a Woman
Clears Up a Noted Mur-
der Mystery.

CONCEALED FOR FORTY YEARS.

William F. Woods Claims That
Mrs. Emma Cunningham
Was the Assassin.

CONFERRED TO MRS. FOWLER.

The Crime Revealed at Last Be-
cause of a Contest by
Rival Claimants to
an Estate.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.
CHICAGO, July 31.—If the story told by William F. Woods is credited, New York's famous Burdell murder mystery is a mystery no longer.
Mr. Burdell, a New York dentist, was assassinated in his office at 311 Bond street forty years ago. In to-day's story it is asserted that the housekeeper, Mrs. Emma Cunningham, confessed herself the murderer.
She strangled the doctor with a cord while John Eckel, her friend, stabbed him with a dentist's knife. Mrs. Cunningham was tried for the murder in 1857, and acquitted.
William F. Woods is a grandson of Dr. James Fowler, who was Dr. Burdell's partner at the time of the murder. He says that Mrs. Fowler had been kind to Mrs. Cunningham, and in 1859 the latter confessed to Mrs. Fowler. Ten years ago Mrs. Fowler told her son, S. F. Wood, and her grandson, William Wood, of the confession. At the time Mrs. Cunningham made her confession Mrs. Fowler was living at No. 9 Vandam street, New York.
The secret would never have been divulged but for the unpleasant experience it cost the Wood and Fowler families to make claim to the estate of Dr. James Fowler, who died a few years ago in France. The claims of both families brought out threatening letters to Wood, who was one of the most active claimants.
In New York Woods received three mysterious letters from as many different points, advising him of the Burdell murder, and to refrain from striving to secure any of his grandfather's estate, under penalty of death.
William F. Wood returned to Chicago from New York last night, and made up his mind to reveal the secret. He says that in 1860 Cunningham had just returned to New York from California. Mrs. Fowler was surprised by a call from Mrs. Cunningham, and was about to turn away when Mrs. Cunningham begged a few words. Mrs. Cunningham then confessed the murder. She planned the murder to secure his fortune estimated at \$100,000, intending to pose as Burdell's widow.
After securing the money, she intended to marry Eckel. She said the murder had been planned by her in one of the rooms of the house weeks before. Eckel was to do the act alone, but realizing that the victim was possessed of great strength, he finally decided to assist in order that there would be no failure. The night chosen for the murder was an ideal one. It will ever be a memorable night because of the terrific rain and wind storm that prevailed.
In one of the upper windows of the Burdell mansion the watching man and woman saw Dr. Burdell enter the house by the front door shortly after midnight. Watching him as he made his way to the operating room, the assassin saw a man carrying a knife enter the room, and saw him fall asleep.
Satisfying themselves that he would not easily awaken, the two stole into the room. In her hand Mrs. Cunningham carried a stout linen cord. Eckel held a sharp knife. Mrs. Cunningham crept behind the chair, while Eckel stationed himself in front, with uplifted hand, in which he tightly grasped his weapon.
With a swift movement Mrs. Cunningham cast the cord about the sleeping man's throat, and at the same time Eckel plunged the knife through his victim's heart, repeating the deed until he had inflicted at least twenty wounds; but one cry escaped the lips of Mr. Burdell. At the time the cord cut into his throat he shrieked, "Murder!" So suddenly was the death accomplished that he had no time to make an outcry.
The body was rolled to the floor by the assassin, and Mrs. Cunningham searched the clothing for papers that would aid her in proving her claim to the doctor's fortune. She only found a memorandum containing items of large sum she owed the Times with the core and much in the murder, she did up in a parcel, which she threw into the river. She and Eckel then fled to France, where Eckel's body was found the next morning by the officers.

Telling the story, Mrs. Cunningham left, saying she was going to stay with friends, and that was the last that was ever seen or heard of her.
Mrs. Cunningham died of dropsy in New York on Sept. 2, 1887. Eckel died at Albany shortly after the Burdell case. He was imprisoned for whiskey frauds. He and Mrs. Cunningham were never married, but they lived together for many years. The trial of Mrs. Cunningham was the only case of the kind in the history of the law. It was a case of a woman who was accused of murdering her husband, and who was acquitted. The case was a mystery for forty years.

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"LOVE" 'TIS WOMAN'S WHOLE EXISTENCE."—BYRON.

LIKE COALS OF FIRE HIS GAY BRUNETTE TO GAIN HER DOWER EIGHT CANS OF BEER TWO WOMEN BOWED IN GOWN OF WHITE IN WOEFUL STRAIN

Were Stinging Lashes Laid on Rickart's Back by Mrs. Charlie Schreier.

SHE SAYS HE TALKED OF HER.

And So She Chased Him Five Long Blocks and Set the Neighborhood Astrir.

The wife of Charles Schreier, a druggist at 400 Easton avenue, was not content that a male gossip in the neighborhood had been thrashed by the husband of one woman he talked about.

She wanted a hand in it herself and the result was that Lloyd Rickart, 449 Page avenue, passed a bad quarter of an hour while chased by Mrs. Schreier, armed with a horsewhip.

Rickart was employed as bookkeeper in Cullen & Kelly's livery stable, 444 Easton avenue. As soon as the sun got into west—the stable is on the west side of the street—it was the custom for the employees to take their chairs on the sidewalk and make their office in the shade.

Entertainment was necessary. Rickart furnished it. He would tell funny stories till the crowd roared with laughter. When his stories were exhausted he would tell incidents in the lives of his neighbors. They may have been true, they may have been false.

At any rate he told one about the wife of George Miller, which was submitted to Miller, probably with variations. Then Rickart told several about Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schreier. These were also told to the subjects.

However, Rickart apparently didn't care. He sat in front of the stable Monday night and was still telling stories when Miller and Schreier, who are brothers-in-law, passed.

"That's the man, Charlie," said Miller, who weighs nearly 300 pounds. "I'm going to soak him."

"Don't," replied Schreier, "he isn't worth it."

"But, I'll only soak him once."

Rickart arose from his chair as he saw Miller's hostile intention. Then he sat down suddenly and his jaw began to ache and swell, and he looked like a man who had been hit.

When Schreier went home he told the story to his wife, who is a very pretty woman and does not look as if she would even apply a whip to a horse.

"I'm going to give it to him, too," said she to her husband. "He's told stories about me."

She saw Rickart passing Thursday evening. With a cry of delight she sprang from the doorway of her husband's store and brought the lash down on Rickart's shoulders. He may be a brave man, but when he turned and saw an angry woman behind him with an upraised whip, there was no thought of courage in his mind.

He fled.

Up Taylor avenue he went, as fast as his legs would carry him. Behind him he heard the swishing of skirts, intersected at times with the crack of a whip. The sound of the whip gave him additional speed, and in a five-block sprint the woman was not one two, three, she was distanced.

"However," declared both Mr. and Mrs. Schreier Saturday morning, "we don't care to talk about the matter. Rickart is not worth talking about. He lost his position because he talked too much, so we will keep quiet."

When Rickart was found he refused to talk.

"There is an enmity between the Schreiers and Millers and myself," said he. "That's all I care to say."

Will Get the Fickle Mr. Haskett Into Many Kinds of Trouble Yet.

HIS WIFE RETURNED TO MA.

She Sold His Art Collections, and for Quick Divorce Will Go to Law.

The neighbors of William R. Haskett are wondering what he will say and do when he returns to St. Louis on the steamer Paducah Sunday night and finds his once cozy home, 188 Belt avenue, deserted and all its fine furnishings and works of art vanished.

Mrs. Haskett and her children left the city Friday morning to go to her mother in Carlinville, Ill.

Before leaving Mrs. Haskett took her female neighbors into her confidence, and they smiled with satisfaction when they saw the great van loaded with household articles leaving the Haskett domicile.

Mrs. Haskett had told them that her husband was paying attentions to another woman; that he had left town in that woman's company, and that she was going to strip the house and go home with her children.

Her husband's fascination for another woman, she said, first became apparent last March when he returned from a three months' business trip. His manner, according to Mrs. Haskett, was changed from that time. While she suspected an outside attachment, she was, she said, unable to verify her suspicions until last May.

The story she told her neighbors, among them Butcher Frank Rutsch, 5604 Easton avenue; Mrs. Mary Pipkin, 5635 Wells avenue; and John Newcomb, 1482 Belt avenue, was as follows:

After Haskett's return in March letters addressed in a feminine hand were left at the house for him daily. Contrary to his former custom Haskett kept his trunk and closet locked. He was frequently away from home at night and neighbors told her he was attending amusement resorts with a dashing brunette. Mrs. Haskett had duplicate keys made for her husband's trunk and closet, and in a few days she showed her neighbors some gushing letters signed "Adele."

Wednesday last week Mrs. Haskett told some of her friends she had found a letter from Adele making an appointment to meet her husband on the steamer City of Paducah, which was to leave on an excursion to Florence, Ala., the evening following.

Mrs. Haskett, she said, had told her he was going on a business trip that day.

Mrs. Haskett and two friends went to the office of the Tennessee Packet Co., where Mrs. Haskett says, she saw an excursion to Florence, Ala., the evening following. Mrs. Haskett, she said, had told her he was going on a business trip that day.

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It is said that Adele's last name is Wilson and that she hails from Cincinnati.

Haskett is an art connoisseur. He was formerly connected with a large art concern here, and was at one time director of the Denver Art Institute. The walls of his pretty home were literally hidden from view by paintings. Most of these are now in the hands of an auctioneer, and will be sold unless Haskett arrives in time to save them. He will probably make an effort to get the pictures back without purchasing them.

Will Mrs. M. E. Kellerman of Colorado Use Her Utmost Power.

LANDS LONG-FORGOTTEN LAY.

But When Attorneys Saw Their Chance They Got Their Heavy Work in Right Away.

Mrs. Marie E. Kellerman, a wealthy widow of Colorado Springs, Colo., will file a suit in the Circuit Court within five days to establish her dower right in improved Carondelet real estate, valued at more than \$100,000.

The land involved is described as lots 12 and 16, 32x130 feet each, on Water street, near Broadway; lots 18 and 19, 25x140 feet each, on Sixth street, near the Iron Mountain tracks; lot 72, near Davis street, and lots 82 and 83 on Davis street. The estimated value of this property is \$50,000. A block, 40x320 feet in Carondelet Commons, valued in the neighborhood of \$10,000, and still another, known as Kellerman's Row, will also figure in the controversy.

In 1859 all this land belonged to Francis Kellerman, Jr., but shortly after that was transferred to other owners. It has changed hands many times since then, and undergone great improvements.

Mrs. Kellerman was about 17 years old when she married the son and namesake of the rich old Missouri land-owner, March 19, 1859. In those days this family was accounted one of the richest and most influential west of the Ohio. The musty records in the Recorder of Deeds' office bear testimony to the elder Kellerman's wealth, titles being there recorded for nearly the whole of what is now Carondelet.

Francis Kellerman, Jr., inherited the property from his father. In the latter part of 1859 he disposed of his Carondelet possessions and subsequently removed to Colorado. He had resigned all claim to the property except the tract in the Carondelet Commons, which he deeded, May 14, 1859, to J. L. Brindle in trust for his young wife.

The Kellermans never returned to Missouri. Francis Kellerman, Jr., died in Denver last year. Apparently the property in Carondelet had been forgotten by him and his wife, as no inquiry was made concerning it until recently, and the owners would probably have remained in undisputed possession had not one of them made the discovery not long ago that the name of Mrs. Kellerman did not appear on the deeds executed to the purchasers.

The man who made this discovery employed an attorney to write to Mrs. Kellerman requesting her to correct the oversight. It was through this means the widow became aware that she had what appeared to be a dower claim in all the Carondelet property. She had not signed any of the deeds of transfer.

The widow communicated with her attorneys in this city, Messrs. Blevins and O'Brien, and they set about looking up her rights in the premises.

Their labor was finished Friday, the result being entirely favorable to their client's interests. The land had been transferred after the marriage, and the absence of the wife's name seriously impaired the titles. But three things now have to be established, that Francis Kellerman, Jr., owned the land, that he is dead, and that the plaintiff is his widow, all of which is borne out by court records.

There is also valuable property in Vincennes, Ind., in which Mrs. Kellerman is said to hold a dower interest.

Inspired the Heart of Lena Fair and Filled It Full of Cheer.

SHE FLATTERED ENGLISH JOHN.

But Mrs. Sandeman Declared It Was a Shame and Put Her Fighting Garments On.

A can of beer, then another, followed by several others, brought about the desperate duel fought by two women—Bridget Sandeman and Lena Luste—at 117 South Fifteenth street.

The story of the duel was told in detail for the first time yesterday afternoon to a reporter for the Post-Dispatch. A graphic description of the fierce encounter of Friday afternoon was given by the Luste woman at the City Hospital.

The beer, supplemented by the high temperature, set the blood of the women to boiling. Then a trivial controversy about a man, provoked the gory duel.

The man in the case, who is known only by the name of "English Johnnie," was an innocent party. He was probably not aware that the women were discussing him. He rents a furnished room from Mrs. Sandeman, who lives at 117 South Fifteenth street, the scene of the duel.

Until two weeks ago, the Luste woman roomed there, too. She went to Mrs. Sandeman's Friday afternoon to deliver a key to the room, and by mistake when she vacated her room.

"When I left the key with Mrs. Sandeman," said the Luste woman, "I started to go away. She invited me to have some beer. I had already drunk some and was just in the humor for more. We went into the rear yard in the shade. The can was filled from a neighboring room several times.

"Mrs. Sandeman and I chatted pleasantly. Finally we drifted to the subject of men. I jokingly showered compliments on the man they call 'English Johnnie.' Mrs. Sandeman took me to task. She criticized me harshly—I was too gay and flippant in making remarks about men. She struck me over the head with her broom. I remember we were fighting like savages with a knife.

"I don't know where the knife came from. I had no knife when I went there. I felt a keen slash across the wrist. I was frenzied. Then we fought for possession of the knife.

"First one, then the other had it. I became weak from loss of blood and staggered out of the yard. I walked the streets 20 minutes, leaving a trail of blood in my wake. Then I was sent to the hospital."

The Luste woman was married five years ago to Thomas Kinney, a St. Joseph newspaper man. She is a graduate of the St. Joseph High School, and is the daughter of prosperous and respectable parents. She is separated from her husband, Luste, by her maiden name.

Mrs. Sandeman is at her home under care of a physician. Her version of the story is that she ordered the Luste woman away because she was intoxicated. She denies using the broom as a weapon and says the Luste woman first drew the knife.

Both women will recover.

When they were seen after the duel both were covered with blood and streams of red fluid was spouting from Mrs. Sandeman's wrists across which the knife had been freely drawn.

Neither of the women care to prosecute and it is probable that the case will end with the punishment one inflicted on the other.

Their Heads When O'er the Grave a Prayer Was Breathed Aloud.

ALONE STOOD ONE AND WEPT.

And Silent Was the Other While Into Her Heart a Bitter Coldness Crept.

Brief services were held yesterday afternoon at St. John's Church, Sixteenth and Chestnut streets, over the remains of George Horton, the ticket broker who was shot last Saturday by Matthew Hancock, a negro.

There were many persons in the church, most of them attracted by curiosity. The one who stood near the coffin was the wife, who lives at 815 South Eighteenth street.

Back in the crowd was a little woman who had come from Chestnut street. She made no attempt to follow the remains to Holy Trinity Cemetery.

That this woman who is known as Rose Clark is Horton's widow there is little room for doubt.

"I was born in England," she said yesterday to a reporter for the Post-Dispatch, "and when 10 years old my parents went to Canada, settling at Hamilton. I met George there. He was a Canadian and lived at Collingwood. He told me his name was George H. Horton. We were married at Hamilton in September, 1891, when I was 21 years old.

"After we had lived together three years George told me that his name was not Horton, but Horton, and that he had another wife, whom he had married in 1888 in Michigan.

"But he begged me not to leave him, said he loved me and that he would secure a divorce. There was nothing for me to do but remain. He kept his word. The divorce was obtained in Cincinnati in the summer of 1894, and that fall we went to Covington, Ky., and were married.

"George and I came to St. Louis two years ago. A few weeks after our arrival he told me he had no money and that I would have to support myself.

"I had received no education to speak of. I did not know what to do, and for a few weeks I tried sewing. One week I nearly starved. Then George said it would be easy for me to earn money, and, well—you can understand.

"For a year I tried to have him take me back, but he would not, saying we must have money, and then we would go to Buffalo. During that time I gave him money and he put it in a safe deposit vault, for I visited the Union Trust building once with him and saw that he had \$500.

"George told me he lived at a hotel on Market street. Three nights a week he came to see me.

"I first learned last Saturday there was another woman claiming to be Mrs. Horton. I talked about this around the house and I suppose Matthew Hancock, the negro craftsman, heard me.

"I did not send any message to George last Sunday. The negro evidently used what he had learned in an effort to extort money, and when George kicked him out, he returned and fired the fatal shots.

"I am sorry for the other woman. Poor thing. I wonder if she loved George? He is known as Martin McDermott, and did once, but I can't say whether I do now or not."

Mrs. Cornelius Chased Two Willy Burglars at the Dead of Night.

SHE FANCIED IT WAS TOM.

And Now She Wonders Where the Deuce Those Erring Gentlemen Came From.

Mrs. Thomas J. Cornelius' nerve put two burglars to flight early yesterday morning at her home, 124 North Thirteenth street. The brave little woman's husband is a postal clerk in the local dead letter office. He was out passing the evening with friends, and Mrs. Cornelius, feeling lonely, retired early. She thinks it was near midnight when she was awakened by the creaking of the handles of the bureau drawers. She opened her eyes and saw a dark form bending over the bureau, while another leaned carefully against the window.

She sat upright and called firmly: "Who is there? Is that you, Tom?"

There was no answer, but a drawer was shoved home with a crash, and the form joined another at the window. Then one leaped out. The other sat on the sill, dangling his feet on the inside.

Mrs. Cornelius was now satisfied she had live robbers to contend with. She did not lose her nerve, but prepared to fight. She got up from the bed and moved toward the window.

The two men were whispering. "There is no man here, go on," said the one on the outside.

"He might come in if she hollers."

"I'll watch and you can fix her."

This Mrs. Cornelius, unarmed and clad only in her night dress, heard as she stood two feet from the man on the inside. She did not know what to do, but she was urged on by her uncontrollable desire to save her property. The idea of personal injury, she says, never entered her head.

Presently the men ceased talking, and the man on the inside drew in from the window.

As he turned the white figure confronted him. Not a word was spoken by either. With one bound the man cleared the case and was on the pavement. Grabbing his partner by the arm, the two fled to O'Fallon street.

Mrs. Cornelius, now that danger was over, lost her nerve. Hastily donning a light wrap and pair of slippers she started to the neighbor's with whom Cornelius was passing the evening.

Twenty feet from the door she stopped and looked back. She saw a dark form step upon her threshold. As she started back the man ran. Almost at that moment her husband joined her.

He gave chase to the flying figure and overhauled him at Thirteenth and O'Fallon streets. Patrolman Maguire came up at the same time and the fellow was taken to the Fourth District Station, where he gave the name of John Walsh. He is not known to the police.

Cornelius and Maguire searched the neighborhood for the other burglar, and yesterday morning located him in the Rookery, at Fifteenth and O'Fallon streets.

He is known as Martin McDermott, and was seen around the Cornelius home all Friday evening.

Mrs. Cornelius identified both men as her midnight visitors.

Haltzman's tailor shop, at 124 Cass avenue, was entered the same evening, and the police hope to fasten this crime on McDermott and Walsh. Nothing was taken here.

Did Mrs. Ennens Tell Her Tale of Searches Long and Vain.

SHE FOUND HER LORD AT LAST.

And Now Dark Troubles 'Round His Head Will Gather Thick and Fast.

By chance Mrs. Hattie Ennens located in St. Louis her husband who deserted her in Wichita, Kan., five years ago and eloped with the handsome wife of his brother, who lived in a neighboring Kansas town.

Mrs. Ennens is a pretty and retiring little woman, 35 years old, and she lives in Shipman, Ill., fifty miles northeast of St. Louis. A friend told her her husband was in St. Louis and she came to the city to see if she could not force him to do his duty by her and their five-year-old son.

It was 8 o'clock yesterday evening when she reached the Four Courts to invoke the aid of the officials. None of the officials could be found and Mrs. Ennens told her story to a Post-Dispatch reporter.

"My husband's name is Bert Ennens," she said, "but he goes by the name of Harry Ennens here. He is a carpenter and is now at work on the Twelfth street bridge. I want him arrested for deserting me and for living with the wife of his brother, for whom he left me five years ago."

"Eight years ago I married him. I lived in Carlinville, Ill., then, and my maiden name was Harriet Tolly. We moved to Wittich, Kan., shortly after we were married and for three years we were happy. My husband was industrious and we had plenty.

"Bert's brother Will, who was also a carpenter, lived in a town near by. We used to visit them occasionally and they came to see us often. Will's wife was named Vina, and she seemed to think all the world of me and our baby. She had no child of her own. I thought the feeling was only sisterly, and was glad to see her come."

"Once Bert went over to Will's alone. He went Saturday night and remained over Sunday. When he came back he was decidedly cool to me and paid but scant attention to our baby, who he always before seemed to dote on."

"The following Saturday night he disappeared. I was not alarmed at first, and supposed he was away on business. After he had been gone a few days, I went over to Will's to ask him about Bert. Then I found out that Vina, too, was missing. She had left home the night my husband came and told her husband that she was coming over to our house for a week's visit."

"Then the whole thing was plain. They had eloped. I was heartbroken and almost penniless. Will was angry and said he hoped he would never see Bert or his wife or his brother again. And he never has."

"I went back to my old home and have since earned my living by sewing. A week ago a friend came to St. Louis and as she was riding over the Twelfth street bridge she saw my husband at work. She told me about it. I came down and saw him. He was coming over to our house for a week's visit."

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PARALLEL TRAGEDIES IN MISSOURI.

Two Cases in Which Men Are Paying Frightful Penalties for Invading the Homes of Others.

Fate of William Snyder of Springfield, Mo., Who Was Shot by Harry Carson.

VERY LIKE THE NORRIS CASE.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., July 31.—While the city bulletins are being issued by the staff of eminent physicians at the bedside of Dr. Norris, the victim of the Palmer massacre, that there is not the slightest hope for the patient, doctors in this town shake their heads and think there might be a greater chance than is supposed. Springfield has a case somewhat similar to that of Dr. Norris. It was about a year ago that Harry Carson, a member of one of the leading families of the city, came home one night and found William Snyder and Mrs. Carson in the same bed. Carson shot Snyder twice, once in the back, as in the Norris case, lodging the bullet in the spine. The most skilled physicians in the city were called and after examination pronounced the wounds mortal. Carson was put on trial for murder, and when his preliminary examination came around the hour period allowed by law in order to await the outcome of Snyder's wounds, as the physicians said he would certainly be dead by then.

Snyder, who on the start said he expected to get well, then gave up the idea and died. Carson was sentenced to the penitentiary for life. Carson was put on trial for murder, and when his preliminary examination came around the hour period allowed by law in order to await the outcome of Snyder's wounds, as the physicians said he would certainly be dead by then.

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Dr

SHORN OF HER BROWN TRESSES.

Minnie Schmidt Subjected to an Outrageous Assault by a Black Fiend.

WAYLAIN IN A LONELY SPOT.

Negro Throws Her Down, Tears Her Clothes, Cuts Off Her Hair and Clubs Her.

POLICE INERT IN THE CASE.

Think the Girl Had a "Motive" and Likely Got Herself Abused to Bother Them.

The police are making no effort to discover and bring to punishment the black brute who assaulted 16-year-old Minnie Schmidt Friday night. The girl was knocked down at Twelfth street and Morrison avenue. Her clothing was torn open and disarranged. She was subjected to gross indignities. She was struck with a club. Her hair was cut off with a razor. She was so terribly frightened that for an hour after she was unable to give an intelligible account of her adventure.

The negro who committed the assault said he would subject other girls to the same treatment.

But the police have a theory. They affect to believe there is a "motive" behind the girl's story. They do not know what the motive is, but they are sure she had some deep, dark purpose in getting into such an adventure.

If a girl who gets rolled around in the street and beaten and is shorn of her

is a report at the station. Go down there if you want the story.

Mr. Race opened a door at the other end of the hall and remonstrated with him. He withdrew grumbling.

Encouraged by Mrs. Race, the girl told her story.

"Just after I passed the corner," she said, "I thought I heard some one call me. I looked back. A young negro was standing there. He was in sight. I walked faster. The next minute he grabbed me and threw me down. He said he would kill me if I screamed. After he had searched me and cut off my hair, he said: 'Now we'll get your hair, and I'm after some other girls.'"

"When he started to run he dropped my hair. I picked it up and pinned on the best I could, because I didn't want to attract attention. I went home and got back here at 10 o'clock."

Mrs. Race said the police seemed to discredit the girl's statement.

"Minnie has worked for me two months," she said. "She is a good girl, and always tells me the truth. I believe her now."

Minnie's mother, Mrs. J. Schmidt, said that Minnie was certainly telling the truth.

"When she came home," said Mrs. Schmidt, "she was still so frightened and crying so hard, she could hardly tell me what had happened."

Minnie has a pretty face, and is well developed for her age. She is bright, and tells a direct story. She gives a good description of the negro. He was a dark, thin, tall, a brown undergarment, an albino coat and light trousers. He had a red handkerchief around his forehead and another around his neck. He wore a small mustache.

Minnie Schmidt.

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MERRY WAR IN A FLAT.

Pretty Widow Locked in Her Room by an Equally Pretty Spinster.

ROW WAS OVER RENT DUE.

There Are Also Side Lights Which Those Most Interested Explain in Detail.

BLACK EYE ON EXHIBITION.

Mrs. Minnie Countryman Wears It as Proof of Miss Ada Lula Reese's Muscular Prowess.

No vanquished pugilist in the prize ring ever wore a more perfectly blacked eye than the one concealed behind Mrs. Minnie Countryman's nose.

It is her right eye that is shattered. A symmetrical crescent of bluish-black blood, half the size of a silver dollar, adorns her face, and when she smiles, which is frequent, the effect is puzzling. One doesn't know whether Mrs. Countryman is making comic faces or whether she is in pain.

Mrs. Countryman says she is a widow. She also says her countenance was pummeled by Miss Ada Lula Reese of 1212 Pendleton avenue. Not only was she thumped in the eye "good and plenty," as she expresses it, but she says she was detained a prisoner in the room she occupied in Miss Reese's flat for two hours.

The differences between the widow and Miss Reese are financial. At least the main difference is of a pecuniary nature. There are other differences, and in telling of them each says some very hard things of the other. But that has nothing to do with the thumping of which Mrs. Countryman complains at the Dayton Street Police Court yesterday, at the same time asking damages for her former friend.

The amount of money involved in the differences between the widow and the spinster is \$3.00. It represents three weeks' rent of a room and was owed to Miss Reese until she made Mrs. Countryman a present of it in consideration of Mrs. Countryman's monthly vacation of the room.

Mrs. Countryman was not entirely agreeable to the proposition, until Miss Reese punctuated it with a few jabs of her strong arm. Then she accepted it in silence, pausing only long enough to put on a few garments and very few at that.

"I moseyed down stairs to Mrs. Reese's flat," said Mrs. Countryman in telling her story, "and she remanded for me. I was afraid of my life to go back."

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

AUSTIN, Tex., July 31.—Gov. Culberson today sent the United States House of Representatives, calling attention to the National Prison Congress.

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to come up, I suppose."

Mrs. Countryman says she had no intention of leaving Miss Reese's flat. She says, and she told Miss Reese so, she was standing there. The money was due for rent of the room during Mrs. Countryman's visit to her mother's home last Wednesday night. Tuesday night, after several spats during the afternoon, Miss Reese went to Mrs. Countryman's room and the set-to followed. It was the day before that Miss Reese locked up her delinquent tenant.

Miss Reese's side of the story varies a little from Mrs. Countryman's version. Miss Reese says frankly Mrs. Countryman, whom she met through an advertisement for a companion who would share the expenses of a flat, saddled herself upon her and never contributed one cent towards her support, although she received money regularly from home.

Miss Reese added that Mrs. Countryman is a widow of the grass variety and that her husband surprised them all one day by turning up and giving the situation away.

Just had to get that woman out of my house," said Miss Reese. "She won't pay, and even if she had done so, I should have had to get her out of my house."

"I locked her doors on the advice of friends," said Miss Reese. "I didn't want her running around the flat and rummaging into matters that didn't concern her. The afternoon I looked the door was open to a shop in the neighborhood and was not gone more than 15 minutes."

"I confess I struck Mrs. Countryman. I lost my temper for once in my life. She was lying on the floor, and I was rolling over her. She bumped her head. That's where she got the black eye."

"I received as many scars in that tussle as she did. If you were a woman I would show you. She hit me on the head and took all the skin off my knees."

Miss Reese is a plump, good looking woman. Before she came to St. Louis she was a teacher in Gainesville, Tex.

She is about 30 years old, and vivacious doesn't begin to describe her. When she left Mrs. Reese's flat, she engaged a flat next door. She moved from there to 1212 Pendleton avenue yesterday afternoon. Miss Reese said the move was compulsory.

Mrs. Countryman has two children living with her mother in Cairo.

The case will come up in Judge Stevenson's court next Thursday.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

AUSTIN, Tex., July 31.—Gov. Culberson today sent the United States House of Representatives, calling attention to the National Prison Congress.

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35c For 3c Muslin Chemise, tastefully embroidered, with ruffles.

49c For Children's and \$1.25 pretty 49c Wash Dresses, nicely trimmed with embroidered ruffles.

25c For Ladies' 3c Merino shirts and pearl buttons, open front.

25c For 3c Misses' Corsets, gray and white, well boned, shapely.

47c For Ladies' 3c Empire Gowns, good muslin, full size, prettily embroidered.

5c For 3c Drapery Fringe, odds and ends, of all silk, etc.

10c Yard for 3c Embroidered satin.

65c Yard for \$1.25 Tapestry for upholstery furniture, etc.

\$1.50 Each for Damask and Chenille Portieres (in all colors), worth \$6.00 a pair.

75c Each for Bamboo Portieres worth \$2.50; lovely colors, some slightly imperfect.

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3c For dozen for Washboard Jar Rings.

3c For large Basting Spoon. Skimmers, soup Ladles, or Horse Hair Graters.

3c For Nickel-plated Sad Irons, in all sizes.

5c. and 10c for 1/2 pt. and 1 qt. cans Ready-mixed Paint.

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Before we move.

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Everything cut down to cost—many things below manufacturer's cost.

The greatest bargain-giving sale that ever took place here or anywhere begins at the Grand-Leader to-morrow morning. We've only twenty-eight days to close out our mammoth stock; everything must be sold—that's settled. On with the dance.

Now for a Sale

Of Laces and Embroideries that will surpass all records.

LACES. Second Floor.

Olds and Knits of Laces and Embroideries, left from our series of Removal Sales; too many to list, but all at a great price. Last in the morning you can have your pick for a penny a yard.

EMBROIDERIES. Second Floor.

100 yards Embroidery Ribbons and Insertions, slightly soiled, some slightly imperfect, but all at a great price. Last in the morning you can have your pick for a penny a yard.

Veiling—Silk Veiling, in black, white and colors, and tulle, all at a great price. Last in the morning you can have your pick for a penny a yard.

EMBROIDERIES. Main Floor.

200 yards 3-inch Embroideries, Hamburg and Swiss, with insertions; also a limited quantity of fine colored Embroidery Laces, no yard worth less than 25c; choice in Monday's crash.

Laces—100 yards Oriental Laces, 5 to 8 inches wide, 3-inch Venise in sections; good number both wide and narrow hand-made Torchons—the cream of our stock; new, clean, perfect, in rich, beautiful, dainty, lovely colors, choice in Monday's crash.

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Founded by JOSEPH PULPITER.
Office 513 Olive Street.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Daily and Sunday—Per Month... 45 Cents
Daily and Sunday—Per Quarter... \$1.25
Daily and Sunday—Per Six Months... \$6.00
Daily and Sunday—Per Year... \$11.00
By Mail—IN ADVANCE
Daily and Sunday—Per Annum... \$8.00
Daily and Sunday—Per Six Months... \$4.50
Daily and Sunday—Per Quarter... \$2.50
Daily and Sunday—Per Month... 85 Cents
Daily and Sunday—Per Week... 15 Cents
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Remit by money order, draft or in registered letter. Don't send checks on your local bank.
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POST-DISPATCH, St. Louis.

Entered at the Postoffice at St. Louis as second-class matter.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
Business Office... 4084
Editorial Office... 4085

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413 Tribune Building, New York,
and 404 The Rookery, Chicago.

Off for the Summer?

If so, you will want the home news and will have the Post-Dispatch follow you.
Give order to your carrier. The address may be changed as often as you like. No extra charge for postage, except to foreign countries.

TO OUR READERS—The Sunday Post-Dispatch to-day consists of THIRTY-SIX PAGES. In four parts. Our readers should see that they get the entire paper.

DEARER LIVING.

In the Washington special telegram to the Post-Dispatch concerning the effect of the tariff duties on the prices of commodities was the following paragraph:

For workmen's heavily soled shoes, which now sell at \$1.25, 40 cents will be added; for women's shoes, now sold at \$1.20, 25 cents more will be charged; where 75 cents will now purchase a pair of shoes, 85 cents will be an advance of 20 cents, and farmers will have to pay \$2.50 for their heavy grain leather boots.

Senator Baker of Kansas and other defenders of Dingleyism may find in the people's necessities for the benefit of the Trusts and tariff barons. Sugar has advanced 1-16th of a cent a pound and is still rising. The price of woollens is steadily advancing. Next winter the poor must take a poorer quality of goods or pay more for them. Salt, sugar, lumber, nails, glass, carpets, clothing—a host of necessities—will cost more in order that the Trusts may grow fatter.

It is not surprising that complaints and protests are pouring into Washington. It is surprising that the people are so patient. It is magnificent proof of the self-restraint of the American people that they resign themselves to the plucking of the plutocratic combines until the wrong can be righted by ballot. They are getting a severe but salutary lesson on the subject of government by plutocracy.

This day of bodily rest and spiritual recuperation is a good day for Gov. Stephens to consider his answer to the question: Does he contemplate forcing upon the people of St. Louis such a man as Hugh Brady as Election Commissioner?

ILLINOIS INHERITANCE TAX.
The decision of the Illinois Supreme Court, declaring the validity of the Inheritance Tax law of that State, will put about \$25,000,000 into the treasury of the State of Illinois. Collections from this source in other parts of the State will increase the total to \$300,000,000 or over.

The State will realize in this way more than enough money to discharge the floating indebtedness contracted by special act of the Legislature during the late session of the Assembly.

But, better still, the decision gives the State a fixed source of income from a tax levied on great wealth not accumulated by the action of the State, but by the action of the market, and which will, or should, bear taxation in other directions to that extent.

It is to the credit of a Democrat, Senator Palsey, whose persistence and activity forced the passage of this measure, that the Illinois people will enjoy the benefit of this tax on wealth accumulations.

With the Sugar Trust and Glucose Trust blended, the action of the State is to get more for glucose. Congress has passed the fattest laws in Uncle Sam's pen.

A CHURCH MILITANT.
The militancy of the Church has had many proofs, despite the scoffers and pessimists. Not the least among them is the fact that several denominations are now preparing to locate missions in the Klondike gold regions. Missions will certainly be more needed there than in any other quarter of the globe. The moral code of the savage, crude as it is, animates him and controls his action at all times. It is impossible for him to lapse from high to low conditions. He has escaped the danger of falling which civilization brings.

With civilized men the case is radically different. One of the most discouraging things to those seeking the advancement of mankind is the readiness with which men who have been brought under the restraining influences of a civilization of which the Church is one of the strongest

factors, revert to barbarism when this influence is removed.

That is why the Church must follow men who leave it to go into war or adventure. The chaplain is the saving salt of armies. The fighting parson is a dispensation to the mining camp or the sons of Anak who rush into new territory in search of fortune.

That these new fields of labor, fraught with hardships and risks, and ready devotees shows that the church militant is not by any means an empty phrase. It has not lost its fighting spirit.

The numerous Missouri candidates for Governor should be thankful that the famine aspirant has appeared. Our Missouri evolution has not yet developed an M. E. Lease.

EVIDENCE OF VITALITY.

Two phases of the Yukon gold discoveries have been fully treated in the press—the richness of the new gold fields and the dangers of the search for fortune in the Arctic Circle.

But there is another phase of deeper interest to mankind. This is the human side of the event represented by the rush of fortune-seekers to the inhospitable clime of the far north. There is a turgid and absorbing human interest in the pursuit of fortune following the ignis fatuus of fortune into the gloomy country of the ice king.

Men of all ages and conditions of life succumb to the enticements of beckoning fortune and daring adventure. The calculating money-maker goes to the Yukon to his fortune. Gray-haired men forget their affections and join the race for wealth to the young and vigorous. Many without money or equipment take desperate chances with hunger and cold.

Nothing daunts these men. Neither ice-bound mountains nor arduous toils nor the terror of the Arctic winter deter them from their quest. Their hope is not quenched nor their courage weakened.

We lightly call this heedless tide of humanity rushing through dangers to find gold an ebullition of the gambling spirit. In the broadest sense, it is a wonderful thing which urges men to take risks for rewards. But this spirit has actuated men in all ages, and has been dignified with higher phrases. The efforts and achievements of men under its influences have been celebrated in song and story. Wherein does the quest of the new gold differ from the quest of the argonauts or the movements of peoples in search of better fortunes which have directed the destinies of the race? Wherein does it differ from the search for gold which brought Europeans to the shores of America and the spirit of adventure which has opened new countries and molded the earth to the desire of men's hearts? The hardy Norseman in his sea conquests, the Germanic hero in his migrations and the tribes of the Orient in their raids upon Europe dared no greater hardships and dangers than the modern men who are invading the Arctic Circle with packs and picks.

We point to the historical quests and migrations of our ancestors as evidence of their vitality. What have the prophets of degeneracy to say to this evidence of remarkable vitality and spiritual vigor? The modern man who is invading the Arctic Circle with packs and picks.

The romance of multi-millionaire Carnegie carries a warning to those who cannot appreciate the small stature of the beautiful young woman he would have married in his younger days refused him because he was so short in stature. She wanted a "manly man." She never got a "manly man" and regretted it to this day, while rich old Andrew is a happy husband and papa. However, let me not be understood as advising, in all cases, the mating of men and women of any stature. Just let the little man's merits be properly considered.

In bold relief, on an Aurora (Ill.) egg is a woman in a small stature. The egg came from the hen that laid it. Here is a case of pre-natal impression which the scientists will have to look into.

Nobody in England wants to give more than \$25,000 for the Duke of Manchester's pearl necklace valued at \$70,000, and it is supposed somebody in the United States wants it enough to pay more. Its former owner, a duke, seemed to be a good English buyer, but the American idea may be different.

The story of the monkey in the Omaha show proves that the simian immigrant does not merely measure his mentality with parrots. The cross elephant had quite as much of shrewd as the parrot, in the story, and the trouble that was made for the lions was extremely picturesque. In future we should chain the monkey than the larger monsters of the jungle.

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The Sultan will go out of Thebes with his pockets bulging with Hellenic drachmas and the harem will be resplendent in new shirt waists.

"For better or for worse" was the idea of the fair Missourian who accepted the wages of the brave Virginian that she would not marry him.

O carry me to Klondike!
For Yukon scenes I pine!
I want a mine to delve in,
A mine that shall be mine.
The scorchers have been tolerated in various outcrops, but if he is going to kill the babies there will be a descent upon his tire which will take the wind out of his speed.

Before introducing the Russian bromus inermis, the Secretary of Agriculture should meditate as to whether this grass might not prove sweeter to the American hopper than his native fodder.

MEN OF MARK.
J. Howard Nichols of Boston has given a handsome library to the town of Kingston, N. H.
Judge Richard A. Buckner of Lexington, Ky., who is losing his eyesight, was one of the men who made such a stubborn fight to prevent Kentucky from going out of the Union.

Gideon Granger Galoway, who is now in Chicago, is the oldest compositor in the world, and began to set type in 1827. He has owned papers in Ohio, Illinois, Iowa and Missouri.

Jan MacLaren's new religious work, to be published in the autumn, will be entitled "The Potter's Wheel." An "Jan MacLaren"

SUNDAY CHAT.

Col. Fred Grant has resigned as a Police Commissioner of New York because he cannot indorse the spy methods of dealing with the social evil—a system introduced by the Comstock and Parkhurst type of reformers and adopted by the Police Commissioners.

Practically the system requires officers in plain clothes to tempt their poverty-stricken victims into violating the letter of the law and then arrest them for yielding.

Some years ago Dr. Parkhurst and his agents bribed women in a house of ill repute to disport themselves in an unseemly manner, clad in nature's garb, and then caused the house to be raided.

It was held that to tempt one to do wrong made the tempter a participant criminal, and the godly agents of the Society for the Suppression of Vice were roundly scorned for their part in the programme.

Col. Grant holds that the spy system is not only ignominious and mean in itself, but that it breeds lying and corruption in the spies, and renders them unfit guardians of the public peace and morals.

Right here in St. Louis the same system obtains to an extent. The latest fruit was the arrest of a respectable woman by an officer in plain clothes who accosted her and thrust his company upon her. Because she was a respectable married woman the arrest caused widespread indignation when the facts were published. But this is only one case where scores pass unnoticed because the women arrested are not of good repute. Every police reporter knows of the prevalence of the custom, and the undue persecution of women because of it.

The custom is for officers in plain clothes to first accost women, and then arrest them if they fall into the trap. Unscrupulous officers who have a grudge against a woman may persecute her while protecting others for personal reasons. The whole system of tempting to do wrong in order to make a case is destructive of public morals.

In London some years ago a decent girl was arrested in this way, and a wonderful stir was made about it. After that the system was reformed. Now the arresting officer can only act if he sees a woman accost strange men, and the men accosted are required to testify. The policeman's unsupported testimony is not sufficient. The story properly held is that the law must be violated before an arrest can be made, and that it is no part of the officer's domain to tempt anyone to break the law.

The street-walking evil in St. Louis has attained large proportions, but there is a right and a wrong way to deal with it. Much of Col. Grant's exceptions to the New York system apply with equal force to St. Louis.

If Andrew is not heard from soon, his balloon will be found, not only in the White City, but in every other place that it could or could not possibly have reached.

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he that this connection is worth \$40,000. Some Croesus returning from the Klondike may take it; or the Kansans may buy it for Mary Lease when she is inaugurated Governor.

These are the days of the Jingo bully. He wants to fight the world. You can hear him in the street cars, in the barber shops, in the restaurants—at all places where men most do congregate—and his yawn is an admission to the ear and a weariness unto the flesh.

He cries aloud for blood. Spain and Japan would not make it interesting for us and he will not be satisfied unless, in addition to possible complications with these countries, we can get on an engagement with England over the seals in the Bering Straits. Then, he is willing to admit, there might be something in the situation exciting enough to keep a man out of the blues.

Jingoism is a sort of cowardly strength. Its foundation is the boast of brute strength used for pride or oppression and not to protect the weak. It is the only justification of its use.

All over China and Japan American flour is being introduced, and the new China and Japan will have hot biscuits, hot rolls, doughnuts, doughnuts and every variety of indigestible baking known to our American civilization. However, we may also send these progressives bran bread and whole wheat products when their dyspepsias are fully established.

My elderly friend who investigated Spiritualism has heard Helen Gould's beautiful life explained. The great financier, who was his father, sees in his spirit life what he did not perceive when he was absorbed in his enormous fortune. As a spiritualist he is inspiring his daughter and leading her in the way of philanthropy and beneficence, thus atoning, so far as he can, for what he left undone while in the flesh.

This is a step in the right direction, but it is a false idea of the occupation in the future life of the soul that fails to live up to the standard.

The fact that Alabama tobacco chewers submitted to a church tax of \$10 a year, and promptly paid up, must be placed to their credit. The cost of a year's tobacco added to a ten-dollar tax is no small matter. It is a step in the right direction, but it is a false idea of the occupation in the future life of the soul that fails to live up to the standard.

A French artillery officer has invented a bullet made of paper and coated with aluminum. The object being to prevent the shattering of bones and unnecessary laceration, while the temporary disablement of the soldier hit by such a bullet is as complete as with a leaden missile.

This is a step in the right direction. When it is recognized that the temporary disability of many soldiers as possible is the object of a battle, and not their permanent maiming or death, the inventors will turn their attention to the way. We do not invent a cannon that will shoot wooden balls, or a sword without injuring the enemy's soldiers. In fact, the balls might be made hard enough to give anyone hit a bad headache and a broken neck. But the inventor's invention of all would be weapons that would shoot "high balls" into the enemy. It would be an easy matter to capture a "half shot" army or a navy "half seas over." The damage would be limited to a headache and a bad taste.

The story of the monkey in the Omaha show proves that the simian immigrant does not merely measure his mentality with parrots. The cross elephant had quite as much of shrewd as the parrot, in the story, and the trouble that was made for the lions was extremely picturesque. In future we should chain the monkey than the larger monsters of the jungle.

EDITORIAL REFLECTIONS.
The national prayer: "Give us each year a European demand."
Mr. Brady seems not to have been averse to taking a wad from a Gunn.
Under the new tariff schedules Jerry Simpson may again find himself without socks.

Tinker Dingley's dam is not worth much to the tourist except in the line of fervid expression.
That Mr. Berry picked off \$150,000 Klondike dollars is not positive evidence that money grows on bushes there.

Neither dog-catcher Abel nor any other catcher should be permitted to raise Cain in the line of his caniny.
Mrs. Lease proposes to give a new meaning to the term "bleeding Kansas." She proposes to make Kansas the leech in the case.

The four boys who held up Mrs. Lucke should have been engaged in violating the law against kite-flying and bathing and base ball.

The Sultan will go out of Thebes with his pockets bulging with Hellenic drachmas and the harem will be resplendent in new shirt waists.

"For better or for worse" was the idea of the fair Missourian who accepted the wages of the brave Virginian that she would not marry him.

O carry me to Klondike!
For Yukon scenes I pine!
I want a mine to delve in,
A mine that shall be mine.
The scorchers have been tolerated in various outcrops, but if he is going to kill the babies there will be a descent upon his tire which will take the wind out of his speed.

Before introducing the Russian bromus inermis, the Secretary of Agriculture should meditate as to whether this grass might not prove sweeter to the American hopper than his native fodder.

MEN OF MARK.
J. Howard Nichols of Boston has given a handsome library to the town of Kingston, N. H.
Judge Richard A. Buckner of Lexington, Ky., who is losing his eyesight, was one of the men who made such a stubborn fight to prevent Kentucky from going out of the Union.

Gideon Granger Galoway, who is now in Chicago, is the oldest compositor in the world, and began to set type in 1827. He has owned papers in Ohio, Illinois, Iowa and Missouri.

Jan MacLaren's new religious work, to be published in the autumn, will be entitled "The Potter's Wheel." An "Jan MacLaren"

he that this connection is worth \$40,000. Some Croesus returning from the Klondike may take it; or the Kansans may buy it for Mary Lease when she is inaugurated Governor.

These are the days of the Jingo bully. He wants to fight the world. You can hear him in the street cars, in the barber shops, in the restaurants—at all places where men most do congregate—and his yawn is an admission to the ear and a weariness unto the flesh.

He cries aloud for blood. Spain and Japan would not make it interesting for us and he will not be satisfied unless, in addition to possible complications with these countries, we can get on an engagement with England over the seals in the Bering Straits. Then, he is willing to admit, there might be something in the situation exciting enough to keep a man out of the blues.

Jingoism is a sort of cowardly strength. Its foundation is the boast of brute strength used for pride or oppression and not to protect the weak. It is the only justification of its use.

All over China and Japan American flour is being introduced, and the new China and Japan will have hot biscuits, hot rolls, doughnuts, doughnuts and every variety of indigestible baking known to our American civilization. However, we may also send these progressives bran bread and whole wheat products when their dyspepsias are fully established.

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FORCIBLE DETAINER.

E. B. Wolf Ousts Wamsanz's Forces From a Candy Booth.

A pitched battle early yesterday morning on the city highway and West Pine boulevard was the outcome of business entanglements between E. B. Wolf, Gustave Wamsanz and John Hodges. The trouble arose over a refreshment booth at the corner named.

It has been run by Wamsanz lately. Mr. Wolf owned it and rented it to Hodges for a bicycle stand. Hodges surrendered his lease to Wamsanz. The validity of the transfer was questioned by Mr. Wolf, who instituted legal proceedings to oust both Wamsanz and Hodges. The suit is still pending.

Wolf had Wamsanz fined \$20 for trespassing on the city highway. A police summons has been issued against the persistent tenant every day since.

Friday night Mr. Wolf sent six men to take possession by force and they followed instructions. Wamsanz and his two employees were surprised and unceremoniously bundled into the street.

Wamsanz returned with re-enforcements and attacked the crowd. They broke in a candy stand and were followed in which clubs were freely used.

The Wolf forces were again victorious and retired to the booth after beating off their foes.

Mr. Wolf is still in possession and Mr. Wamsanz is buying war plans of campaign.

A PERMANENT ORCHESTRA.
The \$12,000 Fund Means More Concerts for St. Louis at Less Cost.

The ladies in charge of the contribution fund being raised in behalf of the St. Louis Choral Symphony Society, for the support of permanent orchestral music, have just announced the progress and plans regarding the fund.

The ladies hope to announce that it is raising a contribution fund of \$12,000 to establish a permanent orchestra in St. Louis. Subject to securing this contribution fund we ask your immediate response by a subscription for seats on a basis as shown below, it being understood that at least \$10,000 of the above mentioned fund is not secured, and the larger plan carried out as herein outlined, then the society will continue as in former years.

The proposed season will consist of twelve evening concerts, with chorus and orchestra, and eight orchestral concerts, at the St. Louis Hotel. For the choral concerts Verdi's "Requiem," Handel's "Messiah," Sullivan's "Golden Legend," and other works of the greatest masters have been selected. For these works and all the orchestral concerts the best soloists are being secured. It is the desire of the society to popularize the highest forms of music, and the following scale of prices has been adopted:

SCALE OF PRICES FOR PROPOSED SEASON.
Season Cost per Seat. Single Seats.
1 and 2 rows... \$1.00... \$0.83-13 None to be sold
3 and 4 rows... 75... 62-75 None to be sold
5 and 6 rows... 50... 41-50 None to be sold
7 and 8 rows... 25... 20-25 None to be sold
9 and 10 rows... 10... 10-15 None to be sold
11 and 12 rows... 5... 5-10 None to be sold
13 and 14 rows... 2... 2-5 None to be sold
15 and 16 rows...

A TRUSTEE, TRUSTEE, BLOW PROVE A FAUL.

Judge Talley's Sweeping Decision
Against Robert B.
Whittemore.

LEVERING ESTATE TO BE SOLD. MISTAKEN FOR A HEAT CASE.

Swell Society People Interested
in the Partition of a
Great Property.

Judge Talley, just before his departure from the city on his vacation, entered of record a decree which will prove of somewhat startling interest to a large number of people.

It was a decision which has been awaited by the parties to the suit more than a year. The case was that of Mrs. Arthur P. Garcescho against Robert B. Whittemore, trustee of the estate of the late Lawson Levering.

It was a suit in partition, begun March 28, 1896, asking a division of the estate and an accounting on the part of the trustee. The decree grants everything petitioned for by Mrs. Garcescho.

Robert B. Whittemore is the President of the Levering Investment Co. and lives in Vandeventer place.

Lawson Levering, who was the principal owner of the St. Louis Baggins Co. died Sept. 10, 1887, leaving his estate, valued at \$500,000 to his widow, Maria Levering, with his son-in-law, Robert B. Whittemore, as trustee, and devising that upon the death of Mrs. Garcescho, the estate should be equally divided between his grandchildren, ten of whom are Whittemores and four Garceschos, and a daughter of Aaron Levering.

It was alleged in the original petition that in order to place the Churchill grandchildren at a disadvantage, Mr. Whittemore organized the Levering Investment Co. with the consent of all the heirs, for the purpose of handling the Levering estate as a private corporation, and made himself its president at a salary of \$3,000 a year.

Mrs. Levering died in 1890, and the petition stated that shortly thereafter Mr. Whittemore called a meeting of the heirs, ten of whom were his own children, told them how thrifty he had managed the estate and asked for \$100,000, one-half in cash and one-half in the investment company stock as compensation for serving as trustee, although his salary as president of the company had been supposed to meet all demands.

But the heirs voted him the money and the stock, having confidence in him as their father and as a trustee.

Finally Mrs. Arthur P. Garcescho went to Mr. Whittemore and asked for her share of the estate, and he refused to give it. She then filed a bill in equity to compel him to do so, and the case came on for trial.

The court found that all the heirs had been notified of the meeting, and that the estate was divided as requested. The court also found that the estate was divided as requested.

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BOYS TURN BANDITS. CHASED BY SHERIFFS.

Market Woman Held Up in Day-
light by Four Lads in
Knee Breeches.

COVERED HER WITH PISTOLS.

Youngest of the Party Went
Through Her Pocket, Then
the Four Took to Woods.

Four little boys successfully imitated Jesse James, so successfully in fact, that two of them are in jail at Clayton and the other two are at home hourly expecting a thrashing.

The youngsters belong to the gang that keep the police busy in the vicinity of Twenty-first, Wash. Carr and Biddisett streets. The oldest of the four is about 12 years old. Friday afternoon was 16, the youngest 11. All were barefooted, and all wore knee trousers.

The lads had prepared themselves for their adventures with two revolvers. There were too many blue coats in the city, who might interfere with their plans, so they trudged out the Bellefontaine road until they were beyond the limits, and then hid in the tall grass by the roadside.

A half hour later a white horse drove in sight. Behind the horse was a spring wagon, and in the conveyance sat Mrs. Louise Lucke of Spanish Lake, who was returning home after selling some produce of her farm in the city.

The old white horse was just opposite the boys when they sprang from hiding. "Throw up your hands," said one, and he and another lad produced pistols. Mrs. Lucke was paralyzed with fright, but she descended from her seat promptly when the head bandit commanded her to do so.

The two boys placed their pistols against Mrs. Lucke's head and the smallest fellow, who had been idle, began a search for the market woman's pocket. He found it at last, and he pulled out a leather bag containing silver, change to the amount of about \$4.75. Then he climbed into the wagon and discovered some muskmelon and several boxes of berries. These he threw into a heap along the roadside.

Drs. Starkoff and Lamont, who were waiting near the Arsenal at the time, saw the boys. They were like the devil and don't stop for any one," was the next command. "We have other men posted along the wharf, you dare tell of this until you get home they will shoot you. They have orders to shoot and shoot to kill."

The woman obeyed and lashed the old white horse into a run. At the time the boys were still in the wagon. They had found a muskmelon.

They gave their names, ages and addresses as follows: William Costello, 12 years old, 113 North Twenty-first street; Joseph Trenchell, 12 years old, 113 North Twenty-first street; Daniel Walker, 16 years old, 1409 North Seventh street; and a fourth, who was found James Earl, 11 years old, of 2145 Carr street.

All four were arrested, and after a sharp questioning the Constable released Earl and Costello and locked Walker and Trenchell in the corn crib where they were until he could take them to Clayton.

The McGindleys live at 4154 Fairfax avenue. Kirschel is their next door neighbor. Through an error of the survey the McGindleys' house was built four inches over the line of Kirschel's property.

The McGindleys' ancestors came from the north of Ireland. Kirschel is a German. He had the McGindleys still have his four inches.

An order of court was issued commanding the sheriff to cause the four inches to be delivered over to Kirschel. Sheriff Trolld sent a deputy out.

"Enforce the judgment of the court," said Mrs. McGindley, complacently, "but take care the four inches no more, no less, and take care you do not weaken the five inches of the wall left standing."

STEAMER LORNA DOONE RUN DOWN AND CAPTURED AT THE RIVER BANK IN THE EARLY MORNING.

Henry Baer's Narrow Escape.

ANOTHER OF CAPT. SID GIBBON'S PLANS MEETS WITH UNEXPECTED DISASTER.

Captain Sid Gibbon, whose plan to operate a steamship line to Mexico started the South Broadway gossip talking about a Cuban filibustering expedition, a short time ago, was one of the figures in a startling episode on the river yesterday morning.

After it was over another of Captain Sid's dreams had faded. The trouble was due to the Captain's attempt to buy a tugboat on which somebody else had a prior claim.

Ten days ago the E. Fred La Mont Egg contracted to buy the Eggmeyer Lorna Doone from Louis Robinson for \$1,000. The boat was then at Louisiana.

Friday morning the egg company learned that, despite their contract, negotiations were on by which the boat was to be sold to Capt. Gibbon for \$1,100.

Attorneys McEntire and Alderson were engaged to look after the company's interest. Arrangements were complete at 10 o'clock Friday night.

At 11 o'clock Capt. Gibbon's Deputy Sheriff, Gus Mielert and Henry Baer and Attorney McEntire boarded the tugboat from Parker, which was going down the river with a barge.

Baer sat on the boat. Deputy Sheriff Mielert stood on the bank. The tugboat was pulled in on thin air and fell in the river between the barge and the boat. Two watchmen pulled him out as he was going down the second time.

Fred Lamont, who was waiting near the Arsenal with a buggy, took Baer home, where he changed his clothing, after which he hastened back to the boat.

At the Arsenal the Tom Parker swung around and steamed up the river to the Chain of Rocks. When at last the Lorna Doone loomed up the tug was alongside. The steamer did not touch the wharf, but kept on its way down stream, the tug closely following.

Opposite the Arsenal the deputy sheriffs decided it was time to act. The tug was run alongside the wharf. The deputy sheriffs pulled out their pistols and called on Capt. Robinson to surrender the boat.

"United States Deputy Marshal," yelled Robinson.

"Well, you've got no right to stop us in mid-stream," said Mielert, "we'll stay with you till you land now."

When Capt. Gibbon's Deputy Sheriff, Mielert, bunched the wharf the deputies took possession. Later at the Arsenal the United States Deputy Marshal, yelled Robinson.

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FIVE HUNDRED PATIENTS A DAY

During the Last Three Days—The Close of the Opportunity Under the Low Rates.

Doctor Copeland Again Compelled to Extend the Opportunity by the Multitudes Who Waited Till the Eleventh Hour—The Wonderful Testimony of Arthur G. Lynn, Who Had Been Deaf for 30 Years—W. R. Read of Bellevue, Mo., and Miss Emma Fleming of Shelbyville, Ill., Tell of Restored Hearing.

On Wednesday, July 28, there were treated in the Copeland office 226 patients.

On Thursday, 210 patients.

On Friday, 435 patients.

On Saturday 661 patients.

On Friday and Saturday a large number of people were unable to obtain treatment owing to the close of the opportunity under the low rates. This is the largest number of patients that have ever been treated at one time in these offices, and this occurred in spite of the fact that throughout the week Doctor Copeland had persistently requested that patients desiring to take advantage of the opportunity should do so at once and not wait until the concluding days and compel another renewal.

In justice to all, it is to be considered that the continued rains and the intense heat in the early part of the month prevented many from embracing the opportunity, and there is some excuse therefore for the incidents of the concluding days which occurred in spite of the requests Doctor Copeland made. He therefore feels it is just and right to once more extend this opportunity, carrying it through the summer until September 1st, giving notice, however, that no further extension will be made, and that on September 1st the usual fees will be renewed.

Being compelled to raise his fees on account of the influx of people from all over the country to be cured of Deafness, and in trying to adjust this raising of fees as being just and right, Doctor Copeland has taken every pains in his power. He has during the present season made two distinct and liberal extensions of the opportunity, and he feels now with this final extension that he can never be criticized on the ground of lack of consideration or care for thousands in years past who have favored him with their patronage. He wishes it to be distinctly understood that the course of the last two months will not be again followed, no matter how large the crowds or how many wait until the concluding days of August, the opportunity will under no circumstances be extended or continued again.

He has gone to the farthest extent to make it clear to all, and to give all patients time and notice.

Therefore it will be clearly understood that the low rates which have been incident for so many years to the Copeland practice are open to all patients and for all diseases during the month of August, and all applying or renewing, as is manifestly just, during this month will be treated until cured at this rate. Under no possible consideration or circumstances will the opportunity be again extended or renewed.

Deafness Cured, Embarked in Business Again.

W. R. Read, Bellevue, Mo.: "I am forty-nine years of age, and for twenty-five years have been

Absolutely Stone Deaf

In my right ear, and some time ago my left ear also began to get very deaf.

"I had been running a general merchandise store a few years, but my deafness became so bad that it was absolutely impossible for me to transact ordinary business, and I had to sell my store."

"Besides the deafness, I suffered with ringing noises in the head, which were exceedingly troublesome. They

bothered me at all times, and kept me awake nights.

"I read of the wonderful cures by Doctor Copeland, and took advantage of the many business trips I had to make to St. Louis, and went to him for treatment, with the result that my hearing is now restored so that I can hear wonderfully."

"Doctor Copeland restored my hearing, and I have again embarked in the mercantile business."

John R. McCleary of W. P. McCleary & Co., 200 North Second street, residing at 685 Wagoner place, city: "I am 72 years of age and have been successfully treated for deafness of 20 years' standing."

Mrs. Maria Osborn, aged 70, 2321 Randolph street: "I had been deaf over twenty years. I couldn't hear the gongs on the electric cars. I placed myself under the care of Dr. Copeland. Now I can hear the doorbell and can hear the sermon in the church. I have lived off and on in St. Louis ever since 1844."

Miss Emma Fleming, 3505 Lindell avenue: "For eight years I suffered with deafness which gradually became worse and worse until I had to quit teaching school. I was so deaf that I could not hear anyone who spoke to me across the room even in a very loud voice. I could hear the gongs of the street cars only very faintly, and when I was in a room where people were moving about and talking everything to me seemed perfectly quiet."

"I did not dare go on the street without some one accompanied me."

"When a child I suffered a great deal with the earache, and this continued until I was grown. I then had an attack of the Grippe and the deafness dates from that time."

"I live at Shelbyville, Ill., and I knew John Gilligan of that city, who was successfully treated for deafness by these physicians, and he advised me to come to them by all means. So I came to St. Louis solely for the purpose of placing myself under their care."

"I faithfully and conscientiously followed the course prescribed for months, and often sometimes I became a little disheartened, yet I never gave up hope, and now my expectations are fully realized, for the Copeland Physicians have treated me with perfect success."

"The first time I noticed a radical improvement in my hearing was on Decoration Day. I was on Twelfth street watching the parade and the decorating of the Grant statue, when my sister said something to me. I exclaimed, 'Don't talk so loud,' for her voice seemed much louder than ordinary. Then she said she only spoke in her ordinary voice. Then I realized what was the matter—my hearing had been restored. Every sound seemed multiplied a hundredfold."

"Now I have no difficulty at all in conversing with anyone, and my friends continually remark the wonderful change."

HOME TREATMENT BY MAIL.

Patients who live at a distance can be treated with perfect success by the aid of the Copeland symptom blank and patients' report sheets, and any one, on application, can get the opinion and valuable advice of these eminent specialists FREE OF CHARGE. If you live away from the city, write for Home Treatment.

POPULAR MEDICAL LITERATURE FREE.

Doctor Copeland's Second Paper on Deafness will be mailed free to all persons who are interested in the cure of Deafness. Doctor Copeland's First Book of Monographs contains his Monographs on Deafness, the first authentic writing on this subject which Doctor Copeland gave the public. His Second Book of Monographs and copies of his famous Symptom Questions will be mailed free to any address.

CONSULTATION FREE.

Copeland Medical Institute

DR. W. H. COPELAND, Consulting Physician, 221 E. Third St., St. Louis, Mo.

Rooms 201, 202 and 203 Odd Fellows' Building, 516 Olive St., Opp. Post Office.

Second floor, directly over main entrance. Office hours: 9 a. m. to 1 p. m.; 2 p. m. to 5 p. m.; 7 p. m. to 9 p. m. Sundays, 10 a. m. to 1 p. m.

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DEAF 30 YEARS, HIS HEARING IS RESTORED.

A SCHOOL TEACHER TELLS OF HER RESTORED HEARING.

"MY RESTORED HEARING IS A GRAND REWARD FOR THE TIME AND SMALL EXPENSE I HAVE GIVEN TO THE CURE, AND REFLECTS THE HIGHEST CREDIT ON THE ABILITY AND SKILL OF THE COPELAND PHYSICIANS."

Miss Emma Fleming, 3505 Lindell avenue: "For eight years I suffered with deafness which gradually became worse and worse until I had to quit teaching school. I was so deaf that I could not hear anyone who spoke to me across the room even in a very loud voice. I could hear the gongs of the street cars only very faintly, and when I was in a room where people were moving about and talking everything to me seemed perfectly quiet."

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"I live at Shelbyville, Ill., and I knew John Gilligan of that city, who was successfully treated for deafness by these physicians, and he advised me to come to them by all means. So I came to St. Louis solely for the purpose of placing myself under their care."

"I faithfully and conscientiously followed the course prescribed for months, and often sometimes I became a little disheartened, yet I never gave up hope, and now my expectations are fully realized, for the Copeland Physicians have treated me with perfect success."

"The first time I noticed a radical improvement in my hearing was on Decoration Day. I was on Twelfth street watching the parade and the decorating of the Grant statue, when my sister said something to me. I exclaimed, 'Don't talk so loud,' for her voice seemed much louder than ordinary. Then she said she only spoke in her ordinary voice. Then I realized what was the matter—my hearing had been restored. Every sound seemed multiplied a hundredfold."

"Now I have no difficulty at all in conversing with anyone, and my friends continually remark the wonderful change."

HOME TREATMENT BY MAIL.

Patients who live at a distance can be treated with perfect success by the aid of the Copeland symptom blank and patients' report sheets, and any one, on application, can get the opinion and valuable advice of these eminent specialists FREE OF CHARGE. If you live away from the city, write for Home Treatment.

POPULAR MEDICAL LITERATURE FREE.

Doctor Copeland's Second Paper on Deafness will be mailed free to all persons who are interested in the cure of Deafness. Doctor Copeland's First Book of Monographs contains his Monographs on Deafness, the first authentic writing on this subject which Doctor Copeland gave the public. His Second Book of Monographs and copies of his famous Symptom Questions will be mailed free to any address.

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Copeland Medical Institute

DR. W. H. COPELAND, Consulting Physician, 221 E. Third St., St. Louis, Mo.

Rooms 201, 202 and 203 Odd Fellows' Building, 516 Olive St., Opp. Post Office.

Second floor, directly over main entrance. Office hours: 9 a. m. to 1 p. m.; 2 p. m. to 5 p. m.; 7 p. m. to 9 p. m. Sundays, 10 a. m. to 1 p. m.

ROOMS FOR RENT.

ROOMS FOR RENT.

BRANTLEY BL. 1109—Two to three furnished rooms; southern exposure; bath; conv.; rent \$10.00.

BROADWAY 1454 N.—Clean, fr. front room for light housekeeping; \$1.75; all prices; no exp. out.

BROADWAY 710 R.—Neatly furnished front room, one floor, fr. front room for light housekeeping; rent, use of piano, bath, etc.; \$5.

CALIFORNIA AV. 7224—One or two young ladies employed during day can have neatly furnished room, use of piano, bath, etc.; \$5.

CAIR ST. 1277—Nicer furnished room, complete for housekeeping; laundry and all conveniences.

CARR ST. 2123—Three rooms; rear house. App. 7224 Dickson st.

CAIR ST. 1311—Nicer furnished front room for rent; also smaller room, reasonable.

CASS AV. 3004—Two unfurnished third-story rooms; bath and laundry; southern exposure.

CHANNING AV. 87—Three pleasant rooms on first floor; laundry.

CHESTNUT ST. 8447—8 nicely furnished or unfurnished rooms; modern; with heat and wife.

CHESTNUT ST. 3129—Nicer furnished room for rent or 2 rooms for housekeeping; all conv.

CHESTNUT ST. 2624—Rooms for rent or light housekeeping; furnished or unfurnished.

CHESTNUT ST. 2603—Furnished rooms for light housekeeping; all conv.

CHESTNUT ST. 1512—Nicer furnished rooms, with bath, etc.; also rooms for light housekeeping.

CHESTNUT ST. 2024—Basement to respectable colored people, without children. Call immediately at studio, 1001 N. 1st.

CHOUTEAU AV. 1304—Nicer furnished front room, suitable for 1 or 2 guests.

CHOUTEAU AV. 3144—Beautiful front room, nicely furnished; housekeeping; \$1.75 a week.

CHOUTEAU AV. 615—Well ventilated second-story back room.

CHOUTEAU AV. 706—Furnished rooms, 2d or 3d floor. Inquire Goodenough Shoe and Station Store.

CHOUTEAU AV. 1102—Completely furnished back parlor for light housekeeping.

CHOUTEAU AV. 1006—Nicer furnished third-story front room, wardrobe, all conveniences, bed room, laundry.

CHOUTEAU AV. 1010—Well-furnished, clean and airy second-story back adjoining rooms for housekeeping.

CHOUTEAU AV. 1114—Nice second-story room.

CHOUTEAU AV. 1211—Two furnished rooms for housekeeping; \$5 per week; cheap; also single rooms.

CLARK AV. 2134—Two nicely furnished rooms for housekeeping, with bath.

CLARK AV. 2707—2 or 3 large rooms on second floor; with bath.

CLARK AV. 1226—Furnished rooms for light housekeeping; cheap.

CLARK AV. 2224—Unfurnished rooms, one or more, also fr. front room for white families; near Station; very cheap rent.

COMPTON AV. 4522—8 rooms and large yard; \$11.

COMPTON AV. 1124—8—Fine business corner; rent \$25 a month. Apply 2137 Lafayette av.

DAYTON ST. 2813A—Nicer, large, cool 2d-floor furnished room; convenient to cars; reasonable; reasonable; fair if desired; private party.

DAYTON ST. 2824—Fr. and 2nd floor; very reasonable; fair if desired; private party.

DICKSON ST. 2000—Two elegantly furnished rooms for light housekeeping; first-class parties only.

EASTON AV. 5344—Handsome furnished room and hall room.

EASTON AV. 4450—3 rooms, bath and summer kitchen; \$12.50; all in good order.

EASTON AV. 2074—Two pleasant second-story front rooms for housekeeping; \$5 per week; cheap; also single rooms.

EASTON AV. 2024—2 or 3 handsomely furnished rooms for light housekeeping.

EASTON AV. 3042—Large front room, fr. or unf. for housekeeping.

EASTON AV. 2006—Two nicely furnished rooms; southern exposure; \$1.50 and \$2 per week; rent of lady; bath.

ELLA AV. 6111—Unfurnished room; southern exposure.

EUGENIA ST. 2204—Furnished front parlor and other rooms.

EUGENIA ST. 2348—Nicer furnished and unfurnished rooms; southern exposure.

EVANS AV. 3724—One or two furnished or unfurnished rooms for ladies or gents; bath.

EVANS AV. 5704—Two nicely furnished rooms; southern exposure; one block from Grand av. reasonable.

EWING AV. 421 S.—Nicer furnished rooms, hot and cold bath; private family.

EWING AV. 515 N.—Elegantly furnished 2d-story front room for one or two gentlemen; private family.

EWING AV. 6064 N.—Two furnished rooms, with bath; in private family; for gentlemen; price \$10 and \$5.

FINNEY AV. 3046—Large front room; also other rooms; reasonable.

FINNEY AV. 3015—Furnished front room; southern exposure; rent reasonable; piano instructions to gents free.

FOREST PARK BL.—1 block from Laclede—Elegantly furnished room in private family.

FOR RENT—By a widow, 708 Wash st. a nice furnished front room, suitable for 1 or 2 gentlemen; 2d floor.

FRANCIS ST. 1108—Large, light furnished room; no other rooms.

FRANCIS ST. 1418—2 rooms and kitchen, 2d floor; large yard; excellent room.

FRANKLIN AV. 1277—3 large rooms, first floor; rent \$9.

FRANKLIN AV. 2800—1 large room, 2d floor; also hall room.

FRANKLIN AV. 2201—2 rooms, furnished for housekeeping; \$2; private family of 2.

FRANKLIN AV. 1112—Nicer furnished rooms, for ladies or gents; light housekeeping.

FRANKLIN AV. 1810—Nicer furnished room for two gents.

FRANKLIN AV. 1234—Furnished large front room; gents or housekeeping; \$2.50; one at \$1.25.

FRANKLIN AV. 2027—3 large rooms; \$9.

GAMBLE ST. 2001—Nicer furnished rooms for housekeeping of gents; gas, bath; southern exp.

GAMBLE ST. 2916—1 or 2 nice rooms, with or without board; privilege of light housekeeping; reasonable.

GARRISON AV. 720 N.—Nicer furnished rooms, single or en suite; all conv.

GERRY AV. 2743—Nicer furnished front room for housekeeping of gents; four car lines; bath; \$5 per month.

GLASGOW AV. 1111—Unfurnished rooms, \$3, \$4, \$5 and \$6; furnished if desired.

GLASGOW ST. 3203—3 rooms, 2d floor, \$7.50. Key 2d floor. Key, 1118 Chestnut.

HICKORY ST. 3114A—3 rooms, 1st floor, \$5. Key 2d floor. Key, 1118 Chestnut.

HICKORY ST. 907—2d-story furnished front room for 1 or 2 gentlemen; with bath; reasonable.

HICKORY ST. 1302—Nicer furnished rooms, suitable for gents or light housekeeping.

MILL PL. 4128—8-room cottage; nice yard; water in house; rent \$9.

JEFFERSON AV. 237 S.—Nicer furnished room, \$5 month; two windows; life closet.

JEFFERSON AV. 718 N.—Nicer furnished parlor; also small room; gents or couple.

JEFFERSON AV. 2258 S.—3 nice, large unfurnished rooms; front and back entrances; nice location.

JEFFERSON AV. 1101 N.—Furnished rooms; southern exposure; for gents or light housekeeping; \$2 a week.

KING'S HIGHWAY 1234—Rooms, front or rear; connected or single; furnished or unfurnished; pleasant home.

LACLEDE AV. 2028—One nicely furnished second floor; fr. front room; also adjoining room for gents.

LACLEDE AV. 2006—Two nicely furnished rooms, southern exposure; private family; all conveniences; terms reasonable.

ROOMS FOR RENT.

LACLEDE AV. 2028—Nicer front parlor, southern exposure; nice location.

LACLEDE AV. 2006—Two nicely furnished rooms; exp.; private family; all conv.; terms reasonable.

LAFAYETTE AV. 1225—Nicer furnished room; front of kitchen; light housekeeping.

LAMBORN AV. 2811—One room; \$2.

LEFFINGWELL AV. 214 S.—Two rooms nicely decorated for light housekeeping, with bath.

LEONARD AV. 826—Nicer will rent second-story front room of kitchen; light housekeeping.

LEONARD AV. 614 N.—South front room, nicely furnished; rent low; \$8 per month.

LINDELL AV. 3205—Room, with kitchen, for light housekeeping; bath room; all conveniences; splendid locality; only \$5.00 per month.

LOUST ST. 2700—Good, nicely furnished rooms.

LOUST ST. 2710—Nicer furnished front and back room; small rooms; \$1.50; bath and all conveniences.

LOUST ST. 1420—Furnished rooms; \$1.25 per week; bath; all conv.

LOUST ST. 2221—Furnished rooms, single or en suite, with private bath; choice table.

LOUST ST. 1121 and 1122—Rooms for light housekeeping.

LOUST ST. 2144—Nicer furnished room.

LOUST ST. 2810—Nicer furnished rooms, carpeted and papered throughout; all conv.

LOUST ST. 2307—Large, cool, handsomely furnished second-floor room; also unfurnished saloon for study; cool, shady home.

LOUST ST. 2107—Large, elegantly furnished room, suitable for 1 or 2 guests.

LOUST ST. 1094—Front and other rooms; also 2 connecting rooms for housekeeping.

LOUST ST. 2704A—Two nice rooms, unfurnished; cheap.

LUCAS AV. 2718—Large front room; southern exposure; nicely furnished; gas and bath; very cheap.

LUCAS AV. 3336—Small 2d-story room; southern exposure; \$2 per week.

LUCAS AV. 2802—Nicer furnished 2d-story room; all conveniences; private family; refs.

LUCAS AV. 2825—Nicer furnished front parlor, \$5 per week; other rooms, \$2 and up.

LUCAS AV. 2740—Furnished room for gents or light housekeeping.

LUCAS AV. 2705—Parlor and connecting room, furnished for housekeeping; southern exposure; other rooms.

LUCAS AV. 2704—Nicer furnished room, complete for housekeeping; single or en suite; reasonable.

LUCAS AV. 2702—2 nicely furnished rooms for housekeeping; \$2 a week; also other rooms; refs.

LUCAS AV. 3012—2 large front rooms for light housekeeping; hot and cold water, partly fr. front room; also fr. front room for white families; near Station; very cheap rent.

MARGARETTA AV. 4205A—3 rooms; water, etc.; \$10. N. Hill, 1012 Chestnut.

MARKET ST. 2837—One unfurnished room; \$1 per week.

MARKET ST. 2211—Furnished rooms for gents, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50; also room for housekeeping.

MARKET ST. 2102—Cheap; three large, nice rooms and kitchen; second floor; all conveniences of room; two single rooms, 3d floor. Inquire in office.

MISSISSIPPI AV. 1810—Nicer furnished front room; gas, bath and all conveniences.

MISSISSIPPI AV. 1742—Large, pleasant, nicely furnished room for gentlemen or couple; all conveniences; private family; cheap to rent.

MISSISSIPPI AV. 1447—Elegantly furnished room; opposite Lafayette Park; cool room; in the city; private family; cheap to rent.

MISSISSIPPI AV. 1205—Nicer furnished front room; no other rooms; private; board if desired.

MORGAN ST. 2812—Nicer furnished rooms.

MORGAN ST. 1805—Elegantly furnished room, with bath, in private family.

MORGAN ST. 3000—Nicer furnished rooms for housekeeping; southern exposure; bath; \$10.

MORGAN ST. 2209—Nicer, large front room, first floor, for light housekeeping or gents.

MORGAN ST. 1631—Furnished front room for gents or light housekeeping.

MORGAN ST. 2822—Furnished second-story rooms suitable for two gents or light housekeeping; \$2 per week.

MORGAN ST. 2744—Nicer furnished rooms, with bath; terms reasonable.

MORGAN ST. 2807—3d floor, 6 or 8 elegant rooms; furnished; southern exposure.

MORGAN ST. 2730—Furnished rooms; southern exposure.

MORGAN ST. 3045—2d-story front; southern and western exposure; reasonable; private family.

MORGAN ST. 3135—Two lovely, large 3d-story rooms, unfurnished; southern exposure.

MORGAN ST. 2842—Nicer furnished rooms; southern exposure; for gents; reasonable rent.

MORGAN ST. 4461—Elegantly furnished rooms for couple or gents; Jewish family; convenient to cars.

MORGAN ST. 2838—1 large room, with closet, sink and water; southern exposure; light housekeeping.

MORGAN ST. 3124—Charming of parlor and bedroom by couple; dining and occupying part; home comforts; prices reasonable; table board included.

MORGAN ST. 3030—Nicer furnished rooms for one or two gents; all conveniences; southern exposure; rent \$10.00 per month.

MORGAN ST. 3003—Front hall with light furnished room; southern exposure; with roomate; rent \$5.00 per month.

NEUNSTADT AND NATURAL BRIDGE RD.—2 houses, 4 rooms each; nice and cheap; in the block; also store suited for barber or grocer.

NORTH MARKET ST. 3030—Furnished room for lady and gentleman of 2 gentlemen.

NORTH MARKET ST. 1120—Nicer furnished second-story front room; southern exposure; facing park; modern conveniences; private family.

OLIVE ST. 2331—2 nice rooms; water in kitchen; good location; bath and closet; \$2 a month.

OLIVE ST. 3125A—Nicer furnished rooms for gents.

OLIVE ST. 4070—Nicer furnished rooms; southern exposure; private family.

OLIVE ST. 2100—Nicer furnished front rooms in new corner house; modern improvements.

OLIVE ST. 1214A—Furnished rooms; one for light housekeeping; \$2 per week.

OLIVE ST. 1224—Furnished front room, \$3 per week; back room for light housekeeping.

OLIVE ST. 2028—Nicer furnished hall room for gents; southern exposure.

OLIVE ST. 1824—Furnished rooms for gents or light housekeeping; also connecting rooms, with bath.

OLIVE ST. 1015—Nicer furnished front rooms; terms reasonable; southern exposure.

OLIVE ST. 2826—Nicer furnished rooms for light housekeeping and roomers, \$1.25 a week and up.

OLIVE ST. 2607—2d and 3d floor front rooms, furnished; also other rooms; rent reasonable.

OLIVE ST. 3004—Two newly furnished rooms.

OLIVE ST. 1530A—Two rooms on suite; furnished complete for housekeeping; also other rooms; all conveniences.

OLIVE ST. 2041—Connecting front rooms, furnished for housekeeping; single room, \$5.

OLIVE ST. 2700—Rooms for gentlemen or light housekeeping, with southern exposure.

OLIVE ST. 2640—Nicer furnished room, gents or light housekeeping; \$2 per week.

OLIVE ST. 812—Furnished rooms; southern exposure; also back parlor and room for housekeeping.

OLIVE ST. 2710—Light, cool room, for couple or gents; southern exposure.

OLIVE ST. 2738—Nicer furnished rooms; gas and bath; also two unfurnished rooms.

OLIVE ST. 2822—Two newly furnished rooms for light housekeeping.

OLIVE ST. 3000, opposite Hotel Beers—Furnished front room.

ROOMS FOR RENT.

OLIVE ST. 2041—Two connecting rooms, completely furnished for light housekeeping; every convenience.

OLIVE ST. 1002—Upstairs—Nicer furnished hall room. Apply upstairs.

OLIVE ST. 2102—First and second floors, front; also small rooms; all nicely furnished.

OLIVE ST. 2100—Large, cool, nicely furnished front room; all conveniences; terms reasonable.

OLIVE ST. 1710—Nicer furnished rooms for gents; convenient to Union Station; railroad men.

OLIVE ST. 2017—Nicer, large 2d-story front room; southern exposure; all conveniences.

OLIVE ST. 2300—Nicer furnished rooms, 2d-story front; also other rooms.

OLIVE ST. 4200—Nicer furnished connecting front rooms; southern exposure.

OLIVE ST. 1508—Nicer front parlor; also large room for housekeeping.

OLIVE ST. 2012—Nicer furnished front room for two gents or married couple; also front room for housekeeping.

OLIVE ST. 2008—Rooms in private family; all conveniences.

OLIVE ST. 2008—Large, newly furnished room; gas, bath, etc.; rent \$3 per week.

OLIVE ST. 4238A—Nicer, well furnished room; gas, bath, etc.; rent \$3 per week.

OREGON AV. 3013—3 nice, cheap rooms in a new house; laundry; all conveniences.

PAGE AV. 4200—One nicely furnished room, with bath for gents.

PAGE AV. 4102—Two nice rooms furnished for housekeeping; neatly papered.

PAPIN ST. 1414—Two nicely furnished rooms for light housekeeping.

PAPIN ST. 1820—Nicer furnished front room; all conv.; bath; near Union Station.

PAPIN ST. 1400—Two connecting rooms, furnished for housekeeping; \$2.50 per week; hall room 75c.

PARK AV. 927—5 nice and clean rooms, 2d floor, 2d floor.

PARK AV. 928—Nicer furnished room, to gents; with bath; near Union Station.

PARK AV. 2220—Furnished room, with porch for light housekeeping; \$10 per month.

PARK AV. 1214—3 or 4 rooms and bath for rent.

PARK AV. 4222—8 rooms, with porch and lawn, furnished; \$20 per month; \$25 per month.

PENDELTON AV. 1106—Furnished or unfurnished rooms; use of kitchen; \$5 per month to lady.

PENDELTON AV. 927—Second-story front room; nicely furnished; with or without private bath-room attached.

PINE ST. 2040—2022—Apartments, furnished for light housekeeping; separate or en suite. Apply 2048 Pine.

PINE ST. 2002—Nicer furnished 2d floor front room; also single room.

PINE ST. 1303—Nicer furnished rooms for light housekeeping and roomers, \$1.25 a week and up.

PINE ST. 7094—Large rooms for light housekeeping; single and double rooms; low rates.

PINE ST. 1004—Two connecting front rooms, complete for housekeeping; use on same floor.

PINE ST. 3333—Our rooms are clean and hard to beat; large and cool; also furnished if desired.

PINE ST. 2224—Furnished rooms; also for light housekeeping, with large closet; reasonable price.

PINE ST. 2318—Three nicely furnished rooms; gas, bath; \$1 and up a week.

PINE ST. 2028—Two nice, large second-story front rooms; unfurnished; private family; all conveniences.

ROOMS—Furnished rooms for gentlemen, \$1 per week and up. Wm. Vogel, 7th and Chestnut st.

ROOM—Nicer furnished back parlor, 5th floor, with bath; rent \$2 per month. Ad. L. 80, Post-Dispatch.

ROOMS—West End—Two nicely furnished rooms, gents or married couple. Ad. W. 77, Post-Dispatch.

ROOMS—Two nicely furnished rooms to gentlemen; first-class locality. Ad. A. 78, Post-Dispatch.

ROOMS—Nicer furnished rooms; southern exposure; for one or two gents; cheap. Ad. H. 78, Post-Dispatch.

ROOMS—Four rooms, bath, etc., to party without children; references. Ad. D. 75, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM—Nicer front room; private family; West End; all convs. Ad. G. 88, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM—Nicer furnished front room for one or two gentlemen; furnished; all convs.; southern exposure; Ad. A. 85, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM—Nicer furnished front room with alcove; southern exposure; near Nineteenth and Sidney sts. Ad. R. 82, Post-Dispatch.

ROOMS—4 nice unfurnished rooms; southern exposure; for young married couple; no children; half block from Suburban red car, Maplewood. Ad. M. 84, Post-Dispatch.

ROOMS—Large unfurnished rooms; also three small unfurnished rooms. Grocery, 15th and Walnut sts. Ad. M. 84, Post-Dispatch.

ROOMS—Elegantly furnished rooms, ladies or gents; modern; every conv. Ad. R. 84, Post-Dispatch.

RUTGER ST. 2701—Nicer furnished room, corner house; for one or two gents; family of two; \$8 per month.

SIXTH ST. 1220 N.—Four rooms, first floor; two or four rooms second floor.

SHERIDAN AV. 2517—Three rooms, on the second floor; water and gas. Inquire within.

ST. ANGE AV. 1129—Large, pleasant 2d-story furnished front room; porch; references.

THERESA AV. 524—3rd fl.—Well furnished 2d-story front room; gas, hot bath; references.

THERESA AV. 507—Thirty-fifth and Olive sts.—Nicer furnished room; housekeeping; \$2.00 per week; modern; private family.

THOMAS ST. 3018—Furnished or unfurnished rooms, with bath.

THOMAS ST. 2841—Large 2d-story front and connecting rooms, modern, private home; refs.

WALNUT ST. 2400 N.—3 large rooms for housekeeping; also one back room.

WALNUT ST. 2303—Three rooms and kitchen; unfurnished; bath, laundry; cheap to couple; second story.

WASH ST. 1811—Nicer furnished room, 2d-story front, for light housekeeping.

WASH ST. 1808—Furnished rooms, 2d floor; couple or gents; bath; desirable.

WASH ST. 1801—Rooms for housekeeping, rear; also back room; \$1 per week.

WASH ST. 1785—Nicer furnished front room for gents, 3d floor; also hall room.

WASH ST. 1530—Nicer furnished rooms.

WASH ST. 1701—Nicer furnished rooms for light housekeeping.

WASH ST. 1807—Nicer furnished front room for gents or couple; all hall room.

WASH ST. 1611—Comfortably furnished rooms, complete for housekeeping.

WASHINGTON AV. 1537—Nicer furnished front room, second floor, for light housekeeping.

WASHINGTON AV. 2238A—Nicer furnished front room; also hall room.

WASHINGTON AV. 1500—Nicer furnished 2d-story front room; also small rooms.

WASHINGTON AV. 1509—Large, cool, nicely furnished front room for gents; desirable; references.

WASHINGTON AV. 2803—Choice front room, southern exposure, every conv., also single room.

WASHINGTON AV. 1018—Nicer, cool furnished rooms, \$1.50 to \$2 per week.

WASHINGTON AV. 1635—1 nicely furnished room for light housekeeping.

WASHINGTON AV. 1701—Working men wanted to take room; \$1 up.

WASHINGTON AV. 337—Nicer furnished 2d-story room; all mod. convs.

WASHINGTON, 1385—Furnished rooms, southern and northern exposure; gents or housekeeping; \$2 to \$2.50.

ROOMS FOR RENT.

WASHINGTON AV. 1519—Fur. room, first or second floor; also stable. Call to-day.

WASHINGTON AV. 1728—Second and third-story rooms; southern exposure; opening on veranda.

WASHINGTON AV. 3101—Front room, southern exposure; gents who called last Sunday can be accommodated.

WASHINGTON AV. 1500—Large, cool, clean, nicely furnished front room and small kitchen for light housekeeping; reasonable.

WRIGHT ST. 1215—3 elegant rooms; very cheap.

2D ST. 1000 S.—Two rooms and kitchen; rent \$7.

6TH ST. 738 S.—3 rooms, 1st floor, \$3.50. Key 2d floor. Key, 1118 Chestnut st.

9TH ST. 815 N.—Nicer furnished front room; gents or housekeeping; \$1.50 a week and up.

10TH ST. 818 S.—4 nice rooms; water included; only \$9 and \$10.

10TH ST. 1119 S.—Rooms, suitable for gents or housekeeping; all conveniences.

12TH ST. 1121 S.—2d-story front hall room, with bath.

12TH ST. 113 N.—Nicer front rooms for light housekeeping and roomers, \$1.25 a week and up.

14TH ST. 116 S.—Nicer furnished front room for gents or light housekeeping.

14TH ST. 6 N.—Furnished rooms for gents or light housekeeping; complete for housekeeping; laundry, etc.; desirable; \$2.50 to married couple.

15TH ST. 421 S.—3 cool rooms; large yard; rent reasonable. Inquire within.

15TH ST. 111 S.—Connecting rooms, with water, furnished for housekeeping; also single room.

16TH ST. 114 S.—2 rooms, furnished for housekeeping; \$2.50 per week; also large front room.

16TH ST. 1430A—N. Front room, with kitchen, nicely furnished, complete for housekeeping; laundry, etc.; desirable; \$2.50 to married couple.

18TH ST. 1114 N.—Furnished room; with bath.

18TH ST. 1101 S.—Fur. front room for couple or 2 gents.

19TH ST. 1105 N.—Furnished front room or light housekeeping; all conveniences; terms reasonable.

19TH ST. 905 N.—Front room for couple or housekeeping; 2d door from Franklin av.

20TH ST. 1633 N.—Nicer furnished front room; first-class locality.

24TH ST. 1110 N.—2d-story front and connecting rooms, fur. for light housekeeping; single or to gents.

ERICKSON, 2808 Locust st.—Apartments for gentlemen, with or without private bath-room attached.

ROOMS WITH BOARD.

ARE YOU LOOKING for a permanent home in desirable neighborhood—a quiet room, with southern exposure, all conveniences, excellent home, with or without board; large porch and yard. You will not be disappointed at 2018 Pine.

BELL AV. 3114—Furnished 2d-story room; modern and eastern exposure; good board.

BELL AV. 3015—Second-story front, nicely furnished, with or without board.

BELL AV. 3019—Large second-story front room, with board; terms reasonable; also hot A. parlor.

BOARD—Gentlemen (one or two), who wish to find a first-class home in a private family, please address: 1000 Locust st., Post-Dispatch.

BOARD—Nicer furnished room, with board, for two young men, with or without board; references given and required. Apply 3009 West Chestnut st.

BOARD—Beautifully furnished 2d-story front; all conveniences; first-class; terms reasonable; all convs.; reasonable price; no other boarders; Franklyn, near Garrison and Grand. Ad. L. 84, Post-Dispatch.

BOARDING—Wanted, 2 couples or a couple to board; all home comforts. 4050 Delmar av.

BOARDING—Lady will take two young ladies to room; with board; references. Ad. E. 841, Post-Dispatch.

BOARDING—Woman with good home will take good couple of child; refs. Ad. E. 841, Post-Dispatch.

BOARDING—Widow would like two married couples to board; with board; references. Ad. A. 74, Post-Dispatch.

BOARD—Wanted—With two rooms; private family; couple and 12-year old child; east of T. 7; room; comfortable; references. Ad. T. 75, Post-Dispatch.

BOARDERS WANTED—Two ladies, employed, to share room and first-class board; all conveniences; references. Ad. J. 85, Post-Dispatch.

BOARDERS WANTED—In private family in ruh-ho; couple at Ellendale. Ad. N. 831, Post-Dispatch.

CASS AV. 1808—Lady would like child to board; no other children; mother's care given.

CHAMBERLAIN AV. 5070, Cahanne—Lovely, cool, 2d-story front room; with board; references. Ad. M. 84, Post-Dispatch.

CHESTNUT ST. 1515—Nicer furnished rooms, with or without board.

CHILD WANTED—To take care of; not under 1 year old. Ad. 620 N. Beaumont st.

CHOUTEAU AV. 540—Elegantly furnished room; first-class locality; for one or two; refs.

CLARK AV. 2715—Good room and board, \$3.30 and \$4 per week; all conveniences.

CLARK AV. 2832—Back parlor, \$5 per month; all conveniences; meals if desired.

COMPTON AV. 2308 S.—Two nicely furnished front rooms; with board; all convs.; suitable for 2 couples or 4 gents.

COOK AV. 3730—Second-story front room; southern exposure; with or without board.

COOK AV. 3658—Two nicely furnished rooms, with board and every comfort for a young couple; new furniture, nice locality; terms reasonable.

DAYTON AV. 2824A—Nicer furnished second-story front room, with or without board.

DELMAR AV. 3006—Nicer furnished room for light housekeeping; southern exposure; County Health neighborhood; large yard; etc. Ad. E. 75, Post-Dispatch.

EADS AV. 3007—A handsomely furnished room, with board.

EVANS AV. 3308—Nicer furnished front room, with board; southern exposure.

EVANS AV. 4206A—Nicer furnished room; southern exposure; bath, private family; no other boarders; for one of two gentlemen; all convs.

EWING AV. 421 S.—Room and board, two work-lady board for gents; terms reasonable.

EWING AV. 4851—Two nicely furnished front rooms, with elegant board; second floor; southern exposure; private family; terms reasonable.

FLAD AV. 3808—Elegantly furnished second-story front room; with board; for one or two; refs.

FRANKLIN AV. 3018A—Furnished back parlor, with or without board.

FRANKLIN AV. 3432—Elegantly furnished second-story front, with or without board; one or two rooms; with board; all convs.

GARRISON AV. 1223 N.—Furnished second-story front room, suitable for two people, with or without board.

GARRISON AV. 918 N.—Nicer hall room; gentlemen only; bath if desired.

GARRISON AV. 912 and 930 N.—The Sherman—Elegant front room; two other nice, cool rooms; good table; refs. rates; only first-class people.

HICKORY ST. 1800—Front room, furnished or unfurnished, with or without board; mechanics preferred.

HICKORY ST. 1818—Large nicely fur. 2d-story front room, with or without board; choice neighborhood; also fr. front room in private family; refs. terms.

LACLEDE AV. 3434—Two rooms, with board, single or en suite; private family.

LACLEDE AV. 4816—Front room, with board, single or en suite; private family.

LACLEDE AV. 3148—Elegantly furnished front room; southern exposure; breakfast and 7 o'clock dinner if desired; all conveniences.

LACLEDE AV. 3018A—Lovely furnished room; southern exposure; bath; references; modern terms.

LAFAYETTE AV. 2840—Large, nicely furnished front and connecting rooms; with board; private family; in strictly private fam.

WEST BELLE PL. 404—Large south room, with board.

ROOMS WITH BOARD.

LOUST ST. 2006—Well furnished rooms; excellent table; moderate prices to desirable people.

LOUST ST. 3110—Pleasant, well furnished room with board; also small room; references.

LOUST ST. 3028—Two nice rooms, 2d floor, southern exposure; excellent table; home comfort.

LOUST ST. 2100—Nicer furnished rooms, with board; if desired, reasonable.

LOUST ST. 2108—Second-story back room, with board; with board; references.

LOUST ST. 2005—Nicer furnished rooms; with or without board.

LOUST ST. 2828—Nicer furnished rooms, with board; all conveniences; reasonable terms.

LOUST ST. 2710—Nicer front room, with good board; refs. rates.

LOUST ST. 1520, 1507, 1008—Nicer furnished rooms; first-class board.

LOUST ST. 3032—2d-story front, with board; two large; large yard.

LOUST ST. 2827—Well-furnished room, with first-class board; terms reasonable.

LOUST ST. 2834—Nicer furnished rooms and board.

LOUST ST. 2804—Desirable rooms, nicely furnished, first-class table and attention; refs. exchanged.

LOUST ST. 2710—Desirable south-front room; good board; detached house; private family; refs. rates.

LOUST ST. 2028—Pleasant furnished rooms, with board; excellent table; private family; refs. rates.

LOUST ST. 2830—Pleasant, well furnished rooms; first-class board.

LOUST ST. 2000—Nicer furnished modern and desirable rooms, with board.

LOUST ST. 2131—Family hotel; handsomely furnished; all conveniences; near Station; first-class board.

LUCAS AV. 3307—Beautifully furnished back parlor, with board, for 2 gents or couple.

LUCAS AV. 3028—Private boarding; single or en suite; terms reasonable; refs. rates.

LUCAS AV. 3215—Large front room 2d floor; southern exposure; modern conveniences; with good board.

LUCAS AV. 3030—Two large, cool rooms; southern exposure; good table; table boarders accommodated.

LUCAS AV. 3437—Elegant 2d-story front room; furnished; modern conveniences.

LUCAS AV. 2920—Second-story front room; well furnished; southern exposure; all convs.; all conveniences; with or without board.

MISSISSIPPI AV. 1200—Nicer furnished front room; with board; no other roomers; private; fair if desired.

MISSISSIPPI AV. 1718—Pleasant room; board; to one or two gents; one-half block Lafayette Park; private family.

MISSISSIPPI AV. 1540—Roommate; 3d floor; modern conveniences; first-class table; cool locality; D. 100, Post-Dispatch.

MISSOURI AV. 1619 (opposite park)—Nice room; with board; terms reasonable; stable for rent; Cuba; excellent water; running brook for bathing; the shade; all kinds of fruit; rooms with board; excellent table; low prices; refs. rates, \$2.50 per week. Box 17, Cuba, Mo.

MORGAN ST. 2025—Furnished 2d-story front and other rooms, with board; large porch and yard.

MORGAN ST. 4060—2d-story front room, also back room; with board; all conveniences; private family.

MORGAN ST. 1332—Furnished front room for gents, with board or separate; w/d a home.

MORGAN ST. 2038—Nicer fur. home; home cooking; everything first-class; terms reasonable; all convs.; reasonable price; no other boarders; Franklyn, near Garrison and Grand. Ad. L. 84, Post-Dispatch.

NICHOLSON PL. 22—Furnished room, with or without board; southern exposure; bath; pri. fam.

OLIVE ST. 1721—Nicer furnished 2d-story front room, southern exposure, with board, \$4 per week; also other pleasant rooms very cheap.

OLIVE ST. 4163—Nicer furnished room for mother and four children; with board; St. Louis, state price. Ad. T. 80, Post-Dispatch.

OLIVE ST. 2117—Nicer, cool rooms, with gas, hot and cold bath; first-class board, \$4.50 per week.

OLIVE ST. 2925—Large, handsomely furnished room, with board; for 1 or 2 gents; reasonable.

OLIVE ST. 1707—Furnished rooms, with or without board; also day board.

PAGE AV. 3534—Nicer furnished rooms, with board; southern exposure.

PAGE AV. 4295—Furnished rooms, for gents, with or without board; all convs.; references.

PAGE BL. 3022—Large, airy front room and first-class board; to two gentlemen; \$3.50 per week.

PAPIN ST. 1540—Large, airy rooms, southern exposure; suitable for couples, with board; lovely home.

PARK AV. 2548—Nicer furnished room, with board; first-class; private family; terms reasonable.

PINE ST. 3148—Handsome furnished rooms, with or without board; refs.

PINE ST. 2814—Nicer front room, good board, at home; with board; all convs.; refs. rates.

PINE ST. 2802—Cool rooms; home cooking; hot bath; private family; \$4.45.

PINE ST. 3202—Lovely furnished rooms; excellent table; refs. exchanged; home comforts.

PINE ST. 3226—Large back parlor; also other rooms; with board; excellent board; desirable locality.

PINE ST. 3123—Lovely, cool room; southern exposure; large closet; stationary stand; hot and cold water; excellent table and service.

ROOM—Nicer furnished room, with or without board, in private Jewish family. Ad. D. 77, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM—To let, by a private family, a pretty front room, with board and every comfort for a young couple, in West End. Ad. W. 82, Post-Dispatch.

ROOMS—Two connecting rooms or one large room, with board; furnished; good attendance; private family; southern exposure; County Health neighborhood; large yard; etc. Ad. E. 75, Post-Dispatch.

RUTGER ST. 1224—Furnished room, with or without board.

RUTGER ST. 1916—First-class board, with room or without, where there are a few boarders.

SPRING AV. 719 N.—Rooms, with board; private family.

STODDARD ST. 2824—Front room, with board, in private family for gents; terms reasonable.

STODDARD ST. 2700—An elegant furnished 2d and 3d-story front room, with first-class board and latest convs. Ad. \$4.50 per week.

THE HAWLEY'S, 8317 LUCAS AV. will above choice room and board for married couples and gentlemen.

WALNUT ST. 2720—Furnished back and front room, with or without board; bath; bath.

WASH ST. 2108—Nicer front room for 1 or 2 gents, with or without board; no other rooms.

WASH ST. 1530—Wanted, child to board; will have nice home.

WASHINGTON AV. 2717—2 rooms, 1st floor; board if desired.

WASHINGTON AV. 2732—Furnished or unfurnished room, with or without board; all convs.; owner for rent. Ad. O. 80, Post-Dispatch.

WASHINGTON AV. 2807—Furnished rooms, with good board; reasonable.

WASHINGTON AV. 1410—1st and 2d floor front; also back room; board if desired, or housekeeping.

WASHINGTON AV. 2811—Two large rooms; first-class board, for.

WASHINGTON AV. 2640—Rooms and first-class board; every convenience; table boarders accommodated; terms reasonable.

WASHINGTON AV. 2730—Furnished second-story front and connecting rooms, with board; excellent board, for two gents; preferences required.

WASHINGTON AV. 1800—Nicer furnished room, with first-class board, in private home very comfortable.

WASHINGTON AV. 3227—Nicer furnished rooms, with or without board; all conveniences; modern terms.

WEST BELLE PL. 404—Large south room, with board.

ROOMS WITH BOARD.

WEST CHESTNUT ST. 2825—Desirable rooms, all convs.; choice board; refs.; excellent location.

WEST CHESTNUT ST. 3406—First and second floor, with other rooms; good board; terms reasonable.

WEST CHESTNUT ST. 3041

CLAIRVOYANTS.

14 words or less, 50c.

PROF. W. J. MARTIN.

50c—Reduced Charges—50c.

To accommodate those who cannot afford to pay his regular fee, as well as those who have no knowledge of his wonderful power, Prof. Martin will give readings for four days at one-half price, 25c and 50c. The reduced price is for 10 days, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday only, after which his regular fee will be charged.



The World's Greatest Medium and Clairvoyant

Has Located Permanently in His Own

Home at 2342A Olive Street.

"TRUTHFUL IN HIS PREDICTIONS."

"RELIABLE IN HIS ADVICE."

No matter what trouble you may have with yourself or others, come and he will guide you. He advises you with a certainty higher than human power.

Prof. Martin is recognized by the

Medical fraternity and scientists generally as the foremost medium in the country, and has been

classified with card readers, fortune tellers, palmists, astrologers and similar bunglers.

Prof. Martin, the brilliant star of his profession, acknowledged by the press and public of two continents as the most remarkable medium and clairvoyant in the world, is permanently located in St. Louis and may be consulted from 9 a. m. to 8 p. m. daily and Sunday.

Prof. Martin's past record and ability in honorable dealings are sufficient guarantee for his future work, and have won him the good will of the large and people.

HONEST, FEARLESS AND CAPABLE.

He is the foremost medium of the day. He fully understands the responsible position he is placed in by the remarkable gift he is endowed with, and he will use his best to help those who need him, and he will not be satisfied until he has done all in his power to relieve the suffering.

His predictions are most wonderful, and he has been acknowledged by the press and public of two continents as the most remarkable medium and clairvoyant in the world.

He does not cater to the superstition of the ignorant, credulous people. If you are in doubt, feel your heart, and will be relieved. He will give you the truth, and he will not be satisfied until he has done all in his power to relieve the suffering.

If you desire to be cured, feel your heart, and will be relieved. He will give you the truth, and he will not be satisfied until he has done all in his power to relieve the suffering.

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DWELLINGS FOR RENT.

14 words or less, 20c.

JOHN H. TERRY & SONS.

RENT COLLECTORS AND GENERAL REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

Do not charge for advertising.

PHONE 2947. 621 CHESTNUT ST.

ROUSERS.

2024 Locust st., 10 rooms; all conveniences... \$40.00

2024 Washington st., 10 rooms; all conveniences... \$40.00

2024 West 10th st., 10 rooms; all conveniences... \$40.00

2024 Morgan st., 10 rooms; all conveniences... \$40.00

2024 Chestnut st., 10 rooms; all conveniences... \$40.00

2024 Jefferson st., 10 rooms; all conveniences... \$40.00

2024 Cassin st., 10 rooms; all conveniences... \$40.00

2024 Taylor st., 10 rooms; all conveniences... \$40.00

2024 Franklin st., 10 rooms; all conveniences... \$40.00

2024 Hickory st., 10 rooms; all conveniences... \$40.00

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IMPROVED PROPERTY FOR SALE

14 words or less, 20c.

THIS INTERESTS YOU!

WE'RE SURE TO

SELL THIS WEEK!

5911 Cote Brillante Av.

5990 Cote Brillante Av.

AT ONLY

\$3,750 EACH.

We Offer Above on Small Cash Payment.

Balance on Easy Monthly Payments.

The above are the two remaining brand new

houses in this block, having sold the

houses during the past few days. This block is

newly built up with an attractive class of resi-

dents, the location being most attractive, and you

will find it to be a most desirable investment.

The houses are 7 rooms each, beautifully de-

signed, and most thorough in construction.

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**In Every Case Where Mines Are
Running Wages of the Men
Have Been Material-
ly Advanced.,**

PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 31.—Anxiety, expectation and suspense, which were the conditions in the coal mining situation about De Armitz's mines to-day, have given place to peace and quietness to-night.

All the men are out at Sandy Creek, and but few were at work at Turtle Creek to-

Winan to Be a Citizen.
NEW YORK, July 31.—Erasmus Winan became a citizen of the United States to-day, taking out his final papers before United States Commissioner Lyman in this city. Mr. Winan's declaration of intention was made in September, 1877.

Amusements, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Massachussetts, London; Ethionia, Glasgow; Umrria, Liverpool; Columbia, Hamburg.

BREMEN, July 31.—Sailed: H. H. Meier, New York.

HAVRE, July 31.—Sailed: La Normandia, New York.

SOUTHAMPTON, July 31.—Sailed: St. Louis, New York.

Best Chance to Get a Watch. See

ing, saying that there had been an unprecedented number of visitors to the park this year, and suggesting that a company of infantry be added to the military force assigned to the duty of guarding the reservation and preserving its natural beauty. There are now two troops of cavalry at Fort Yellowstone, and Col. Young considers the number insufficient to properly patrol the

SSS S. S. S. never fails to cure a blood disease, and it is the only remedy which reaches deep-seated cases. Guaranteed purely vegetable. *Booklet free*

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and a dark, irregular stain along the left edge. The right edge is slightly irregular, suggesting it is part of a bound volume.



PART THREE.

SUNDAY MORNING—ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH—AUGUST 1, 1897.

PAGE 17

MRS. HAYNE IS THE MOST REMARKABLE WOMAN IN ST. LOUIS.

Prays for All She Needs and Gets It.

Mother to the City's Deserted Babies.

Manages Four Charities and Has No System in Her Work.

Believes in Individuality and the Guidance of the Spirit.

"I would not be a child through all eternity."

These were the words of Mrs. Roger Hayne, the president, treasurer, secretary, board of directors and chief executive of the four Bethesda homes for forsaken infants, for women expectant of motherhood, for old folks and for incurables.

Since April, 1893, she has saved, fed, clothed, sheltered and ministered to the spiritual needs of 2,960 foundlings, aged women in their second childhood and destitute mothers.

The executive ability of one woman has accomplished this task without the aid of a directory, without an endowment fund and without soliciting assistance.

"Eight years ago," said Mrs. Hayne, "I was called to the work by the Lord. I had been deeply touched by the pitiable condition of old women, forsaken by friends and children, to become unwelcome dependents on strangers.

"After a year the Lord saw fit to answer my prayers and I opened a little home for these poor old women. It was a small beginning, but the Lord let prosper and soon our modest home was filled with the aged.

"But they were not all. Word would be sent in that a little baby had been found on somebody's doorstep or at Union Station or a helpless woman or mother sought shelter from the world. There was always the question, could I provide for one more?"

"I was doing the work of the Lord and how could I discriminate between his creatures? So I took them all. I could not always see my way clear, but I knew He would show me the way.

For Helpless and Destitute.

"Bethesda is definitely for the helpless and destitute; it has no endowment and we do not solicit. The Lord Himself has cared for all its needs and provided for all its wants out of his everlasting treasury."

Mrs. Hayne's kind, motherly face beamed with pleasure and benevolence as she reviewed the work of Bethesda and told in tenderest words of the friendless and fallen.

She sat in an easy arm chair in her large, old-fashioned home, at No. 1635 South Grand avenue. The surroundings were typical of the woman. Even the chairs and the broad, open windows with an air of welcome. Old-fashioned, heavily-carved furniture and old pictures made the stranger feel sure the owner was capable of long, staunch friendship. Books, magazines, rockers and fans convenient to hand made one feel sure the hostess understood the value of the evidences of a happy, comfortable home life and could rise above the petty formalities and conventionalities of social life when occasion demanded.

"There is no red tape about the Bethesda work and no delay. A woman is not left starving nor a baby left to die while we inquire into their history. All applications are made to me and it is only for me to say we can take them and the Lord has always taken care of them.

"I keep few accounts, only those which are necessary. The poor and sick need my personal attention, not figures. I know the Master in His mercy will provide food, fuel and clothing, no matter how many we have with us.

The Work of Faith.

"We work by faith and ask our blessed Master each day for the things our dear little ones and poor mothers need.

"What are our yearly expenses? Over \$10,000 for the four homes last year. It varies each year. We are cared for forty-two in the Old People's Home, on Russell avenue; 515 infants in the Foundling Home, at No. 3333 Laclede avenue; 120 women at the Maternity, at No. 1219 Grattan street, and 48 at the Incurables' Home, corner of Grattan and Hickory streets, during the past year.

"All our expenses are paid out of voluntary contributions. These come from every State in the union, from all classes of people, and some have been received from London.

"Some think it is not an act of charity to strive to prolong the lives of the forsaken and often diseased babes; it is a great thing to save a human life. Such an opportunity does not come to every one. We read of a man saving a child from drowning and call it a heroic deed. How much greater to save the lives of many helpless innocents! We must care for them. We can not discriminate. When they are ill we must strive as hard to alleviate their sufferings and save their lives as we would do to save an adult.

Her Hope of Happiness.

"Every baby reared to maturity makes one more opportunity for the salvation of an immortal soul. I would be happy if out of the hundreds who have come to me I knew I had saved one soul—just one."

In the Foundling Home there are always seventy-five babies, ages ranging from 24 hours to 1 year. Nearly all of these are found deserted when a few hours old and taken to the home by the police. The city gives \$12 per month for their support. The few exceptions are those whose mothers have deserted them after leaving the Maternity Home, some whose mothers are mentally incapable of caring for their little babes and a few whose mothers have died, leaving large families. The over-threshold Home for shelter and care for his motherless infant. In the latter instance the father pays for the keeping of the child and it remains there until proper provision is made for it elsewhere.

These little waifs arrive dirty, half starved and frozen, ill-cared for and frightfully diseased.

A stranger passing the broad, spacious two-story brick Foundling Home, sheltered



MRS. ROGER HAYNE.

"We Work by Faith, and Ask Our Blessed Master Each Day for the Things Our Dear Little Ones and Poor Creatures Need."

MRS. HAYNE was born in Dublin, Ireland. She is descended on her mother's side from an old Huguenot family, refugees in Ireland. Her father was Dr. Dyas, a Spaniard. She is the great-niece of the President of Mexico, whose family name is written Diaz.

When a little girl of 12 years her parents moved to Wheeling, Va., then to Canada, and hence to Chicago. There her father became very prominent as a physician.

She was brought up almost entirely within the limits of her parental home. She attended no college or school, but was educated at home. When grown she joined no clubs, nor has she ever been identified with any large body of women. She says:

"I was brought up without anything to disturb my individuality. I believe in personal work and individuality all the way through. Nothing else succeeds. I do not know what discouragement means."

Mrs. Hayne is a member of the Reformed Episcopal Church. Her husband is an Englishman and a decided blonde. He came to this country in 1866 and married Mrs. Hayne in Chicago twenty years ago. They have resided in St. Louis nineteen years. He is agent for a cotton factory.

They have two little girls, one a little blonde 8 years old, the other a brunette 6 years old.

among tall trees, would think he or she had suddenly come upon an immense aviary, so varied are the notes from the seventy-one infantile throats now in the home. Or the thought may arise that the tree tops are filled with hundreds of nests of chattering, featherless swallows calling for the absent mother bird.

A Glance at Her Work.

The sound of one crying baby is common and annoying, but so many vibrating throats at once in their helpless infancy is a plaintive chorus that cannot fail to touch the hardest heart and reverberate through our memories for many years. Such is a glimpse at one of this busy woman's charities.

Every matter great and small receives her personal attention. Unlike most women Mrs. Hayne does not permit the minutia of affairs to eclipse their significance.

None is ever turned away. No one must suffer, and not a soul must be lost, is her motto.

The lack of luxuries does not mean a corresponding lack of comforts.

If the necessary funds and household goods fall short and there are no visible means for the support of a new comer, no great ado is made.

This remarkable woman simply gathers her little band of nurses about her and they pray for the new comer's sustenance.

A sinful woman is not given a tract to hide her shame, nor is a homeless old woman put off with an injunction to read her Bible. The body is first made comfortable and healthy to make it a better habitation for the soul.

Then comes the administration of the gospel. Not one unfortunate woman comes under Mrs. Hayne's protection who does not receive her personal comfort and spiritual instruction.

Homes for Unfortunates.

Mrs. Hayne personally finds good homes for them, where they can take their little ones, and it is her constant endeavor to keep mother and child together. This, she argues, keeps her firm in her resolution to do right. Said Mrs. Hayne:

"I believe woman should do all in her power to help and elevate woman. The absence of such homes does not mitigate the need for them. The presence of such places of refuge only prevents more crime. Many would seek to hide their shame in suicide or infanticide."

"The majority who come to the home are young, unsophisticated girls. Some are really mentally weak and more to be pitied than blamed. None are really vicious and after the first offense it is better to shelter them, show them the error of their ways and set them on the way to do good in life."

Some poor women who are married and have no comfortable home are boarded at the Maternity for a short period at a low price, and Mrs. Hayne considers this a charity, too.

She makes no discrimination between those who pay and the penniless. All are clothed, fed and given medical attention alike, and competent trained nurses are always in attendance.

Mrs. Hayne has found situations for 1,000 girls since the work began. All these have taken their babies with them.

"Occasionally a mother deserts her child and we must care for it. Sometimes I see a mother is not capable of caring for the dear little one, and I keep it until I find good people who will adopt it."

"When God has given these dear babies into my hands I feel that I cannot do too much for them."

"They are a great care. The very best of food must be given them. Our expenses for milk alone in June were \$12, and we consumed 5,000 pounds of ice in the home that month."

"Second Offense" a Bar.

"A woman is never taken into the home after the second offense."

"Two-thirds of the girls who go wrong are those who have no mother to give them the proper training and are left to relatives to raise."

"I have no trouble finding good homes for the girls. People come every day to ask me if they can get a good housewife or nurse from the Bethesda."

Mrs. Hayne has fifteen nurses who care for the people in the home. They give their services voluntarily and their board and clothes are furnished them. They come from every State. None of the rescued women are placed in positions of responsibility. These nurses must be moral young women and she soon stamps her broad principles of charity upon them.

Speaking of the confidence the poor had in her ability to help them, she said:

"A poor mother came to me, a perfect stranger, and placing her little darling in my arms, said: 'I can trust you to take my little one and care for it until I can make the money to send for my baby and raise it properly.'"

"This implicit confidence touched me, and how could I refuse? We have the little one yet and the faithful mother, with the blessed Master's help, is well and working hard to bring about their reunion."

"Only the other week I received a letter from the tender mother saying: 'Kiss my darling for me. I am trusting that I can yet make the means to have her with me and support us both.'"

"With the nurses, God bless these dear workers, I ask the Lord to guide this faithful mother's footsteps to her child."

"In June the heat was so intense it looked as if we were in danger of losing all our babies. One of the nurses remarked if we only had some electric fans the dear little ones would be saved."

"That afternoon we offered up a prayer

to the Master that he provide some means for the comfort of the babies. And it is a fact that the next day some one sent us a voluntary contribution of ten electric fans and a check for \$50 to run the machinery. Our earnest prayers had been answered."

"Last week two little fellows rang my door-bell and when I responded one said: 'Mrs. Hayne, here is \$1.50 we made ourselves for the little babies.'"

"Some little girls away out in Iowa sent a little quilt, pieced by them on pieces of cotton flour sacking. Evidently their means were small, but their spirit of charity will be blessed by the Lord."

And yet this woman has no system about her work and no one to assist in the management of the charity home. She has saved 2,960 lives through her own efforts and prayers.

Her telephone bell rings continually and every hour in the day she is called up to know if she can accommodate another infant, mother or old lady.

"No" a Forgotten Word.

"Yes, with God's help," is always her answer. Perhaps no telephone in St. Louis transmits the word "No" so seldom as Mrs. Hayne's.

If a rare case comes up that no provision has ever been made for, Mrs. Hayne is invariably equal to the emergency. None are turned away because they do not come under the rules or because the board must pass upon the case first. There are no rules and no board.

Mrs. Hayne thinks Christian charity too broad to admit of either.

Her own little children are as loving and as appreciative as the little waifs.

Her home duties receive due attention, and she has the sympathy and co-operation of her husband in her charity work.

She is 5 feet 3 1/2 inches high, 135 pounds, is a brunette, and has black hair. Her teeth are uneven, especially crowded in front, and the canines are not pronounced. Her cheek bones are prominent, and the jaw line well rounded. Her ears are broadly marked and lobed. Her forehead is high and her nose both broad and aggressively high. Like all child-lovers her lips are full, but they are flexible, as befits the mouth of a ready speaker. Her eyes are large, very dark brown and liquidly soft. They are deep set, and the surrounding hollows are heavily pigmented. Her face is full of strength. Make her eyes gray, thin the rhyme of her lips and the face would become hard.

Hypnotic in Conversation.

In conversation she is intense. Her eyes fix a listener hypnotically. Her face glows with enthusiasm, and her broad, soft hands make little shivery gestures that fascinate the beholder. She is emotional, always concentrated, but never absorbed. She changes the character of her work with lightning speed, and is instantly concentrated on the new subject. Her belief in prayer has the depth of calm conviction. Nothing can alter that; you know that the sun shines even though clouds be before its face, and she knows that her prayers are answered.

Her characteristic pose is seated, slightly bent forward, face full to her friend, left arm over the back of her chair, right hand weaving its thrilling spell to complete the hypnotism of her eyes. The muscles about her mouth tremble when she becomes interested. She rides down opposition with the nonchalance of the rolling surf. She lifts slightly and broadens the letter "a" after the fashion of Massachusetts.

She speaks of the unfortunate women as delicately and courteously as she would of a personal friend.

She dresses in mourning and always wears a bonnet, with strings tied under her chin, and her hair parted and brushed smoothly off her face.

Her favorites are her old people, and she loves to dwell upon accounts of their peaceful lives.

WASTE OF BABY LIFE IN THE CITY.

Statistics of the Terrible Mortality Among the Infants Who Have Just Begun Life.

In one week of July—the week following the Fourth—43 babies died in St. Louis. They had not lived over the first year. One hundred and seven children who had not seen their fifth birthdays passed into unknown. The total deaths for the week were 38. Accident, diseases of maturity and old age carried off 101 persons and childish diseases carried off 107. The record is appalling. It is without parallel in the history of St. Louis, yet here Health Commissioner Starkloff says the ratio is lower than in New York or Chicago.

The waste of baby life could not have been greater in Carthage, when Moloch was worshipped.

One hundred and seven motherly hearts were broken in one week. Telling this tale of tears the statistician becomes a tragedian; his records are the blackest of the book of fate.

The week was without parallel. Do not pause contentedly on that statement. Every summer sees death busy with the children. Last July 261 died and only 241 who were older went with them to the land beyond.

In July, 1897, there were 1,167 deaths in St. Louis—an extraordinary record. Of that great number 905 were children under 5 years of age and 446 were not 1 year old when they died.

That was a frightfully black month, which none in later history, save the current month, has equaled, but a record which may be passed should the weather again become hot. In spite of this, however, Health Commissioner Starkloff says:

"I still claim that St. Louis is the healthiest city in the country, except, perhaps, San Francisco.

"Here is the percentage of death rate per 1,000 of population in many cities during July, August and September of last year:

Baltimore 22.06
Boston 22.07
Brooklyn 22.08
Chicago 22.09
Cincinnati 22.10
St. Louis 22.11

"Chicago, you will observe, is very low, but that is due to their fearful exaggerations of population. Cincinnati is phenomenally low, but that is due to the fact that there were no epidemics in Cincinnati last year.

"The death rate varies from year to year. Beginning in 1867, with 220,000 population in St. Louis, we find that the totals of deaths do not keep their ratio with the growth of population. Nor, as a rule, is the ratio of infantile mortality kept up. In some of the years it was 50 per cent of the whole. In some months of the years it equals that yet and last year it came up to 35 per cent of the whole:

YEAR.	Population.	Total Deaths.	Infantile Deaths.	Per Cent of Total.
1867	220,000	6,538	2,977	45.6
1868	230,000	5,103	2,225	43.6
1869	240,000	5,884	2,552	43.4
1870	250,000	6,070	2,640	43.7
1871	260,000	6,263	2,732	43.6
1872	270,000	6,047	2,638	43.6
1873	280,000	6,093	2,732	44.8
1874	290,000	6,506	2,824	43.4
1875	300,000	7,532	3,357	44.6
1876	310,000	6,919	3,040	44.1
1877	320,000	6,069	2,732	45.1
1878	330,000	6,093	2,732	44.8
1879	340,000	6,147	2,732	44.4
1880	350,000	6,636	2,977	44.8
1881	360,000	8,410	3,741	44.5
1882	370,000	8,177	3,620	44.2
1883	380,000	8,177	3,620	44.2
1884	390,000	7,887	3,507	44.1
1885	400,000	7,490	3,290	44.0
1886	410,000	8,258	3,620	44.1
1887	420,000	8,150	3,597	44.2
1888	430,000	9,012	3,950	43.9
1889	440,000	8,400	3,715	44.2
1890	450,000	8,330	3,683	44.2
1891	460,000	10,220	4,504	44.1
1892	470,000	10,303	4,538	44.1
1893	480,000	10,303	4,538	44.1
1894	490,000	8,710	3,922	45.1
1895	500,000	9,420	4,183	44.4
Totals and Percentages	221,463	21,330	9,377	44.4

"The percentage of 35 is too much for infantile life in St. Louis, and can, perhaps, be traced to milk from unwholesome cows furnished by filthy, unsanitary dairies and parental neglect, poverty, lack of sustaining food, and the heat of our summer months."

Mother Superior of St. Ann's Asylum:

"Of all the babies in this big city, the little foundlings start out with the least chance of life. They come into the world with heritages of sin. They are neglected in the earliest hours of their birth. They are exposed for hours usually before the police pick them up and confide them to our care.

"Some people would have reason to say it would be better they died than to live out their heritages of neglect and sin. But this is not the worldly point of view. They have souls made for heaven, and once they are born into the world the right to live is theirs as well as the infant born in the lap of luxury.

"We have two hard periods in the life of all our little ones. First when we receive them the spark of life is almost extinguished by hunger and neglect. We have to nurse them carefully and give them a fresh start in life. Later comes the teething season that lasts from their eighth or ninth month until the second summer, as the mothers say.

"How do we make our little ones thrive? I think the secret of caring for an infant successfully lies in proper feeding and intelligent nursing, and by that I mean the manner of watching it.

"The children brought us by the police are paid for by the city and we are enabled to send these around to nurses, for there is nothing so good for a child as mother-milk. The other waifs we raise ourselves on the bottle.

"When a child is weaned we feed it rare beef chopped up fine, boiled rice and other cereals.

"Fresh air, plenty of baths to keep down temperature and right clothing are essential to children.

"The little ones are watched continually during the night and any change of temperature is guarded against at once to prevent the little ones from catching cold. If they suffer from the heat they are fanned or bathed.

"It would surprise fathers and mothers to know how little our charges cry in the night.

"The teething season is the critical period in infant life. The whole system is disordered, the blood is heated and the delicate little stomach is easily upset. Extreme care regarding the quantity and quality of food is the best safeguard against irregularities.

"It is hard for us to keep statistics of mortality among our charges. They are coming and going all the time. So far this summer we have been exceptionally fortunate, especially since a tiny waif brought here by the police spread the whooping cough, and we have been six months eradicating it. We have about 100 children, half of whom are under 2 years of age. They are doing remarkably well and we anticipate no serious trouble if the nights continue cool.

"I cannot understand why infant mor-

PATRIARCH BENJAMIN WEBB, WHOSE DESCENDANTS FILL A KENTUCKY COUNTY.

THERE is an entire county in the eastern part of Kentucky which is populated by descendants and relatives of a single family. The original Webb family consists of more than eight hundred direct descendants, while the number of those who are more or less closely related to them by marriage is considerably more than twelve thousand. The family has up to the present time practically filled Letcher County, and has commenced to overflow the boundary lines into adjoining counties.

This remarkable population traces its ancestry directly to a Benjamin Webb, who settled in this section nearly a century ago. At the present time there are still living six of his children.

The most numerous branch of the family is descended from Jason Webb, who is now in his 7th year. Other children have families in the house, now sixty years old, in which he began housekeeping and raised a family of nineteen children. Of this remarkable generation, which consists of 150 grand-children, are all living. There are besides eighty great-grand-children and sixty great-great-grand-children, all of whom are at present living within ten miles of Jason.

It will occur to most people that a family of such remarkable proportions must give rise to many complications. The descendants of old Benjamin Webb have for one thing been obliged to select about 800 names for their children, and the entire family has been obliged to go through the ordeal of agreeing upon more than 12,000 names. Compared with this task the work of naming the streets of an entire city like New York would be trifling.

If each member of the family should attempt to give presents at Christmas to all the other members the expense would be something startling.



If Webb's 800 descendants in the direct line were gathered together in the form of one man, that aggregation would be four times as tall as the Eiffel Tower—assuming that each descendant is five feet high.

Dr. Otto C. Sutter, Superintendent of the City Hospital:

"Infantile mortality in St. Louis is no greater than in any other city of equal size and mixed population. It is practically the

same everywhere. It is in accordance with the Creator's plan of existence. It is in accord with the whole economy of nature, that not all things shall attain maturity. Take life among the lower animals. What destruction do we not see before the young

life has much more than begun? Whole races of animals and reptiles exist, seemingly for no other purpose than to prey upon the young of others.

"In plant or vegetable life how ruthlessly the young shoot or tendril is cut down. We

prune trees to strengthen the growth of mature branches, and do we not pull weeds with remorseless energy?

"In the providence of God it is designed that a large portion of the human race shall perish before maturity. The law of survival for the fittest I believe to be a divine law, and we see it exemplified every day. The strong and promising shall thrive and the weak shall perish from the earth.

"I have often been asked if medical science should exert its best efforts to check the mortality of infants born to vice and poverty and feebleness, and I unhesitatingly say no. The Creator is exerting his own purpose and prerogatives, and it is not for mere science to interfere. Besides, does it not look, from the universality of race and region—from the sameness of infantile mortality throughout the world—that medical science in opposition to a divine law would have but little effect in checking it?

"We have compulsory vaccination to prevent the spread of epidemics. Why should we not have similar regulations to prevent the increase of crime and vagrancy in its very incipience?

"That is a thought that has the good of the commonwealth back of it. I don't imagine that health boards and legislatures will jump over each other in their zeal to adopt it, but it is a thought nevertheless, and one of these days we may help the Creator in His work of infantile selection by reducing his supply of undesirable material."

Dr. Walter B. Yost, who is the son of the late Dr. Yost:

"My idea of infant mortality is that it should be checked by all medical and sanitary methods known to science. If we can learn anything from other cities, let us learn it. If we can bring our own percentage down, let us do it. I am a believer in the greater care of children of the poor, and believe that what parents cannot supply society or the municipality should. Infant life needs most tender nourishment and delicate care. In extremely hot weather little heated brows and flushed cheeks need ice and fans and absolute cleanliness. In the habits of the poor these should be supplied by the public. They need fresh air, they need changes of scene and childish diversion. I have always taken interest in the fresh air schemes that newspapers sometimes get up and, while their effect is but fleeting, they are a step in the right direction. I believe St. Louis should have public baths, and especially for children.

"Think of this great river front, nearly thirty miles long, without a place where children of the poor may jump in without being chased by the police.

"Parents are too willing to let their little ones play in the streets day and night, subject to noxious vapors and other evil influences. In dirt there is disease. I do not believe in the universal healthfulness of wharf-rats and guttersnipes. Anyhow, the great majority of middle-class people ought to house their children at earlier hours and keep closer watch over their associates."

Mrs. M. E. Otto, President of the Hephzibah Door of Hope and Rescue Home:

"The excessive waste of baby life is due to a variety of evils, attributable to two things: poverty and the improper care by mothers. The latter is prevalent among all classes. The young mother makes many mistakes in the feeding and dressing of her infant from inexperience. Many mothers in the lower walks of life are mentally incapacitated for the proper care of their little ones. Mothers with large families of children, especially those among the poor, have not the time to care for their babies properly and the little creature must lie and suffer while its mother attends to her pressing household cares.

"Aside from these the heat of summer is responsible for many deaths among babies, despite good care and proper nourishment.

"Another source of fatal trouble among infants is the inherited infirmities. They come into the world physical wrecks and no amount of care can keep them with us."

Five Generations in This Family.

When Mrs. Eliza Smith of Tottenview, Staten Island, celebrates her birthday she is able to surround herself with sixty direct descendants. She is 95 years old and at her last birthday five generations sat around the table while she poured tea and afterwards read a poem.

Mrs. Smith was married when she was 18 years old. She has seven children, all living and married. Her husband died five or six years ago. This was the first death that had occurred in the family in years. Her seven children have families which aggregate twenty-seven grandchildren, and they, in turn, have twenty-six children, who are great-grandchildren to Mrs. Smith.

BUTTON PHOTOS ARE ST. LOUIS' LATEST CRAZE.

May Supersede That Refuge of the Drawing-Room Dilettante, Photograph Albums.

The photograph button craze has swept over St. Louis and carried all before it. It has taken the place of the time honored family album.

The woman who formerly kept the faces of her dead and absent ones within the sacred covers of the album and bored her visitors with a review of its pictures and the many faults or virtues of the originals now confronts a defenseless public at all times and seasons with photograph buttons of grandmothers, aunts, the baby, Aunt Maria and Cousin Joshua down the front of her shirt waist.

It is a common sight to see an entire shirt waist set made of these buttons in different photographs and sizes. They are made up for every conceivable form of dress ornamentation. The brooch is the most popular and is the most sensible use to which a photograph for wear can be put.

Many large stores in St. Louis have button stands where the rain and tender-hearted may leave orders. The men and women who take these orders see many amusing incidents in one day.

The ugly want to be made beautiful and the beautiful made more beautiful. A woman never finds out she is ugly until she sits for a photograph; then it is difficult to make her believe the photographer is not conspiring against her.

To see a photograph button in process of construction is somewhat of a revelation. Instead of the bit of porcelain it seems to be nothing more nor less than an ordinary photograph mounted on a tin button and covered with a very thin layer of celluloid. Kloral paper is used for the photograph. It is hardened in alum water after the regular toning process, and is washed more than the ordinary photograph to remove all the particles of silver.

The celluloid is then pasted over the surface with an invisible paste and the two cut the size required.

When the buttons are tinted and framed in artistic gilt frames they are very attractive. These range in price from \$1 to \$17 each. The plainer ones from \$1 per dozen to \$12.

248 CHILDREN IN ONE ST. LOUIS BLOCK.

Then There Is Another Block From Which the Little Ones Have Been Banished.

There is one block in St. Louis that contains more babies and small children than any equal area in the world.

This block in the very heart of the densely populated Fourth Police District would in itself constitute a flourishing village and with no additions from the outside world soon grow into a fair-sized city.

The rows of houses on either side of Eighth street, between Carr and Olive streets, shelter, according to the last census, some 630 inhabitants, of which 248 are under twelve years of age; one-half of that number are enrolled on the public school records, the others are yet mere tots.

The population is mixed, as is peculiar to that section, and families of four and six live in two and three rooms. In the yards just back of the houses, setting flush with the pavement, is another row, equally as thickly peopled, and is included in the school census.

A lover of children and child life would find a profitable field in this locality any evening from 6 until 10 o'clock.

Children are everywhere. They crowd the sidewalk until the pedestrian has to fairly force his way through, all the doors and stoops, hang from the windows, even the street itself is literally overrun with short-robed youngsters. Baby carriages, juvenile wagons, carts and fire engines amuse one-half of the tots, while the remainder play hide-and-seek through the dark doorways and darker alleys, or are at ball or leap frog in the street.

Any evening the weather fair it is possible to count nearly 300 children between the streets named.

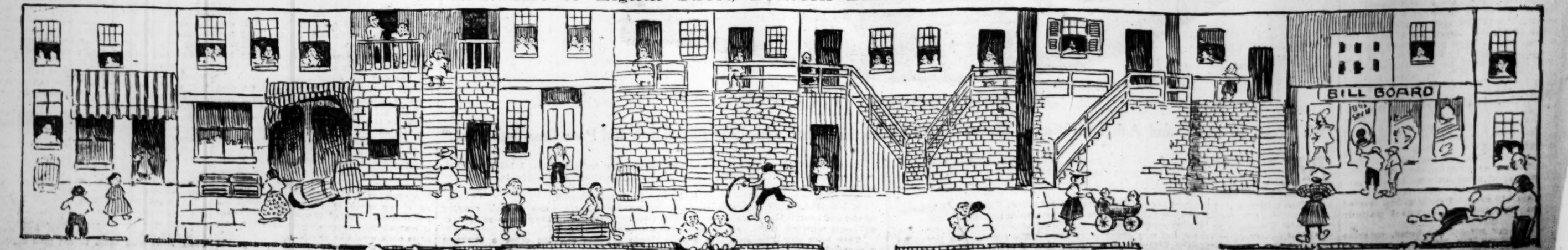
In the rear courts the same animated scene is presented. They flock from the hot, stuffy rooms into the open yard when the cooling shades of evening come, and frolic about until their tired limbs refuse to do further duty. They do not infrequently follow a night spent on the cool bricks of the yard.

The old world contains no place where so many children are crowded into so confined a space. Two short blocks of buildings house the whole population. Were these children tenants of the commonwealth, public sentiment would demand for them very much more ample accommodations.

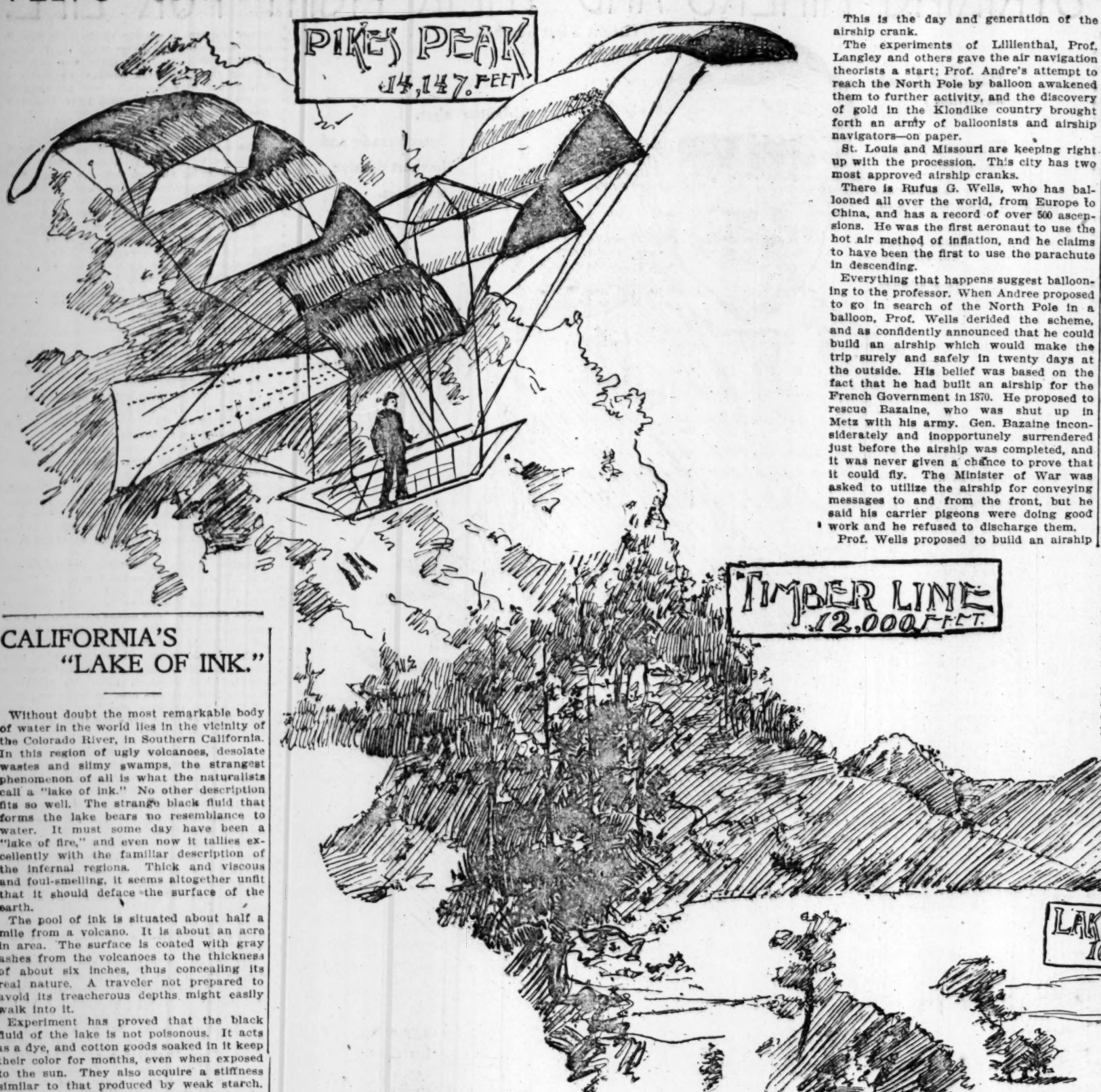
There is one block in St. Louis where there are no children. It is between Twentieth and Twenty-first streets, on the north side of Olive. In this block there are three small stores and beyond them old Post offices, from which children have been banished.

MORE CHILDREN IN THIS BLOCK THAN ANY OTHER IN ST. LOUIS.

East Side of Eighth Street, Between Biddle and Carr Streets.



FELT'S CONDOR-WINGED AIRSHIP AND ITS PROPOSED FLIGHT.



CALIFORNIA'S "LAKE OF INK."

Without doubt the most remarkable body of water in the world lies in the vicinity of the Colorado River, in Southern California. In this region of ugly volcanoes, desolate wastes and slimy swamps, the strangest phenomenon of all is what the naturalists call a "lake of ink." No other description fits so well. The strange black fluid that forms the lake bears no resemblance to water. It must some day have been a "lake of fire," and even now it tallies excellently with the familiar description of the infernal regions. Thick and viscous and foul-smelling, it seems altogether unfit that it should deface the surface of the earth.

The pool of ink is situated about half a mile from a volcano. It is about an acre in area. The surface is coated with gray ashes from the volcanoes to the thickness of about six inches, thus concealing its real nature. A traveler not prepared to avoid its treacherous depths might easily walk into it.

Experiment has proved that the black fluid of the lake is not poisonous. It acts as a dye, and cotton goods soaked in it keep their color for months, even when exposed to the sun. They also acquire a stiffness similar to that produced by weak starch. The fluid has been analyzed, but its component parts have not been made known.

HERE IS THE VALUE OF A ST. LOUIS SUMMER TRUNK.

THE General Manager of one of the large railroads running into St. Louis told me that a society girl had claimed \$600 for the contents of a trunk lost in transit between here and New York. He asked me if I did not think the claim was exorbitant. I asked the name of the young lady and also for an inventory of the contents of the trunk. They were given me, and after an inspection of the list I told the gentleman that instead of being exorbitant the claim was very reasonable.

The owner of the lost trunk is one of the prettiest and best-dressed girls in town, and as her father is very wealthy, she naturally would be exempt from any suspicion of wanting to work the company. Had the railroad manager been with me watching the packing of two immense trunks which were to accompany a Lindell boulevard belle to Narragansett Pier, I am sure it would not longer be a mystery to him how a young woman could have so many expensive articles of wearing apparel in one trunk.

The pretty white and gold room of this fortunate young woman was in a state of mild confusion when I entered it. "Don't you want to help me pack?" she said. "Yes," I replied, "but let me know how it is possible to get so many things in those two trunks without crushing and ruining them?"

"Easiest thing imaginable, because I have a systematic way of doing it," replied my friend. We began first by putting in the lingerie, which was certainly fine enough to be part of any bride's trousseau. Next came two rather heavy gowns of wash material, one a white pique costume, made in the coat and skirt style, and the other a linen crash. While the very best quality of crash can be purchased in the shops for 30 cents a yard, I am sure this gown cost at least \$40. It also was made in the skirt and coat fashion, lined throughout with apple green taffeta, and was quite the "smartest" gown of its kind that any fashionable tailor has turned out this season. After these came two black skirts to be worn with various silk waists—one a black moire-velour lined with old rose taffeta, and a black velvet with a taffeta lining of lavender. Then a yachting costume, and a beauty it was. Dark blue yachting flannel was the ma-

terial chosen for this gown, its somber color being relieved by bands of bright red cloth, gold braid and bright buttons. Next came the bathing suit which will probably never be wet during its owner's stay at the Pier. It was made of white flannel with bands of ruby velvet and large gold buttons. There was room for just one more gown in the bottom of the trunk, which was an outfit costume of a light tan color, simply made and lined with deep green taffeta. Realizing that the dainty and much beruffled girl is to be the queen this season and is fast supplanting the stiff Gibson girl, my boulevard friend was well provided with gowns that were exceedingly light and airy in effect—organdies and dimities of all colors and designs. Let me tell you of one particular gown that I coveted. It was composed of dotted point d'esprit, which had for its foundation pink tulle silk. The skirt was made quite full, and the blouse hung very loosely. The entire gown had graduated rows of pink and white satin ribbons put on the under side of the lace, which made a particularly striking effect. The entire tray of the trunk was devoted to these gowns.

Fans and gloves were put in the narrow strip along the side. That part of the trunk which forms the cover was set aside for slippers and shoes. There is no better place in the world to display a pretty foot, elegantly shod, than at the seashore or lounging in hammocks in the piazza of a summer hotel. There were slippers of all shades and kinds to match different gowns. Each slipper was stuffed with tissue paper in order to keep its shape.

By this time the trunk was pretty well filled, there being room for a few more articles which were put in various nooks and corners. There still remained plenty of things for the other trunk, such as jackets, capes, waists, shirt waists and their accessories. Three immense Gainsborough hats, I am told, were to be packed in their own boxes and placed in the bottom of the trunk and kept secure by placing parasols across the top. That is certainly the best way to insure them not being mashed.

It will not be hard for the feminine mind to comprehend the cost of the contents of these two trunks and they will agree with me, I am sure, in that the estimate of \$500 for the lost trunk was not a penny above its worth.

K. E. WALSH.

CONTENTS AND COST OF ARTICLES.	
Full set Lingerie \$40.22	One Pair Low Shoes.....\$ 4.20
One Pique Suit.....20.00	One Pair High Shoes.....5.25
Silk-lined Crash.....10.00	One Pair Tennis.....10.75
Suit.....20.00	Twelve Handkerchiefs.....10.75
Moire Velour.....13.00	Six Shirt Waists.....17.75
Bathing Suit.....10.00	Other Hats.....20.00
Yachting Gown.....32.00	One Jacket (tailor-made).....20.85
Lace-trimmed Organdie Gown.....15.55	One Gainsborough Hat.....20.00
Outfit Costume.....20.00	Lines Collars.....3.75
Point d'Esprit Gown.....30.00	Neckties.....3.00
Challie Gown.....19.75	Four Pairs Gloves.....8.95
Three Fans.....5.05	Best Hat.....14.00
One dozen pair Stockings.....15.55	
Two Pairs Slippers.....8.00	Total.....\$500.00

FLAMES FROM HIS FINGERS.

If there remains any hard-headed scoffer who doubts the power of electricity, he surely needs to be convinced by some such experience as not long ago befell E. R. Bowen of Denver, Colo. Mr. Bowen enjoyed no less remarkable a display than that afforded by the most violent of electrical storms, which lasted half an hour and took place 14,000 feet above the sea level.

Mr. Bowen's point of view during this remarkable experience was the top of Pike's Peak, the highest mountain in the world on which civilized men live all the year round. He never will forget this storm and he does not care to see another as long as he lives.

"A great electrical storm," said Bowen, as he was telling his story, "was sweeping against this monarch of the Rocky Mountains. The atmosphere had appeared to be loaded with electricity all one afternoon. There was a singing sound in the air, as if the whole universe were a hive of bees. When the sun went down I saw thousands of jets of electric flame rising from the wire down the mountain, and it appeared that there was a fiery snake winding around thousands of feet below. I went outdoors. My hair rose up. My mustache poked into my nose. I took my hands from my pockets and electric flames two inches long started from each finger tip. When I held them down the flames disappeared. I walked up and down the walk with my hands in the air, as excited as a child. When I came under the telegraph wire the flames went out where I was and disappeared before and behind me. This 'electrical storm' lasted a half hour and I was in the very midst of it."

and give the honor of North Pole discovery to St. Louis if her citizens would only subscribe the paltry sum of \$5,000. As he truly said, more money than that was wasted every day in gambling, drinking and playing the ponies. But the short-sighted St. Louisans kept on blowing themselves in riotous living, and the trip to the pole did not come off.

Then came the Queen's jubilee and the professor straightway proposed to take over a balloon and astonish the blasted Britishers during the festivities. No one would put up and the scheme fell through.

He offered to take a war airship to Cuba

GOLD CROSS THE NEWEST ORNAMENT.

WHETHER the summer girl of 1897 is making regulation her fad, or whether she has merely developed a liking for a very effective ornament, has not yet been discovered. At all events, she is now appearing with the decoration of an immense gold cross, which she wears suspended about her neck by a chain or ribbon. This is by no means considered a piece of full-dress ornamentation, for it is worn with that commonplace of costumes, the shirt-waist and sailor hat. Sometimes the cross is of silver, sometimes of amber and jeweled, but the gold cross is preferred as being most simple and effective.

The cross is worn in the fashion shown in the photograph. It hangs midway between the throat and the waist, for the girl who is up in such matters knows that it is distinctly bad form to dangle her cross too low or to let it about her neck too closely. As for suspending it from a chain, that is altogether out of the question.

and wipe the Spaniards off the face of the earth in a few days by the simple expedient of dropping dynamite bombs "in their midst" from the clouds. The plan was as simple as Orpheus C. Kerr's celebrated powderless mountain howitzer. In that engine of war the shot fitted loosely. The howitzer was to be carried to the top of a high mountain and by merely tipping the cannon's mouth the shot would roll out, carrying death and destruction to the enemy below. The Cuban Junta treated Prof. Wells with marked discourtesy, no attention whatever being paid to the offer of his airship and services.

Now Prof. Wells proposes to build an airship to carry prospectors quickly and comfortably to the gold fields of Alaska. All the discomforts and perils of the overland trip down the lakes and the Yukon River would be thus avoided, to say nothing of the saving of time, but while speculators are grub-staking miners galore not a dollar has been contributed toward the proposed airship expedition.

Then there is J. E. Green of St. Louis, who has boldly offered a challenge to the world of \$500 to any one who will disprove his assertion that he can circumnavigate the globe in less than sixty days.

Mr. Green's proposed airship is the most wonderful which ever flew—on paper. Gas-bag and airship alike are provided with adjustable propellers for, aft and amidships. It will fly in the air and float on the water, with equal ease. He has condensed gas-pipes which will carry the gas down from the balloon and store it under the ship's keel when it is desired to lower the airship, thus entailing no waste of gas. Better than all he has a patent gas producer, the materials for generating a three months' supply can be carried in a 2x4 box. And yet, like Prof. Wells, Mr. Smith can get no financial backing at all for his polar or Alaskan expeditions. All he needs is money and he can, he says, build an airship to carry 100 people just as easy as one. Little doubt exists as to the truth of this statement, but still, capital is unaccountably shy.

Still another Missourian is W. B. Felt,

DEVICES FOR THE BICYCLE.

Folding bicycle racks are being manufactured which have a series of vertical pins set in a frame which is hinged to a flat base and held in position by cross bars and locking loops at the ends. The bottom bar of the frame being out at intervals to receive the wheel when placed in position.

A new combination for bicyclists' use consists of a fabric pouch formed of a single piece of cloth with snap buttons or straps on its edges. It can be folded into a pocket to be attached to the wheel to carry tools or packages, the device also having three telescopic rods which support the fabric when spread out to form a seat.

Penny-in-the-slot machines are now being made to inflate bicycle tires, an air tank being fitted with flexible rubber tubes to be attached to the valve in the tire, after which the money is placed in the slot and the air flows into the tire, the act of unscrewing the tube from the valve closing the machine again.

In a new automatic gate for carriage driveways the gate is balanced by a pivot on the top bar with a cord running from the center to the top of a post to pull the gate up by means of a lever which lies in the track of the wagon wheel, to be depressed and pull the cord as the vehicle passes over it.

who is going to try to fly from the top of Pike's Peak to Colorado Springs, a distance of 11½ miles, on Aug. 8. He will use an aeroplane of his own invention, something like Prof. Langley's. Unlike the St. Louis aeronauts he is backed by men of wealth in his enterprise. The wings of his aeroplane are fashioned like those of the South American condor, and the body of the voyager is to be suspended in harness between and beneath them.

M. Felt has some advantage over some of the cranks aforesaid. He has succeeded in flying on machines of his own invention before. He sailed through the air for a distance of 100 yards, near Washington, in 1888, and last year he flew one-fourth of a mile in Logan County, Kan. He is so confident of his ability to steer his machine from Pike's Peak to Colorado Springs that he has put up a forfeit of \$1,000 on the success of his venture.

The latest aeronaut who proposes a trip through the air to the Alaskan gold fields is Dr. James Charles of Richmond, Md. His airship is made on the Langley plan, with some improvements of his own invention. It will be from 30 to 35 feet long and will carry six people. It will be propelled by steam or electricity, and the inventor is now organizing a company to float his airship to use a technical term. Perchance that is the only way it will float.

Doubtless there will be others in the field shortly. The woods are full of them.

EARLY NOTIONS ABOUT ANIMALS.

An English writer, H. W. Seager, has recently prepared a book called "Natural History in Shakespeare's Time." In this work are found many curious statements.

An English writer, H. W. Seager, has recently prepared a book called "Natural History in Shakespeare's Time." In this work are collected many curious statements and some equally curious pictures. These were taken from writers who were regarded as authorities two or three hundred years ago, and the pictures were supposed to be accurate.

Here is a sketch of the ant as found by Mr. Seager in a book written by a scientist named Bartholomew:

"Sleight and business of them is much. For in summer they gather store by the which they may live in winter, and they gather wheat and reek not of barley, and when the wheat is harvested, that they gather to heap, then the ants do all the wheat out into the sun, that it may be dried again—in Ind be right great ants with horns, that keep gold and precious stones with wonder covetous and desire, but Indians steal them in summer time when the ants be hid in hills for strong burning heat; but the ants fly after them busily, which take away the gold; and wound them after, though they see the ants riding on swift camels—in them is so wicked fierceness for lust of gold."

It will be noticed that Mr. Bartholomew knew little of the ant as found in England, and he knew less about them in foreign countries. His remarks about animals that lived in foreign countries are interesting if not accurate. Here is what he knew about elephants:

"These beasts (elephants) void and flee the mouse. When they be sick they gather good herbs, and ere they use the herbs they heave up the head, and look up toward heaven, and pray for help of God in a certain religion."

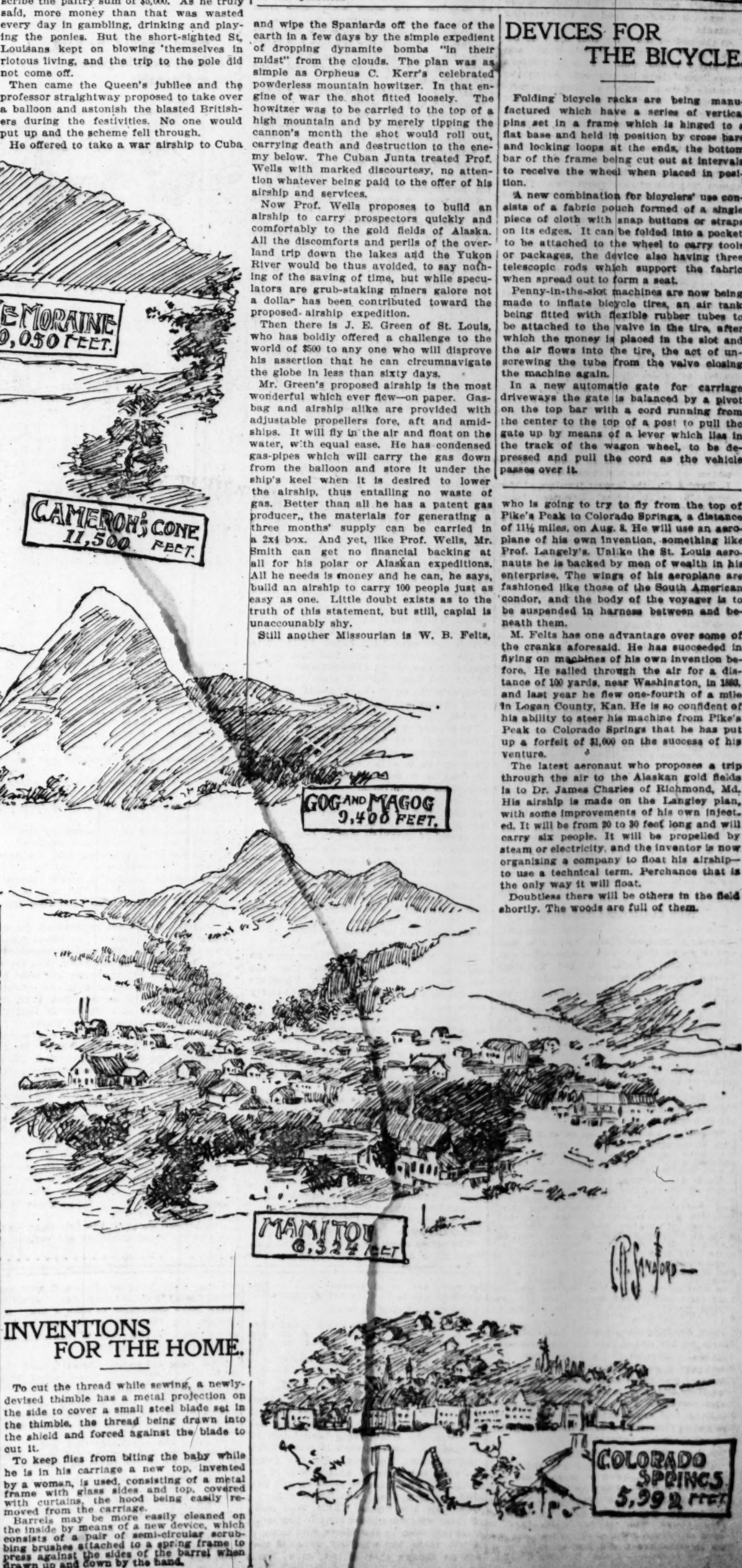
"Elephants cannot bend their legs and thighs except in youth. Its inside is like a pig's inside, and therefore like a man's. It has no joints in its legs."

INVENTIONS FOR THE HOME.

To cut the thread while sewing, a newly-devised thimble has a metal projection on the side to cover a small steel blade set in the thimble, the thread being drawn into the shield and forced against the blade to cut it.

To keep flies from biting the baby while he is in his carriage a new top, invented by a woman, is used, consisting of a metal frame with glass sides and top, covered with curtains, the hood being easily removed from the carriage.

Barrels may be more easily cleaned on the inside by means of a new device, which consists of a pair of semi-circular scrubbing brushes attached to a spring frame to press against the sides of the barrel when drawn up and down by the hand.



ARKANSAS PEARL FISHERIES.

New Industry Developed Which Will Not Decrease the Klondike Rush.

Arkansas has developed a new industry—that of pearl fisheries. For several years occasional finds of musk shells of more or less value have been reported, but in the last year enough jewels have been found and marketed to warrant placing Arkansas among the pearl producing States.

The fresh water musk shells are found in the White River, the Arkansas River, the St. Francis and in the lakes and bayous of the famous Sunk Lands. The pearl is associated in the minds of most people with the oyster. It is not generally known that the pearl of the mussel, both of the fresh and salt water varieties, is just as valuable according to size and luster as that of the oyster. Some of the pearls taken from the mussel beds of Arkansas have brought as much as \$500, which is a good price for a pearl.

There is not likely to be a rush for the Arkansas pearl fisheries. The prospect of getting rich at the business is not alluring. It is estimated that out of a thousand musk shells, not more than one will yield a pearl, and of a thousand pearls, not more than one has any commercial value.

The only person who can fish for pearls profitably is the typical Arkansas squatter, fisherman or pot hunter, the swamp dweller who would rather hunt all day for three squirrels, worth 10 cents each, than work for a dollar, and who at 50 years of age plays marbles at the cross-roads or in front of the village tavern, with congenial neighbors, with all the zest of the schoolboy. To him time is not money. What time he is not tending his little patch of corn or keeping the family pot boiling with a mess of "fresh" or a squirrel stew, he spends at the country store or the blacksmith shop, swapping yarns and spitting "amber" at a mark.

To this class of citizen there is money in opening musk shells to search for pearls, no matter how long it takes him nor how few and far between the pearls he finds. For instance, a large proportion of the Arkansas pearls found have been taken from Griffin's Lake in the Bald Knob country. Mr. Griffin owns the lake and 40,000 acres of land surrounding it. He has waxed rich getting out timber from it. He has had no time to bother with pearls, but his poor neighbors may fish for pearls without let or hindrance, and if one fishes for three months and gets a \$10 pearl he is just \$10 ahead.

The pearl in both the oyster and mussel is found inside the shell near the hinge. It is formed by an effort of the shell fish to get rid of some irritating foreign matter which it cannot eject. It may be a grain of sand or a prying parasite. The mussel falling in all efforts to dislodge it, coats it over with mucilaginous exudation, rendering it smooth and non-irritating. This covering hardens, and the speck becomes encased, much as a bullet will when imbedded in the body of man or animal. This becomes the pearl of commerce.

The first lot in bulk of Arkansas pearls placed on the market was received by C. L. Byrd & Co., the largest jewelers of Memphis, Tenn. A typical Arkansas farmer entered their store one morning several months ago, and throwing down a small bag full of the jewels, wanted to know "what them thar pretties was wuth."

A price was agreed on, a number of the pearls being marketable. Later on one of the firm went over to the Bald Knob country to investigate. He found quite a number of people who possessed a string of pearls. None had any idea of their value. In most cases they had been given to the children. But, with true squatter shrewdness, not one would put a price on them when they discovered that they had a value.

In every case the jeweler had to name a price, and then the owner as invariably wanted more, and there was much haggling before a price was agreed on.

One man found a pearl which paid the rent of his farm for the year, so that his crop was clear profit. At the mouths of White River and the St. Francis are many families living in shanty boats, who make just enough to live on by fishing and hunting. They would not work for wages, and are perfectly contented with their mode of living. Up in the Sunk Lands are others of like pursuits and tastes. To all such what they can get out of poetry fishing is just as much money, which they would not otherwise have earned. Searching for pearls in Arkansas would not pay any man who is willing to work for wages at anything else, but the industry has become a source of small and doubtful revenue to an improvident class.

Most of the pearls found have been small ones, ranging in value from 50 cents up to \$4 or \$5. Only five have been marketed which are classed among fine jewels. These were valued at from \$100 to \$300 each and were as fine as the best products of the pearl fisheries of Wisconsin and Lower California.

The famous Mussel Shoals of the Cumberland River, Tennessee, have yielded pearls; so have the Ohio and other rivers, creeks, lakes and lagoons in various States, but the results are too uncertain to make the search for them a paying enterprise.

BASS FISHING IN CATALINA ISLAND.

THIS is the season when the Southern California coast waters swarm with "yellow tails" and tremendous black sea bass. More royal sport than catching these big fellows there is not. Fanciful sensations that come to an angler as he lands a gamey, intensely active and beautifully colored and proportioned fish weighing from 250 to 300 pounds! Santa Catalina Island is reached by steamer from San Pedro harbor in about two hours. Here the fishing is best. It is estimated that the 500 or 600 people who have recently been out in the rowboats and fished off the shore of Avalon Bay for a few hours each morning or afternoon have caught on an average of 3,000 pounds of fish each. The fish was six feet and three inches long, and three feet eight inches wide, the scales were larger than silver dollars, and the eyes showed a peculiar ferocity and were as large as those of a horse.

WONDERFUL HARVESTS ARE READY TO REAP. THE MOVING MYTH OF JOSEPH BOWERS.

["There Ain't No Such Person."]

The Sunday Post-Dispatch has obtained from the officials of the Agricultural Bureaus of several States prospective figures on the crops of 1897, based, in each instance, on carefully gathered estimates, in some cases supplemented by personal official tours of inspection.

The responses received and published below are most encouraging. Iowa's wheat crop is in excess of any crop for many years. Arkansas' wheat crop is the largest in the history of the State. Illinois has the largest crop of corn on record; Cotton promises well, and the berry and fruit yields are very large.

MISSOURI COTTON IS PROMISING.

By Observer A. E. Hackett.

COLUMBIA, Mo., July 27.—The growth in the southern counties was broken by good rains during the forepart of the week, and good showers have also fallen in most of the central and eastern counties, but in the northwestern, and also in some of the central and southwestern counties the rain fell up to Saturday evening was very light and rain was badly needed. Except in a few counties the week has been favorable for oat harvest and haying, and oats are all cut and the greater portion of the hay crop secured in good condition.

In many of the central and western counties, corn is badly in need of rain, and in a few localities has been injured to some extent, but elsewhere, it is generally doing nicely.

In the southern sections where it was suffering seriously from drought until the rains of the 18th and the 19th inst. the conditions are greatly improved, and except in a few localities good crops are promised.

Cotton in the southeast, is doing finely. Special reports relative to apples, peaches and grapes indicate that the crop of fall and winter apples will, on the whole, be below the average, though a good crop will be harvested in many counties. They are still falling badly in places.

Peaches, as a rule, promise a good crop, except in a few counties, and grapes are generally abundant, though there is much complaint that they are rotting badly. Early potatoes are reported a very light crop in some counties, and in some of the southwestern counties flax is not turning out as well as expected.

ILLINOIS' CORN CROP THE LARGEST.

W. C. Garrard, Secretary Illinois State Board of Agriculture.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., July 26.—Indications point to the largest corn and the smallest wheat yield in this State in its history. This is known to be true of wheat, as it has been harvested, but in the matter of corn it can only be surmised from the excellent and unprecedented condition of the growing crop at this time. The State Board of Agriculture is now receiving from the county correspondents over the State reports on the condition and acreage of hay, and the results of the wheat harvest. It cannot be determined at this time just the extent of the reduction in the wheat yield, but it will be many millions of bushels less than last year and far less than was ever known in the State's history. The acreage is 40 per cent less than last season.

Never has the corn appeared so well. There is an increased acreage over last year of 150,000 acres. In round numbers there are 7,000,000 acres of corn in the State this year. The increased acreage is due largely to the wheat failure, the fields being plowed up and planted in corn. Growing corn is in excellent condition. It is not quite so far advanced as is usual at this period of the year, owing to the cold, wet spring, but it is making a remarkably rapid growth now. A member of the State Board of Agriculture, in traveling over a thousand miles of railroad in Illinois, failed to see one poor field of corn. The corn yield last year was 200 million bushels. The acreage is largely in excess of last season.

There was a great improvement in the condition of oats from June 1 to the time of harvest. The straw is not so long as usual, but the heads are well filled and heavy. The crop is a great improvement over last year. The yield will be fully as large, although the acreage is less. The yield last season was about 104,500,000 bushels, and it is expected that this year's crop will equal this amount.

IOWA'S WHEAT CROP VERY GREAT.

John R. Sage, Director Iowa Weather and Crop Service.

DES MOINES, Ia., July 27.—The acreage of spring wheat is 1,075,837 and 146,127 winter wheat, making a total of 1,222,964. The estimated yield is 15,000,000 bushels. This is about 6,000,000 in excess of any recent year.

We have in corn an acreage of 8,610,145. The present prospect is for about three-fourths of a crop, or about 25 bushels to the acre.

Of oats we have 4,465,783 acres, with a rating at present of 83 per cent. The prospects are for 125,000,000 bushels. In past years 100,000,000 bushels have been considered a big crop. The increase this year is because of the large acreage. In barley there are 550,000 acres, rating at 93 per cent.

We have a large area and large yield of hay. Pasturage has not been so good for the past ten years. It has been good in every section, and the effect is noticeable in the butter product.

After losing 2,192,000 hogs by cholera last year, we had 5,500,000 hogs to start with this year. The pig crop has been somewhat short—about 70 per cent of the average.

The yield of apples is very promising. There has been an unprecedented yield of berries and small fruit. The potato crop is very unpromising at the present time. With a fair amount of moisture in the future we may look for a fair yield of late potatoes.

On the whole the round-up of the year is likely to be fairly satisfactory to the farmers of Iowa.

ARKANSAS HAS A GREAT WHEAT CROP.

W. G. Vincenheller, Commissioner.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 28.—The wheat crop of Arkansas, now being marketed, is the largest in the history of the State. The season produced the very best results. I have made two trips through the wheat belt. In May I predicted an unprecedented crop. In June and July, while the crop was being harvested, I estimated some fields as high as thirty-five bushels per acre. Since threshing I have reliable information of numerous fields that average from thirty to forty bushels per acre, and one field yielded forty-five bushels per acre. My estimate on the total yield is 2,000,000 bushels.

The oat and hay crops are good, and saved in perfect condition, in fact without any rain.

Upland corn, that was planted early on poorly prepared ground, suffered from the dry weather in June and July. The late rains have been very beneficial, and sufficient for home use will be made.

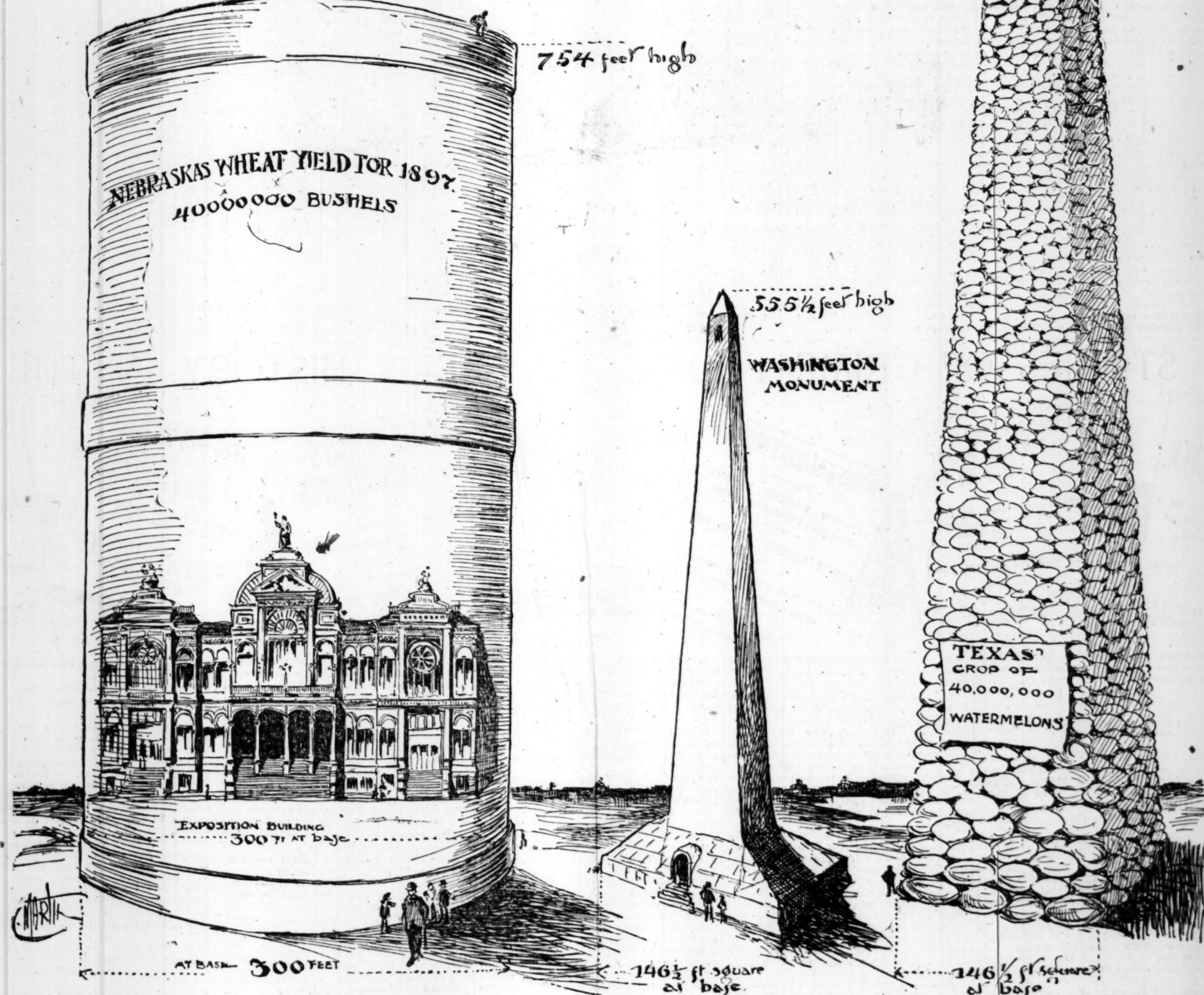
At this time cotton promises a full crop. The plant is vigorous and well fruited. However, the cotton crop is subject to disaster yet.

The strawberry crop was not up to last year in yield, owing to the dry summer of 1896 and short plant growth, but the quality was excellent, and weather for harvesting fine. Over 500 cars of 600 crates each, were shipped, at a net profit of \$1.50 per crate.

The present apple crop will exceed the famous crop of 1886, when two counties produced over 2,000,000 bushels. The fruit is free from insects and perfect.

Peaches, grapes, plums, etc., are abundant.

The yield of the early potato crop was good, acreage not up to last year, prices very remunerative.



NEBRASKA'S MARVELOUS HARVEST OF WHEAT AND TEXAS' GIGANTIC CROP OF MELONS.

Nebraska's wheat crop this year is estimated at 40,000,000 bushels! Texas will produce 40,000,000 watermelons!

A computation of the bulk of these two great crops develops some interesting comparisons.

St. Louis' big music hall is 150 feet high. The Olive street front is 300 feet long. Taking that as a basis, a measure of the same dimensions capable of holding Nebraska's wheat crop would be five times as high as the Music Hall, or, to be exact, 754 feet.

The capacity of a ten-ton freight car is 340 bushels of wheat. To move this crop would require 117,647 cars, loaded to their utmost.

The average train of loaded cars consists of twenty-five. It would require 4,706 full trains to transport the crop. The average box car is thirty feet long. Put these 4,706 trains in a line, and they would extend over a distance of 688 miles, further than from St. Louis to Denver, Colo.

Now compare the watermelon crop of Texas with the Washington monument at Washington, D. C.

The monument is 555 1/2 feet high, and 146 1/4 feet square at its base. Build a monument of Texas' 40,000,000 melons, pack them solid, and they would make a column 1,233 feet high, 146 1/4 feet square at the base.

In the bottom layer there would be 24,528 melons, occupying 21,462 square feet. This calculation is based on the average size of the Texas melon, 14 inches long and 9 inches in diameter. These 40,000,000 watermelons would weigh in the aggregate the enormous total of 800,000,000 pounds.

It would require 30,000 freight cars and 1,200 full trains of 25 cars each to transport them. The trains, with not a foot of space between them, would cover a distance of 170 miles.

At length I went to mining. Put in my biggest licks. Came down upon the boulders. Just like a thousand bricks.

Worked both late and early. In rain and sun and snow. But I was working for my Sally. So 'twas all the same to Joe. I made a very lucky strike. As the gold itself did tell. For I was working for my Sally. The gal I loved so well.

But one day I got a letter From my dear, kind brother, Ike. It came from old Missouri. Yes, all the way from Pike. It told me the goldmine news That ever you did hear. My heart, it was a bustin'. So pray excuse this tear.

It said my Sally was fickle. Her love for me had fled. That she had married a butcher. Whose hair was awful red. It told me more than that. It's enough to make me swear; It said that Sally had a baby And the baby had red hair.

Gov. Stephens, in compliance with an act of the General Assembly, has appointed a commission of more or less distinguished personages to erect a monument at the State Capital in the honor and to the memory of Joe Bowers.

Now the question presents itself in a formidable shape. Who was Joe Bowers? Everybody has heard of him in the way of song and poetry and romantic fiction. Everybody understands he was "all the way from Pike," but that does not appear to satisfy the widespread and sudden thirst for knowledge on this important subject.

Artist Phil Kelly, with many others, has written the Post-Dispatch in this vein:

Was there such a man as Joe Bowers? Or is it a name for the typical Pike County emigrant of the days of '49? What data will the scribe have to work from in modeling his bust or statue?

These are pertinent questions, and possibly not all of those singled out by the Governor to erect the monument could answer them. Prominent Pike County citizens are Chauncy Clark, Dave Hall and Col. Pat Dye. They have on divers and sundry campaign occasions testified to personal familiarity with Joe Bowers, and have quoted from him in that sang froid which betokens long acquaintance and intimate friendship.

But, as a matter of fact, Joe Bowers was both a reality and a myth, like the god Pan, whose monument is so earnestly desired for Forest ark. He did live and yet did not. He is dead—and he isn't. Paradoxical as this may appear, it is in strict accord with the language of law enacted by the last General Assembly.

That Joe Bowers is dead is susceptible of proof.

Not many years ago it was related by a San Francisco daily paper that a human skull had been found in California in the Pliocene formation. It was identified first as the remnant of the oldest pioneer of the State. It was found in a shaft 150 feet deep, two miles from Angels, in Calaveras County, and presented to the State Board of Geology.

Then Bret Harte got hold of the skull and indited a geological poem to it, closing with these words, which came as an answer to his address:

Which my name is Bowers, and my crust was made of gold.

Falling down a shaft in Calaveras County, But I'd take it kindly if you'd send the pieces Home to old Missouri!

Col. Pat Dye says there was long a legend in Pike County that two brothers named Joe and Ike Bowers ran a farm near Downing, Green, the neighborhood famous by Gus Thomas' play of "In Mizoura," and that Joe fell in love with a girl named Lissy Bowers, who refused to marry him because he had no money. This happened in the midst of the gold fever of '49, and Joe, made desperate by his poverty, turned over his property to Ike and went to California. He was a tenant gold hunter, pried on by love and duty, but while he toiled in the gold hills, Lissy grew tired of waiting and married a red-haired butcher.

Ike Bowers wrote the particulars of the wedding to Joe, and one moonlight night the latter sat down and wrote the poem which has linked his name with the immortals.

That's the legend, Pike County people say there was really an eccentric character once in Pike whose name was Joe Bowers. There the history ends. Why an apparently wretched piece of doggerel entitled Joe Bowers to a Missouri monument in these last days of rambling of a mystery. Even the General Assembly, though redundant in rhetoric, fails to give an explanation entirely satisfactory. The plea is specious enough to be worth reading, and the Post-Dispatch prints the sacred verities herewith:

Whereas, the true-hearted and illustrious Joe Bowers, late of Pike, has done more than any illustrious other man, living or dead, real or imaginary, to advertise the great State of Missouri and her splendid people, causing our name and fame to be sung and sung in every corner, over seas, in every land; and

Whereas, the said Joe Bowers, beginning "My Name is Joe Bowers," has served to reconcile patriotism and to foster paternal and filial devotion in the heart of every true Missourian, at home and abroad, as well as to call the State sympathetically, interest and respect of all men of genuine worth to the State of Missouri; and

Whereas, the said Joe Bowers and his illustrious ballad are the common property of the great State of Missouri, and the people, every citizen proudly claiming him as her son, and every citizen adopting his song as his own, and all hearts beating in unison with the poet and the poem; and

Whereas, the State Capital grounds at the City of Jefferson have been laid out by more than sixty years and millions of dollars have been expended to erect a monument to improve and beautify said grounds, yet they do not contain a vestige of statutory commemorative of the deeds of our heroes or illustrative of the spirit and genius of our times, therefore, etc.

The act carried with it the appointment of the following persons:

L. V. Stephens, Governor of Missouri; Elliott W. Major of Pike, William C. Wells of Platte, James Orchard of Howell, Howard Gray of Jasper, J. W. Farris of Laclede, George F. Lee of Carter, George T. Collins of Scotland, J. H. Whitcomb of Monroe, Thomas M. Spofford of Jackson, Thomas W. Martin of Barton, J. Ed. Shart of Clinton, Samuel F. O'Fallon of Holt, Rowland L. Johnston of St. Louis County and Samuel M. Pickier of Adair.

The law further provided that the Governor should complete the commission by appointing one person from each Congressional district of the State, with which he complied by naming the following twelve men:

C. R. Orcutt, Kirksville Democrat; Will L. Watkins, Chillicothe Constitution; John Marrens, Hamilton News-Graphic; Frank Freytag, Jr., St. Joseph Gazette; H. C. Drummond, Wellington Qui Vive; M. A. Wade, Butler Democrat; T. B. White, Warsaw Enterprise; John A. Hargis, Versailles Leader; Wallace J. Davis, Bowling Green Post; C. L. Plaffer, Pacific; George E. Garrett, St. Louis Chronicle; H. M. Yost, St. Louis Post-Dispatch; A. M. Surber, Centerville Outlook; W. W. Waters, New Madrid Southeast Missouri; Theodore D. Fisher, Farmington Times.

The legislative enactment on the subject is susceptible to interpretation by the Supreme Court on banc, for each of the twelve men named in the act is a member of the Court. Orr and Col. Broadhead must admit there was very little of the Missouri in the Joe Bowers who Klondiked it out of the State at the first fire from his lady-love and never came back to Missouri. But he usually fell down a mining shaft in Calaveras County and left his pliocene skull to be identified by Bret Harte as a lay on the shelves of a Geological Board.

Still, the distinguished commission is entitled by law to pass around the hat.

THE TWENTY UNSOLVED MURDER MYSTERIES

TWENTY murder mysteries confront the police of St. Louis. None of them is more than two and one-half years old. Twenty lives have gone out in darkness, and twenty hands have been stained with human blood, but the demands of justice have never been satisfied. Will the slayers ever be discovered?

THE first and most remarkable of these cases is that of Mrs. Rebecca G. Land. She was 50 years of age and conducted a humble employment agency in the McLean Building, at Fourth and Market streets. On the morning of Jan. 25, 1895, she was found dead on the floor of her office. The discovery was made by another tenant who, although the editor of a religious paper, was afterwards forced to leave the city. When the body was removed to the morgue it was discovered that the woman was suffering from a cancer, which had eaten far into her breast. But more: It was found that her skull and three ribs were fractured, and that her neck was broken. Considering these extraordinary facts, the police wisely concluded that the woman, disgusted with her life in the McLean Building, had foolishly committed suicide. Accordingly she was buried, and that was the last ever heard of Mrs. Rebecca G. Land.

ONE of the most peculiar cases was that of little Abe Cohen. Abe lived with his parents at Ninth street and Franklin avenue. On the night of April 29, 1895, he was seen playing in that vicinity with several other children. At daylight the next morning he was found dead on a vacant lot at Second and Monroe streets, in North St. Louis.

How did he get there? No body knew—nobody. For several days Chief Desmond's most astute detectives worked on the mystery, but they were unable to solve it. In fact, they were unable to formulate a theory, other than that poor little Abe Cohen, sick of life as it is seen on Franklin avenue, had committed suicide. So they buried little Abe, and his case was shelved forever.

DURING the same month Christy Masterson, who was beaten to death. The assault was made with a beer mallet, and the man's face was beaten almost out of human shape. The object, apparently, was robbery. From the first moment Carroll was suspected. His associates furnished such evidence as convinced the detectives of his guilt, if it was not sufficient to justify trial. The case was most exhaustively worked in spite of many adverse influences. Carroll's first name was Charles. He, at the time, was only 21 years old. He was the son of a prominent politician, and had been a page in the Missouri Legislature. But he had fallen in with bad companions and rapidly went the downward path. The circumstantial evidence against Carroll was strong, but he fled and has never been captured.

FOLLOWING close upon the heels of this was the murder of Mollie Wade. She was an educated girl, a mulatto, and resided with her parents on Texas avenue. On the night of May 30, 1895, she was shot and killed in a stable in the rear of the place where she lived. Charles Webb, a half-breed Indian, who had been the girl's sweet-

heart for several months, fled, and has never since been seen.

THE next murder of any importance which attracted the attention of the police was that of Ignatz Goldman, Oct. 4, 1895. Goldman was an aged restaurateur, at Twenty-third and Olive streets. At 10 o'clock that night his place was discovered to be on fire.

In a back room the old man's body was found, half consumed. He was rescued, but died within a few hours. His head and face were horribly beaten, and he was unable to speak. The old man was a libertine, and his many youthful rivals were suspected. Several arrests were made, but nothing ever came of them. The old man was buried, and his taking off is still a mystery.

ON the night of Oct. 12, 1895, an unknown man was found lying in front of 1905 Franklin avenue. His skull was fractured, and he died at the City Hospital without being able to tell anything about himself. His name was never established, although he was decently dressed and possibly had friends. He was doubtless a victim of robbery.

THE next case of importance was that of Charles Donohoe. Donohoe was a Four Courts lawyer, noted alike for his classical learning and his bibulous habits. On the morning of April 12, 1895, he pleaded a case in Judge Peabody's court. At 11 o'clock that night he was found lying in front of a church at Twenty-second street and Washington avenue. Three hours later he was dead. Several arrests were made, but nobody was ever convicted.

Ignatz Goldman, an Aged Man, and His Terrible Death.

Christy Masterson, Who was Beaten to Death.

Even this Man's Identity Is a Mystery.

Lawyer Charles Donohoe's Strange End.

His murder—for such it has always been supposed to be—has remained a mystery to this day.

ONE of the most startling cases of murder discovered in recent years in St. Louis was that of Thomas Reynolds, March 17, 1896. He was a decent old man, very saving in his habits, and boarded at the Cleveland House, a cheap lodging place at 366 South Third street. He was generally liked, and the other boarders affectionately called him "Tommy."

Reynolds was supposed to have money, and this fact undoubtedly cost him his life. On St. Patrick's day he disappeared, and a week later his body was found buried under a heap of ashes in the basement. A rope was around his neck. Carl Meyer, the porter at the house, was indicted for the murder, but was acquitted, and the case was never heard of afterward.

Joseph Hickey, a laborer, residing at 2335 South Second street, was shot and killed in a drunken fight at Third and Barton streets, June 7, 1896. His slayer was never discovered.

JULY, 1896, was prolific of murder mysteries. On the 4th, Michael Moran, 25 years old, who lived at 205 Howard street, was standing in front of a notorious saloon at Twenty-second and Division streets. He was shot in the back and died two days later. The police put it down as a case of probable accident and let it go at that. On the 12th Mary Offut, colored, 42 years old, of 418 Lucky street, was found dying at 408 Easton avenue, near the Sixth District Police Station, and never recovered consciousness. Her skull had been fractured in an unknown manner, and the case was never cleared.

The Tommie Reynolds Mystery.

Amison, Shielded His Murderer.

Eddie Scott, a 9-year-old Victim.

Charles O'Leary's Death and Preceding Crimes.

Seven days later Michael O'Day, 35 years old, was assaulted at 4233 Kennerly avenue and died. He resided at 3310 Elvert avenue. The police unparaphrased the fact that his assailant was a negro, but further than that they could not go.

IN August, 1896, Albert C. Amison, a saloonkeeper at Twenty-third and Pine streets, only one block from the scene of the Goldman murder, was shot and killed in his place of business. He lived for a short time, but told conflicting stories about the assault, and the truth has never been discovered. Several persons were arrested, but nobody was convicted. It is generally supposed that a woman was at the bottom of the trouble, and Amison's common-law wife was under surveillance for awhile.

At 1025 Custom-house street, New Orleans, lives a woman, who claims that she knows all about the Amison murder.

EDDIE SCOTT, colored, 9 years old, was another youthful victim of the mysterious murderer. He resided at 3230 La Salle street. On the morning of Oct. 1, 1896, the entire family became ill, and Eddie died. His death was due to poison. His mother is a widow, and it was generally supposed that a suitor whom she had rejected had endeavored to revenge the slight by poisoning the entire family.

A PECULIAR complication grew out of the murder of old Morris Peitz, Nov. 11, 1896. He kept a small grocery at 1724 North Twelfth street, and, like old man Goldman, had several love affairs on hand nearly all the time. One night when a girl was visiting him a man entered the

store at the front and Peitz, emerging from the rear room, advanced to meet him. The intruder shot him dead.

The girl swore that the old man's assailant was her former lover, Charles O'Leary, with whom she had quarreled. The young man seemed in a fair way to reach the gallows when Clarence Depugh surrendered himself and confessed that he was the murderer, and that robbery was his motive.

Two days later, while celebrating his release with a party of friends, O'Leary was shot and killed by some unknown man in the vicinity of Nineteenth street and Franklin avenue.

The record of the present year is quite as ghastly as that of the two preceding. The police already have five mysteries which will probably never be solved.

WILLIAM SMITH was a laborer and lived at 232 Plum street. On the night of Jan. 12 he was found dying near Seventh and Walnut streets. He was taken to the City Hospital, and died the next day. It was discovered that he had been in the gallery at Havlin's Theater, and that he had been assaulted and thrown down a flight of stairs by an unknown man, who was indignant because Smith had put his feet on the seat in front of him. A search was made for the final person, but, like the rest, he escaped detection.

A SAD case was that of William Howe, a young electrician, whose home was in Sedalia, Mo. Early in May he was murdered at Twenty-third and Chestnut streets, one block from the scene of the Amison murder, and only two blocks from the spot where Goldman was killed.

With a friend who was visiting in the city he had been out see-

ing the sights, and became badly intoxicated. The two quarreled with several unknown men about the treatment of some woman in a wine room, and Howe was stabbed several times. A few days later he died. Two arrests were made in the case, but there was no proof to convict anyone. Sergeant of Police James McDonough saw the stabbing, but as he was off duty and was ashamed to admit having been in such a disreputable neighborhood, he made no effort to arrest the guilty men. McDonough's dereliction was discovered, and although his father had been a chief of police in St. Louis and he was very popular, the sergeant was dismissed.

ABOUT two months ago William Canfield, about whom very little was known, was thrown from the third story of a lodging-house on South Third street. Nothing definite was ever learned about the case.

Of more recent occurrence was the killing of William C. Brown, a railroad man, in front of the Ohio saloon at Seventh and Market streets, on the night of July 14. John Rodgers was arrested, but owing to the many conflicting stories told concerning the case, it is doubtful if he can be convicted on any charge.

Only three days later, Saturday, July 17, Robert Yates, an old negro, was found dead in the Washash depot, at the foot of Olive street, where he was employed as porter. He had been beaten to death by robbers. Two negroes were arrested, but the evidence against them is both slight and indirect.

SUCH is the startling array of murder mysteries which seem destined to go down in history along with those of Anne Weiss and Josie Simons, strangest unraveled murders of St. Louis.

William Canfield, William C. Brown and Robert Yates.

William Howe's Murder.

CHIEF OF POLICE HARRIGAN, DISCUSSING MYSTERIES, TELLS HOW MURDERERS ESCAPE.

AHASTY examination of the records of the Police Department, which I have made at the request of the Post-Dispatch, in order to get the approximate number of actual murders committed in St. Louis since June, 1895, shows that the total number reaches 165.

Of this number of murderers eleven escaped and have never been captured. From a police standpoint, of course, I would be much pleased if none had escaped. Still, I think the showing made in these figures indicates alertness and activity on

the part of our limited police force in bringing manslayers to justice. Many circumstances have to be taken into consideration in summing up the police and the public receive is after the deed is an accomplished fact. Sometimes several hours or even days may elapse before the crime is discovered. Then comes the arduous task of finding out the identity of the murderer. This accomplished, the hunt for the murderer begins.

The chances are that if much time has elapsed between the discovery of the murder and the tracing of the crime to the person who committed it, ample time will have been given him to flee the city. If he does not leave the city, it takes time to locate him. But time, patience, and careful attention to the running down of every clew will eventually, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, land him.

In other words, New York, with a police force of 47,000 men, fails to capture 32 murderers in two years, while St. Louis, with a police force of 5,000 men, captures 165 in the same time. The population of New York is about 1,900,000; of St. Louis, about 635,571; but St. Louis has only 65 regular policemen. The city of New York has 5,000 policemen, and its department is considered to be the best in the country. But I am informed that within the last two years 32 murderers have escaped there.

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er of a period of about ninety days. Still, we have managed to get along without any carnival of crime. No one will dispute me in the statement that with more policemen we would have less crime. My ambition in life is to catch criminals. No one is surlier than I am to have one escape. I have never yet compromised with a criminal, and I never will. It shall always be my aim to use the force given me to the very best advantage. My greatest desire is to give the best protection possible to every citizen of St. Louis with the number of men under me, and I will strive to this end as long as I am connected with the department.

L. HARRIGAN, Chief of Police.

SEVEN STORIES OF CRIME FROM THE WEEK'S HISTORY IN THE WEST.

POISON AND REVOLVER.

INSTRUMENTS OF DEATH IN A REMARKABLE TRAGEDY IN NORTHWEST MISSOURI.

ONE DEAD. TWO ARE DYING.

JOHN M. MORROW SHOTS THE SUTOR OF HIS DAUGHTER.

A MINSTER FIRED TWO LOADS OF SHOT INTO HIS UNCLE.

REV. JOHN HENRY, LIVING NEAR TUSCULA, ILL., WOUNDED MASON CALDWELL.

THE INJURY PROBABLY FATAL.

THE PREACHER SAYS THAT HIS DAUGHTER WAS RITTED BY CALDWELL.

NEGRO'S BLOODY WORK.

MATTHEW HANCOCK PAWDED CLOTHING TO COMMIT MURDER.

TICKET BROKER HIS VICTIM.

HAD KICKED A REVEREND FROM CHESTNUT STREET.

COWBOYS AND MEXICANS FIGHT.

Race War in Texas in Which Three Men Were Killed.

Shot Down by a Posse—Turbulent Tramps Arrived at Twenty Places—Fugitives and Deputies—Last—Four—Escaped—Sent Up for Life.

JAMES MINGO'S BLOODY WORK.

FRATIL MURDER WITH HATCHET OF A TWO-YEAR-OLD CHILD.

ITS MOTHER ALSO WOUNDED.

SLEW TWO BROTHERS.

William and Benjamin Kivett Meet Death at the Hands of William Lambdin.

Bloody and Exciting Encounter in a Brokerage Office at Waco, Tex.

DR. NORRIS AT DEATH'S DOOR.

DANIEL ROSE'S FISTOL DID ITS WORK OF VENGEANCE WELL.

DOYING MAN'S MANLY TALK.

HE SAYS THE INJURED FATHER DID RIGHT IN SHOOTING HIM.

The beauty of little Jennie Morrow indirectly caused the death of John M. Goode. It caused her father to become a murderer and sent her brother on an errand of death, after which both took poison.

Jennie is only 15 years old. Her beauty attracted the eye of John Goode, and for some time he had been paying her more than an ordinary amount of attention. Her father, John M. Morrow, suspected the young man's motives and forbade his daughter to see him.

But the girl was obstinate. Last Tuesday night Goode called at the house and they remained some time together. The father was in the next room. He trod the parlor and silently opened the door. He saw his daughter and her lover in a compromising position, and was speechless with shame and rage.

Noisily he stepped back and reached for his revolver. Returning to the door, he fired through the opening, and young Goode fell over dead at the girl's feet. Then the old man wallowed a quantity of poison. The girl's older brother took the weapon from the hand of his father, and mounting a horse, galloped to Watson to summon a physician and notify the authorities of the crime that had been committed.

At the railroad station in Watson he met the agent, with whom he had previously quarreled concerning the attentions being paid to a young lady of their acquaintance, and the quarrel was renewed.

A large crowd was attracted by the hot words exchanged, and by the knowledge of the fact that young Morrow's father had just killed a man, but the spectators were not prepared for another murder. The quarrel waxed more furious, and Morrow drew the weapon and fired four shots at his rival. Two of them pierced his right arm, but he was not dangerously wounded. The young man then mounted his horse and rode furiously to his home to escape the mob. There, like his father, he swallowed poison, and both may die.

Madeline Hearst is a pretty little wild flower that grew on the prairies surrounding Tuscola, Ill.

"A violet by a mossy stone, Half hidden from the eye; Fair as a star, when only one is shining in the sky."

For fifteen years she lived in childish innocence, knowing nothing but the simple faith her parents had taught her, and wholly unimpaired of the ways of sinfulness.

Then a change came over the spirit of her dream. A tempter appeared in the form of her father's uncle, Mason Caldwell, a grizzled man of 80 years. She listened to the specious arguments he advanced and the senseless flatteries he offered her and leaped into the dark before she had looked or was able to appreciate the enormity of the error or of the sin of the shameless old man who had tempted her to her ruin.

With childlike faith she accepted his words and promises and he, spurred on by the longing of age for the smiles and favors of youth, regardless of the ties of consanguinity, led her still deeper into the mire. He persuaded her to leave home. Together they journeyed to Cincinnati.

But the tempter's money gave out. Besides, he must not keep the girl too long; so he sent her back to her father's home. As yet he was unaware of his daughter's sin. But the revelation came, and it broke the father's heart. He is a Baptist preacher. The fairest flower of his family had been blighted. His grief was pitiable.

Had George Horton remained true to the wife who loved him, he might still be alive. But he wavered in his affections and was lured into sin, and his own blood paid the price of his folly.

But his punishment was indirect. It came at the hands of a negro, who had been employed by a dissolute woman to convey a message to Horton's office. Horton had once been entangled with Rosa Clark, who resides in a disreputable part of Chestnut street, but a short time ago he decided to give up his associations with her.

But the woman was unwilling. She vainly endeavored to learn his address, hoping thereby to learn the amiable cause of his estrangement from her. Last Sunday afternoon she employed Matthew Hancock, a negro, to carry a message to Horton, who kept a ticket broker's office at 1812A Market street.

Hancock was slightly under the influence of liquor. He delivered the note and demanded \$10 for his services. But Horton refused to be blackmailed and kicked the negro out of his office.

Hancock departed, vowing to be revenged. He went to a second-hand store and pawned his shoes and hat for money with which to purchase a cheap revolver. Then he drank more whiskey.

When he was nerved to the proper point he returned to the office. Entering without a word, he fired point blank at the defenseless broker. Horton fell to the floor mortally wounded. Three days later he died. He was taken to the City Hospital immediately after the shooting. His faithful wife was notified at her home, 811 South Eighteenth street, and she went to the hospital, but Horton was unable to recognize her. Tenderly she watched over him, but he never spoke again. What of Rosa Clark? Death solved her query at the expense of her victim's life and her search was ended.

A band of cowboys, full of whiskey and longing for excitement, descended upon a gathering of Mexicans who were celebrating the holiday of "Cinco de Mayo" with a dance, and sent them flying through the woods.

With shouts and curses they charged upon the surprised Mexicans, firing their revolvers at every jump—not for the purpose of killing anybody, but because it was such fine sport to see the black-haired dancers run. One Mexican was accidentally shot through the leg.

The affair started on the Four Sixes Ranch, owned by F. J. Jones, in Presidio County, Texas, last May. Ever since then there has been trouble. The cowboys threatened to exterminate the sheep herds of the Mexicans. The Mexicans threatened to kill the cowboys if they did so. Everything was ripe for a battle.

This feeling of hostility spread through the entire section and the employes of other ranches became involved. Ranch-owners banded together to prevent trouble and bloodshed and chief among the pacificators was Mr. Jones. By their combined efforts they managed to prevent any violent outbreak until last week, when Mr. Jones went to San Antonio.

Immediately the Mexicans who had been discharged returned to the ranch and commenced to foment discord between the cowboys and the new Mexican employes. This interference was resented by the cowboys, and the intruders were warned to leave. They refused to do so, but camped at night beyond the confines of the ranch.

At daylight last Monday the Mexicans again invaded the ranch and resumed their pleadings with their fellow countrymen to quit work. Firing at once commenced and when the smoke of the skirmish cleared away two Mexicans were found dead and several of their companions were wounded. One cowboy was killed, but the others escaped uninjured.

Mary Briscoe was a beautiful girl and well bred, but weakness led her astray and dissipation destroyed her comeliness.

Today she lies at her home, gasping with pain, while through her benumbed brain flit gory visions of her murdered child, born in sin and slain by the hand of its infuriated and jealous father.

Mary's home is in Springfield, Ill. She is only 20 years old, but she has seen much of life that is undesirable. In her girlhood she was tempted and fell. By degrees she went the downward grade, and ended it, in her 18th year, by becoming the mistress of James Mingo, an ugly and insignificant looking little horse trader.

His hand it was that blotted out the life of her low-born but innocent child. Three weeks ago she tired of her shiftless lover and threw him over. Last Tuesday Mingo resolved to be revenged.

It was shortly after 7 o'clock in the morning. Stealthily he approached the house, with a hatchet concealed beneath his coat. The weather was warm and the windows were open. Noisily he stole through one of them, and the child was playing on the floor, cooling as it fondled its tiny toes. But Mingo was unmoved by this spectacle of innocence. With a fiendish laugh he swung his right arm through the air and the hatchet descended upon the head of his innocent offspring.

Hearing the noise made by the intruder, Mary Briscoe entered the room. With a shrill cry she sprang forward and seized the body of her murdered child. In the skull was a ghastly hole. She gave vent to a series of agonizing screams. But Mingo was unmoved. His work was not done. With a savage growl of hatred and wrath he turned upon the defenseless woman and sought to bury the hatchet in her brain. But his aim was at fault. It fractured her skull, but did not pierce it, so it had done the child's, yet her wound is fatal.

An insult to a woman cost the lives of two men in Waco, Tex.

The original trouble occurred three years ago, during a religious revival, but the details are not clear.

At all events the occurrence occasioned the bitterest enmity between Benjamin F. Kivett and William W. Kivett, brothers, building contractors, and William M. Lambdin, a telegraph operator.

From the first moment the men regarded each other with undying hatred. Lambdin was employed in the office of C. E. Trice & Co., brokers, to take market bulletins.

During the early part of last week the bitterness of the feud increased, and it was generally believed that the Kivetts would kill their enemy before many days. In fact, they made no secret of their determination, and Lambdin prepared himself accordingly. In his office he secreted a shotgun, and in one pocket he carried a revolver.

Just Wednesday morning the Kivett brothers entered the office where their adversary was employed. As they passed the door they drew their revolvers. But Lambdin was too quick for them. He raised his shotgun, aimed and fired. Ben Kivett fell dead. His neck and chest were riddled with buckshot. With a cry of furious rage, William Kivett sprang forward and discharged his revolver, full in Lambdin's face at close range. But Lambdin knocked the weapon aside and the ball merely grazed his temple. He dropped his shotgun and drew his revolver.

Then followed a battle that was bloody indeed. With his right hand the operator clung to the revolver of his adversary and kept pumping bullets into his body, although his face was badly lacerated every time Kivett pulled the trigger. Finally he landed a bullet in Kivett's brain and the latter sank to the floor and expired by the side of his brother.

Prostrated at the wounding of her lover, and the knowledge of her own deep humiliation, Miss Kate Rose lies at the home of her brother, in Monroe County, Missouri, a pitiable wreck of her former fair self.

Her mind is on the verge of collapse, and it is feared that she will end her life because of the terrible strain she is now undergoing.

Her mother is so completely unnerved by the condition of her daughter that her death is expected at any time. Dr. J. W. Norris is at Palmyra, where he was wounded a week ago, and he can hardly recover.

"I know," he says, "that I am going to die. I do not censure Mr. Rose at all. Had I been placed in the same position I would have done the same thing, except that I would have used a better gun. He did only what any loving father would have done under similar circumstances."

Such, in brief, are the results of the strange tragedy at Palmyra, Mo., which shocked that entire vicinity as it had never been shocked before, and has interested the people of several States. Was Norris a Svengali? The friends of Miss Rose believe that he was, and that she was the unwilling victim of his desire. She is a tall and beautiful blonde, 20 years of age. Norris, who is a dentist, seemed to have her completely within his power. For his sake she defied her parents and friends. One night she admitted him to her bedroom. He entered by means of a ladder. Her father saw it and wondered, but was beaten by the intruder. Dr. Norris, who escaped, but a few days later Rose shot him down. Daniel Rose is one of the most prominent citizens of Palmyra and his daughter was a member of the best society of the town. The shooting and the attendant circumstances created the biggest sensation known in those parts.

THIS WOMAN HAS FORGOT ALL NOUNS.

She Cannot Call for a Thing, Tell
Her Own Name Nor Where
Her Home Is.

Did you ever forget your own name?
There is a woman in the City Hospital
who does not know who she is, where
she lives nor the name of any person,
place or thing.

A little clot of blood in a convulsion of
her brain has obliterated her memory of
nouns.

If she is asked if her name is Mary Hol-
land she will nod her head affirmatively
or even say "yes." Ask her immediately
afterwards what her name is and she will
be unable to recall it. She will try her best
and will betray her vexation and impa-
tience at being unable to do so, but every
effort will be in vain.

That she understands every question put
to her is evident. Frequently in reply to
questions about her name, she will say:
"The nurse knows."

Mrs. Holland is suffering from a rare
disease known as "motor aphasia." A
small blood clot, resulting from a cerebral
hemorrhage, presses on that part of the
brain known as "Brokaw's convolution."
The effect is an interference with the pow-
ers of speech and memory. It not only
causes a confusion of ideas, but the patient
is unable to frame coherent words to ex-
press what ideas she may have.

The patient was received on Tuesday.
She was found by a policeman wandering
about aimlessly, unable to tell her name,
where she lived or anything about herself. He
called an ambulance and sent her to the
Dispensary, whence she was sent to the
hospital.

There all attempts to glean any informa-
tion from her about herself or friends were
fruitless. She remained unidentified that day
and might have remained a mystery in-
definitely, but that on Wednesday As-
sistant Superintendent Roder chanced to
see her and recognized in her a former pa-
tient—Mary Holland.

She is a widow who earns a bare living
by peddling. She lives at No. 143 North
Sixth street. She is 45 years old, but sick-
ness and buffeting with poverty has aged
her until she looks nearly 60 years old.
Her gray eyes are deep in the sockets, her
face is lined and withered and the look of
constant bewilderment due to her unusual
affliction does much to add to her senile
appearance.

At other times she talks wholly inco-
herently and it is singular that at such
times she seems to be particularly anxious
to be explicit and direct. The more she
gives to her words and the slower or
more distinctly she gives them utterance,
the less coherent they are.

"What is this?" asked Dr. Roder, holding
his watch before her eyes.
The woman stammered and stuttered, a
bewildered expression came into her eyes,
she seemed to be studying hard to recall
something long forgotten, and finally gave
up in despair.

"Is it a watch?" asked the doctor.
"Yes," came the answer promptly, ac-
companied by a nod of the head, while a
look of relief came into her eyes.

"And what is this?" said the doctor, hold-
ing up a pencil.

EXPERIENCES OF A WOMAN BOOK AGENT.

Received With Scant Courtesy and Consideration
Was Rarely Given Her Even by
Her Own Sex.

(NOTE.—This is the actual experience of a St.
Louis woman, Mrs. Geo. S. Malone, of 2025 Eads
boulevard. The names of the persons and places
mentioned will corroborate the story of the writer.)

"I was decoyed into the ranks of the
book agents," she writes "by an attractive
advertisement in a daily paper."

"I handed the clipping to a man I found
in the office indicated, and told him I had
come in answer to it."

He carefully surveyed me. He is a clever
man, and at once I imagined he knew my
whole story. He knew I had never worked
before, he knew of all my hopes and ambi-
tions.

"He was too clever to tell me plainly that
it was canvassing. He said I was 'sine work,'
and asked me if I had any talent
for writing."

"I told him that little children went wild
with delight over stories written for other
heads which I simplified for them. At this
he knitted his brow thoughtfully, said
such a talent was valuable, and told me,
although he had filled the vacancy, to call
again the following Monday."

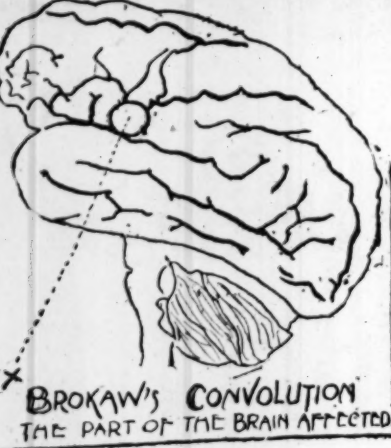
"I kept the appointment, filled with hope
and dreams of literary success. He hated
to crush my hopes at once, so he told me in
the most confidential way that he was man-
aging the sale of a popular but expensive
work, which only men and women of intelli-
gence and talent could succeed in placing
orders for. It would be a welcome visitor
in the homes of both rich and poor, be-
cause, being published in a serial form, it
was within reach of the latter. The way
he put it, I was not a book agent, but a
person of intelligence and talent, selected
for those qualities to perform a mission."

"I consented to take the book home and
look over it, and the next day I went to
work."

"I made no sales, but I must tell you of
the two ladies; one was a publisher's wife;
she was as gracious to me as she could have
been to an intimate friend. We looked over
the book together, admired its good fea-
tures, criticized its bad ones, and when final-
ly I remembered myself and asked for an
order, she said they already had a great
many books and she could get them through
her husband cheaper than any other
source."

"A bride of a year, almost on the thresh-
old of the crowning joy to that old story,
motherhood—ah! it is simple and beautiful
and young, always in the endless succession
of lovers! May God give unto her a little
one which will more than answer all her
fond hopes now and in after years. My vis-
its at these two places almost obliterated
the times the door was shut in my face."

"I left without seeing her and rolled into
the manager's private office about 5 that
evening, ready to give up in despair. He
encouraged me to try again, said he would
have been surprised if I had gotten an order



BROKAW'S CONVOLUTION
THE PART OF THE BRAIN AFFECTED

"There was the same bewildered look
and the vain effort to recall something as
before."

"Is it a watch?" asked the doctor.
At first she said "yes," but it was a me-
chanical utterance, suggested by the ques-
tion. She saw her error and shook her head
in the negative. Then she fell to examin-
ing the pencil.

"No, it is this. It has two ends," she
said. She looked at it curiously as some-
thing she had not seen before. Its shape
told her it was not a watch, but what it
was she was unable to say. Once she
puckered her lips as though to say some-
thing beginning with a p, but she was un-
able to speak the word.

"Is it a pencil?" asked the doctor.

She nodded her head "yes," and the re-
lieved look came into her eyes.
"Where do you live?" asked the reporter.

"I can't tell him," she said, "I don't know."

"Till who comes?"

"You know. He has been here since—
since—since thirty."

This time every word was spoken slowly
and distinctly.

"Do you want to go home?"

"Yes," came the response, eagerly. The
question seemed to arouse her interest in-
tensely. She raised her head from her pillow,
she supported herself on her elbow and
looked anxiously around.

"Tell me where you live and I will send
you home."

She tried hard to tell.

"Three—three—three—ton, tone," she
said, doubtfully. Then she added, as though
she had solved the difficulty, "seven—nine,
I believe."

All at once a light of intelligence came
over her face. It seemed like an inspira-
tion, as she said: "I live out there," and
pointed to the open window.

When she realized that she was not un-
derstood, she looked the very picture of
despair.

She began all over again: "Three—three—
ton—tone—name, don't you know? Won't you
tell? You know him—name, ton—three—
three—seven—nine."

As the reporter arose to leave she sought
to detain him, as though with him went
the hope of escape.

"Don't you know?" she began, again.

"Three—ton—tone—name," and so he left
her still vainly trying to frame the words
to express her ideas and wishes.

"The only treatment will be stimulating,
nutritious, food-making food, with the cir-
culatory system re-invigorated the blood
clot may be absorbed and the symptoms
disappear. It is a slow process, which may
take two, perhaps months, but there is
no other remedy. Unlike cases of a pres-
sure of a piece of bone or a bullet on the
brain, the operation of craniotomy cannot
be resorted to. Nature must be left to do
her own work in her own way."

"I am the only mortal on earth who has
seen the Almighty Father. There will be none
like me."

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of God have brought to me this
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head was being moved by unseen hands, until my eyes rested
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Scripture nor history does not
say the Father came in a tem-
pest, a burning bush, or a pillar
of fire. God was truly revealed
but once, and it was to the aged
Moses."

"To appreciate my idea, I
must tell a little of my early
life. I was born in Jonkoping, a
small city, 100 miles south of Stockholm.
My parents and sisters were devout mem-
bers of the Established Church, so during
the early years of my life I was well taught
in Biblical philosophy. Theology was al-
ways attractive to me, and I took kindly
to any teachings along that line, and in the
long winter evenings I studied my Bible by
the firelight."

"The first knowledge I had of being dif-
ferent from any one else occurred
one snowy night in my native town. I was
about 12 or 13 years old and was apprenticed
to a machinist near the end of our street.
That evening I was late, and my father
along, when a strange feeling shot over
me. I felt paralyzed in every limb, and my
head was being moved by unseen hands, until my eyes rested
on an object across the street."

"It was a child. Its raiment was dazzling white, while its
face could not be looked upon, so brightly shone the counte-
nance. I was irresistibly drawn toward the beautiful being,
but as fast as I advanced it retreated. The terrible fascination
urged my trembling limbs forward. I ran, the vision ran, too.
In my delirium I cast aside my shoes and sped along in the
snow in my bare feet, but I could not catch the shining child.
It led me to an old tunnel, then vanished. I did not go to work,
but returned to my parents and told my story. They saw my
condition and put me to bed, bidding me think no more about
the child. The next morning bodies of strangled infants were found
in the tunnel."

"This glimpse of the supernatural set me to thinking, and as soon
as I was old enough I began reading scientific works.
Later I took up August Strindberg's treatise on the human and
his first vision when he was 11 years old, he said that Jesus Christ was born under a
cloud, but being a good man and a wise teacher, had the same

"I am the only mortal on earth who has
seen the Almighty Father. There will be none
like me."

"Study and an honest fear
of God have brought to me this
marvelous power. I lived in the
footsteps of Moses, studied his
teachings, imitated his good ex-
amples. From the mountains of
Moab God showed him the
promised land, revealed his true
self to his faithful servant, then
he led him to his heavenly home.
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HOW IT REJECTS A SUMMER PROPOSAL

OF MARRIAGE
MISS DAVID EDWARDS.
ILLUSTRATES THE
CORRECT METHOD
BEFORE THE
SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH—
CAMERA



A HAY RIDE PARTY WEATHER BOUND.

They Did Not Get Home Till Next Day—An
Exciting Trip Up Tennessee River—
Society Gossip.

On clear, starlit night during the early portion of last week a party of frolicsome young people gathered at the home of Mrs. J. E. Gatewood, No. 382 Cook avenue, with the proclaimed purpose of going for a hay ride. Their spirits bubbling over with the wild emotions of early childhood, fifteen young couples began a very informal ride on a large and bumpy hay-rack. Fastidiousness regarding the fashion in which they seated themselves was not considered de rigueur, and in a few moments dainty little feet mingling with full-grown Trilbies dangled in unconventional confusion from all sides of the huge pile of hay. Upon the top of the rack a number of venturesome misses were seated in poses that would have made the most orthodox old Turk in the world turn green with envy. The hay, the white clouds, and the twinkling little daisies of sunlight, all seemed to be ever-changing, neutral tints, and at sundown there are patches of gold deep pools of purple light and quivering, scintillating bars of purple, green, blue and palest rose-pink. There is not an artist living who could reproduce such a picture. The colors are so rich and so gorgeous that they seem to glow with a life of their own. The power to describe to you, as I saw it, the appearance of the sky one night of the last week after tea, the sun had set and the west was adored with a magnificent intermingling of pink, crimson and orange, over which drifted great piles of feathers white clouds. The eastern sky was a wide expanse of dark greenish-blue unrelieved by anything except the great round moon, which was just appearing over the horizon. The south was a soft gray bluish of the east and west, and the north was a dense and sullen black bank of clouds, which were cut sharply now and then by angry flashes of lightning.

Yes, it sounds like a fairy tale, but it is true, nevertheless, and I am sure that it was a lovely scene such as one sees but once in a lifetime. Before darkness fell we had a dreadful storm, and then my beloved lake was transformed into a boiling sea of fire. The sky was a scorching face, laughing tall and foam-beating. Am I boring you with my fanciful? Well, then, I shall try to talk commonplace for awhile. You see, we were here early this morning, I became acquainted at the start, and I am still much at home. I spent the morning in the garden, and had the great good fortune to be placed on the Executive Board. I say "good fortune" because the Executive Board has the power to entertain in any fashion whatsoever, and you can imagine the fun we are having. The Executive Board has the power to entertain in any fashion whatsoever, and you can imagine the fun we are having. The Executive Board has the power to entertain in any fashion whatsoever, and you can imagine the fun we are having.

A merry party of young people, chartered by Mr. and Mrs. John O'Neil of the South Side, returned Tuesday evening after the eight days' excursion on the Tennessee River on the steamer "Maid of the South." The number were Misses Sarah Keegan, Anna Simon, Frances Van Riper, Margaret Pigg, Fannie Keegan, Edith Keegan, Maud Keegan, and Al Duveroy. The trip was not without excitement. At Savannah, Tenn., the steamer was wrecked and a panic narrowly averted. A severe thunderstorm came upon the steamer for several hours, and return journey was made at Cairo, Mo., thinking they had time to see the city. They returned to the boat landing in about an hour, but were chartered to take the boat had left, and were obliged to travel three miles in the broiling sun to make connections.

A Resort Rhapsody.
Perhaps the greatest solace that poor stay-at-home people receive during the summer days is the enjoyment afforded by the lengthy letters written by the more fortunate. The following is a letter received from Miss Katherine Kenney, a prominent member of the St. Louis Tennis Club, who is spending the summer at Chautauque, N. Y., and studying music under William Shawcross.

You know how it is at a summer resort, and well, I am sure you will forgive me. I tell you that although I have had had as little leisure for letter-writing, I thought of you constantly and wished innumerable times that you were here to add to my great enjoyment of this charming place. It goes without saying that I am having a perfectly beautiful time. Who could possibly be dull when the sky is always smiling at you as clear and blue as a sapphire, and the air is so cool and vivifying? The lake in itself is a never-fading source of interest to me. On clear days it is like a huge mirror, reflecting the vast expanse of blue sky, the tiny, fluffy, floating white clouds, and the twinkling little daisies of sunlight. At sunset a big overhanging, ever-changing, neutral tint, and at sundown there are patches of gold deep pools of purple light and quivering, scintillating bars of purple, green, blue and palest rose-pink. There is not an artist living who could reproduce such a picture. The colors are so rich and so gorgeous that they seem to glow with a life of their own. The power to describe to you, as I saw it, the appearance of the sky one night of the last week after tea, the sun had set and the west was adored with a magnificent intermingling of pink, crimson and orange, over which drifted great piles of feathers white clouds. The eastern sky was a wide expanse of dark greenish-blue unrelieved by anything except the great round moon, which was just appearing over the horizon. The south was a soft gray bluish of the east and west, and the north was a dense and sullen black bank of clouds, which were cut sharply now and then by angry flashes of lightning.

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When the above photograph was made, Miss Arnold was costumed in an exquisite creation of the celebrated Parisian gownmaker, Felix, while upon her dainty head reposed a beautiful confection of Vioris. The gown is of lustrous white satin duchesse interlined with deep rose colored silk. The entire frock is made up in three pieces—with the exception of the sleeves, which are delicate shirred affairs of soft white chiffon. The corsage is cut away from the marble-like shoulders, and across the front and back cloudy folds of chiffon are draped. Beneath the gauzy texture of the sleeves, just resting on the shoulders, are clusters of crushed pink roses, which relieve the gown of its dead-white appearance. The hat is of heavy white moire, lined under the brim with rose-pink silk, and trimmed elaborately about the crown with mousseline de soie and handsome black ostrich tips. The gown is a very striking one, and as Miss Arnold is an unquestionably lovely girl, it is eminently becoming to her.

Miss Emma Arnold.
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the guests of relatives in the West End of town. Mrs. Daniel Ripley of Galveston, Tex., was with friends on West Morgan street last week. Mr. J. G. Butler of Milwaukee and Mr. G. C. March of Kansas City are guests at Hotel Beers. Misses Paula and Estelle Gable of Albany, N. Y., are visiting Mrs. John T. James. Mr. Samuel Edgar Ewing of Louisville, Ky., is the guest of her mother, Mrs. C. E. McCourt. Mr. Frank Grice of San Antonio, Tex., has been staying at the Planters for the last few days. Rev. and Mrs. W. W. Matthews of Mayfield, Ky., have been stopping in town for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Gibson of New York have been stopping at the St. Nicholas during the past week. Capt. E. T. Herndon and his daughter, Miss Grace Herndon, are visiting here from the interior of the State. Miss Annie Peiper of Quincy, Ill., has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. C. E. McCourt, at 910 Pine street. Mrs. Minnie L. Johnson of Syracuse, N. Y., is visiting her cousin, Mrs. John M. Ryan, of West Cook avenue. Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Fitzgerald of Mexico, Mo., were in town several days last week. Mr. White is editor of the Daily Ledger in Mexico.

Miss Norma Davis, a society belle of Gainesville, Tex., is the guest of her brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, of No. 504 Kensington place. Mr. and Mrs. J. Fitzgerald of Cincinnati and Mrs. J. F. Fitzgerald of St. Mary's, Kan., are visiting Mrs. J. D. Manley at 1230 South Grand avenue.

Dr. E. Hauck has returned from an extended Western trip. Mr. and Mrs. Ed A. Faust will return August 15 from abroad. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Raak are at home from a trip up the river. Mr. Eugene Hauck has returned from an extended tour of the West. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hirschberg have returned from a month's trip through the West. Mr. Fred Boush is at home after a three weeks' tour of the Pacific Coast. Miss Mayme Scott has returned from her trip to the Nashville Exposition. Mr. Kate Dwyer has returned from Peoria, Ill., where she visited relatives. Miss Natalie Geisel has returned from a six months' visit at South Bend, Ind. Dr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Carroll have returned from the Northern river trip. Mr. and Mrs. James B. True have returned from a lengthy California trip. Mr. John W. Ryan will return shortly from a two-months' visit to the seashore. Mrs. Graham Frost returned Thursday from a visit to the shores of Lake Erie. Mr. and Mrs. Procter and Mrs. L. Danvert have returned from a delightful river trip. Dr. and Mrs. J. K. Baudy, have returned from a six weeks' visit to Asbury Park. Miss Kate Dugan has come from Wisconsin, where she has been for the past month. Dr. and Mrs. John T. McLaren returned this week after a visit of several weeks at the seashore. Mr. Wm. C. Murray has returned from Pikes Bluff, where he has been spending two weeks. Miss Natalie Geisel has returned from a visit to Mrs. August Spengler, in Cooper's Wells, Miss. Miss Lily Reith and her pretty little niece, Hazel Joerger, returned Saturday from the Canada resorts. Mrs. M. L. Garden of West Belle place has come home from a visit to relatives in Memphis, Tenn. Miss Gertrude Bishop, who has been visiting Miss Edith Hardy, has returned to her home in Alton, Ill. Miss D. Gregory returns this week from New York. Miss Gregory has abandoned her European trip. Mrs. Arnold Milenz and Mrs. Ed Otter have just come home from a visit to the interior of the State. Miss Annie Stroudman has just come home from an extended trip through California and Yellowstone Park. Mr. M. E. Smith and his niece, Miss Flood, have just returned from a short visit to Saylor Springs. Miss Lottie Locke, who has been visiting Miss Helen Taylor of Chicago for the past two weeks, has returned to the city. Mr. and Mrs. George Niedringhaus have returned from the Austin house-party on the banks of the Hudson River. Mrs. J. H. Bedell has returned from a visit to Mr. L. J. Bartels of Bunker Hill, Ill. Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Bond, dentist, has returned from a tour of Salt Lake City, Kentucky, where they are visiting friends. Misses Aurelia Williams and Imogene Blakely will return to St. Louis from Kentucky, where they are visiting friends. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Studnicka are at home again after a tour of St. Louis, Kentucky, Colorado Springs and Pike's Peak. Miss Julia Carroll has returned to New York after a visit to her mother, Mrs. Belle Castelman. Misses Carroll will remain in the East for another year.

Departures.
Mr. J. H. Scott has gone East for a brief visit. Mrs. W. B. Pollock has gone to New York for a short stay. Mr. H. L. Condit is in Chicago, where he remains one week. Mrs. A. C. Cassidy is in New York, but will return to Europe. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Armstrong left Friday for Star Island, N. J. Miss Laura Barker leaves August 2 to visit friends in Butler, Ill. Mr. and Mrs. L. H. left Monday for Chicago to remain ten days. Mr. A. Long leaves Monday, with Mrs. K. Chandra. Miss Orla and Mary Hill left Thursday for a short stay. Mrs. Henry Skemmer leaves shortly for St. Paul and the Northern lakes. Miss Delphine Leve has gone down to Eureka Springs for a short visit. Dr. G. H. Robinson and family have gone to Lake Minnetonka for the season. Mr. and Mrs. Lila Calvert leave Monday for the Eastern watering-places. Miss Octavia O'Brien left last week to travel in the West until late in the fall. Dr. Edward Angle and family will sail Aug. 1 for a two months' European trip. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wittich will leave this week for a two weeks' river trip. Mrs. Walter J. Blakely is visiting at present in Owensboro, Ky., and will return Aug. 15. Mr. and Mrs. Ferd. P. Kaiser are at Bay View, Mich., where they will spend six weeks. Mr. A. H. Yeo, son and daughter, left Friday for Trenton, Ill., to spend three weeks. Mrs. Adrel Dodge and children are now at Put-in-Bay, where they will spend the month. Miss Pauline Kellerman is making a tour of the Northern resorts with a party of friends. Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hoebler has gone to St. Paul, La. Minnetonka and other Northern resorts. Miss Elizabeth Buckley of West Chestnut street left Thursday night for an extended Western trip. Mr. and Mrs. James Barker and Miss Steel-

la Barker leave shortly for Nantucket to visit relatives. Messrs. Will Buchanan and Theo. Beckes will spend the summer at the "Inn," Meramec Highlands. Miss Annie Harpstone left Wednesday for Indianapolis to visit her aunt, Mrs. Alice Harpstone. Miss Mary Hood Laughlin left Tuesday for a month's visit with her grandmother, at Newbury, Pa. The Misses Moylan of 414 Page avenue left recently for Manitou Springs and the Colorado resorts. Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Williams and son leave Tuesday for Atlantic Springs, Mo., to stay until October. Mr. and Mrs. James T. Roberts have gone to Battle Creek, Mich., to spend the remainder of the summer. Mr. and Mrs. John K. Kellerman leave Monday morning for Lebanon Springs, to be some until September. Mr. Miss Mae Bell is visiting in St. Clair, Mo. Dr. Louis Hauck and his mother, Mrs. Antonio Hauck, leave August 2 to spend several weeks at Eureka Springs. Mrs. Joseph Widen and little daughter, Vera, will leave August 10 for Thousand Islands and Lake Champlain. Miss White Rockwood is visiting in New York City before going to the Massachusetts shore for the rest of the season. Mr. J. C. Strauss will leave Friday for Chicago to take a party of friends before making a tour of the Adirondack lakes. Miss Louise Bashford, who has been visiting Mrs. John K. Kellerman, left Thursday night for her home in Paris. Miss Anna Reinhardt and Mrs. Charles Liner, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Manley, are on a visit to Miss Juel Kreimer in Illinois. Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Arnot Murphy and their little son Alfred leave this week for Woodruff, Mich., to spend the summer. Mr. and Mrs. John Lindsay of New York sailed Thursday for Europe. Mrs. Lindsay was formerly Miss Stella Gregory of St. Louis.

Mrs. Herbert Feldman, accompanied by her children, and her sister, Miss Anna Lee Pickel, left last week for the Northern Lakes. George Huebner of the South Side will leave in a few days to visit in the South. She will be accompanied by Mrs. Schaeffer. Mrs. C. W. Hammond of Compton Heights last Friday for Gull Lake, Minn., to join her daughter, Miss Lulu Hammond, and Miss Ella Hammond. Misses Maudie and Rose Chapman, have given up their home on North Beach place and will be absent from the city until October. Messrs. S. C. Punch, M. L. Kemp and T. D. Pereira will spend their vacations at Ocean farm in Des Moines, Ia. They will make the journey a week, leaving early Sunday morning. Mr. N. Lester of Page boulevard expects to leave Tuesday for Chillicothe, Mo., to visit his daughter, Mrs. W. P. Starkey. He will be accompanied by his daughter, Miss Carrie E. Lester. Rev. Wm. Johnson, pastor of the People's Tabernacle Church, left Tuesday with his wife for Silver Bay, Lake George, N. Y., to be gone during August. While away he will visit Vernon, Conn., his old home. Mr. James Norton Curran left Saturday evening to visit Mr. Frank Sterns, Harvard classmate, at Staten Island. Before returning he will spend some time at the York City, and at his old home in Boston, where he will join his mother. Mr. George H. Baker of Lincoln boulevard left Tuesday with her daughters, Maudie and Daisy, and her son, Bert, for the summer resorts. Mrs. Oliver Langan, who is Mrs. Walker's daughter, will keep house during the absence of the family. Mrs. Caroline Davidson has left the city for an extended Eastern trip. She will pay a short visit to relatives in Baltimore and then go to Washington, Harrisburg, Pa., Old Point Comfort and Annapolis. She will be joined at Harrisburg by her daughter, Mrs. Chas. E. Loewner.

Gossip.
Mrs. A. P. Nielson is in Chicago visiting relatives. Mrs. Railla Havens has returned from her Eastern trip. Miss Lucy Hodgeman left Tuesday for New York City. Mrs. J. Whitaker is registered at the Grand in New York City. Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Sanborn have gone East to remain indefinitely. Miss Lottie Locke, Mrs. Herbert Cappel have gone to Alaska in their private car. Silk-lined tailor-made suits at \$20 and up at alterations, 180 Olive street. Count and Mrs. De Vries are spending the summer in Monticello, Tenn. Mrs. L. G. C. Miller has gone East for a visit of six weeks or two months. Dr. David J. Bond, dentist, has removed to rooms 20-31 Century Building. Mrs. J. C. Sharp of St. Louis stopping at Congress Hall, Cape May, N. J. Mr. Elliot Merrick left Saturday for Lakewood to visit his mother, Mrs. M. J. Miller. Miss Mahable Lavier left Friday for an indefinite visit to friends in Cleveland, O. Miss Evelyn Hansen will be married to Mr. Frank James of St. Paul next Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carroll, Alice Williams, are located at Congress Hall, Cape May, N. J. Miss L. H. Halsted and Miss L. M. Halsted are enjoying a visit to Chicago. Rev. William Short and family are at Sweet Chalybeate Springs, Allegheny Co., Pa. Engraved visiting cards at Alice's. Look-look at our prices. One hundred engraved plates, 75c; the same with plate, 81c. Engraved wedding invitations, announcements, etc. Visit our stationery department. A. B. Aloco Co., 517 Olive street. Miss Ida Freudenstein, daughter of Mr. Mary A. Freudenstein of No. 233 Clark avenue, will be married on Tuesday, Aug. 2, at 8 o'clock, by Rev. Frank Rice, one of the faculty of the Beaumont Medical College, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. L. Ackerman of the Bonnellfield Millinery Co. left last night for the East, where she will be joined later by Messrs. M. and Mary Waldron, Messrs. O. App and E. Kline. With this force of workers on this side of the water and Mrs. Levaux, their resident Paris buyer, the Bonnellfield Millinery Co. will doubtless open the season with a beautiful line of exquisite novelties in fall millinery.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.
The economy of gas as a fuel is now well established, owing to the enterprise of a local firm in offering gas ranges for \$150 down and \$5 a month. A great many persons of moderate means have been under the impression that gas was too much of a luxury, but the many fatal accidents from gasoline and these very alluring terms tempted them to try it, and all who have done so are strong advocates of gas stoves for everybody. For the tired housewife, who does her own work and spends the best part of her day in the kitchen, the comfort as well as the economy of gas has been a revelation. Profit by their experience and go to the Backus building, 161 Olive, where you can procure the most economical stove for the least money, and where the price of the stove includes all the necessary piping.

"THEY BRING OUT THE CURVES."

"I wear these CORSETS."

THE ANNA HELD CORSETS

and other styles of C-T. Corsets, for sale by leading stores.

CLARK-TURNER CO., 425-427 E. 14th St., N. Y.

THE ANNA HELD CORSETS

—OR—

CORSETS.

Guaranteed Perfect.



SUNDAY
ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH.
COMIC WEEKLY.

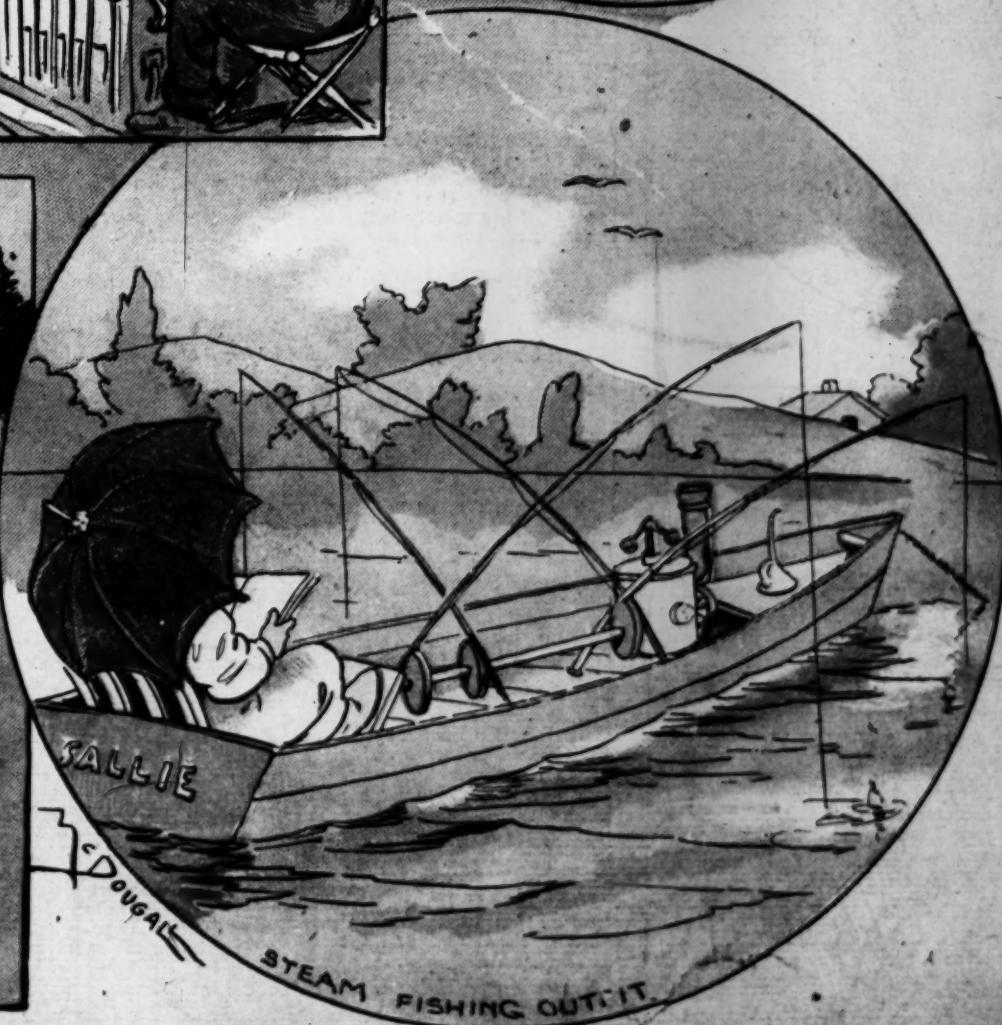
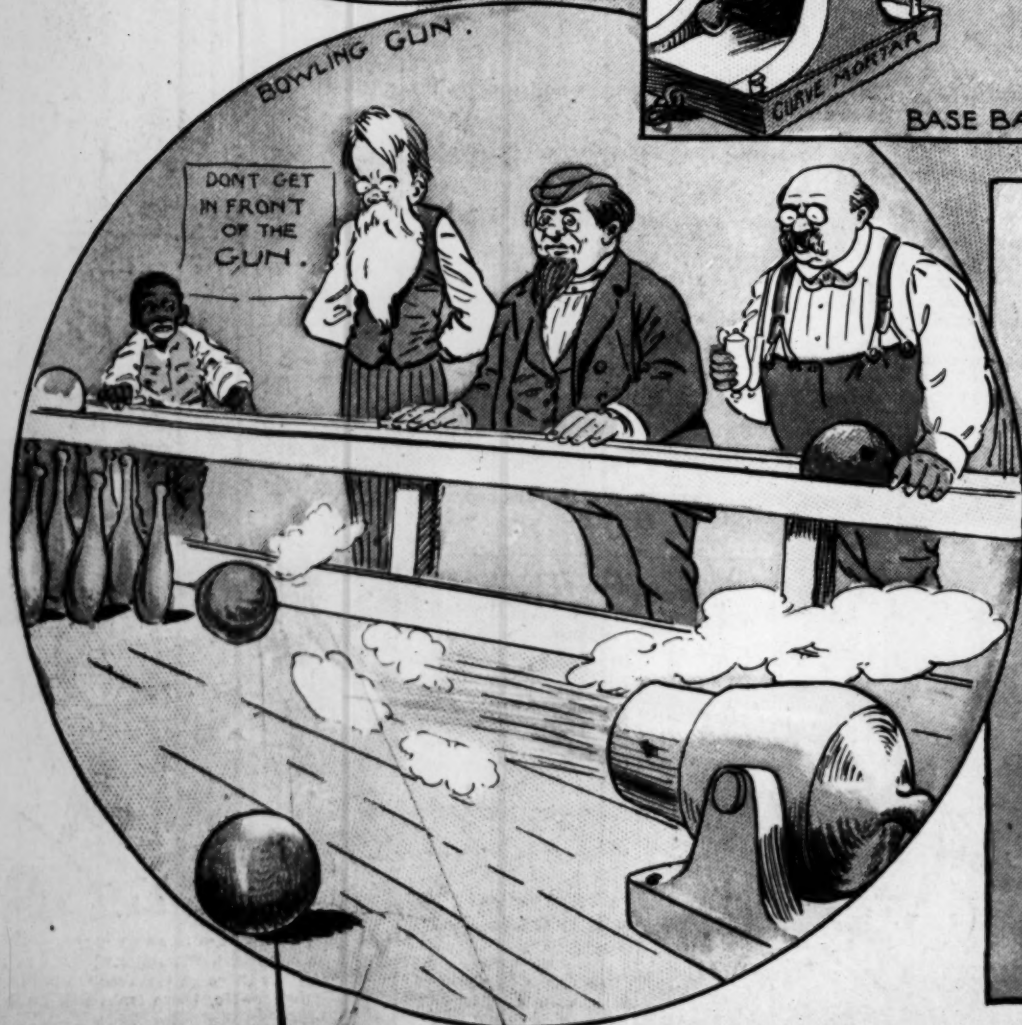
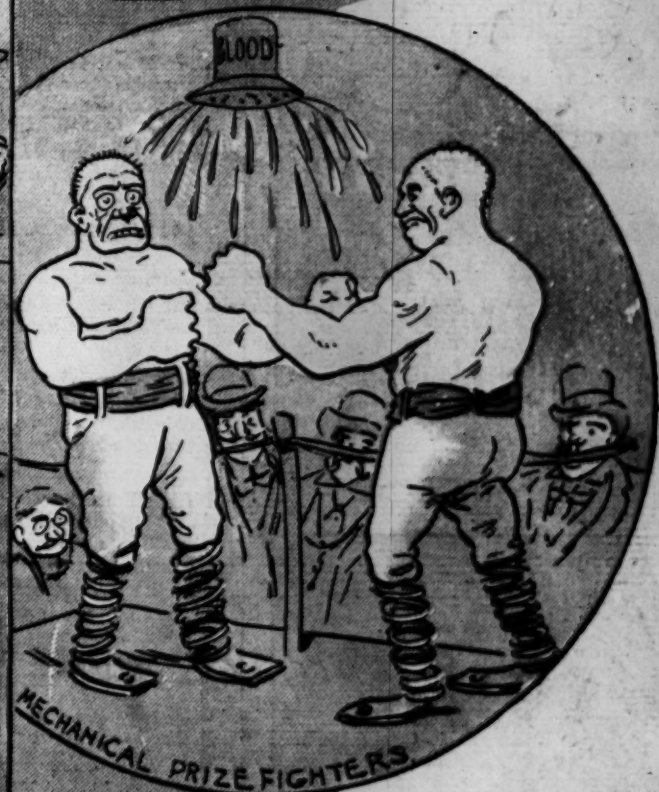
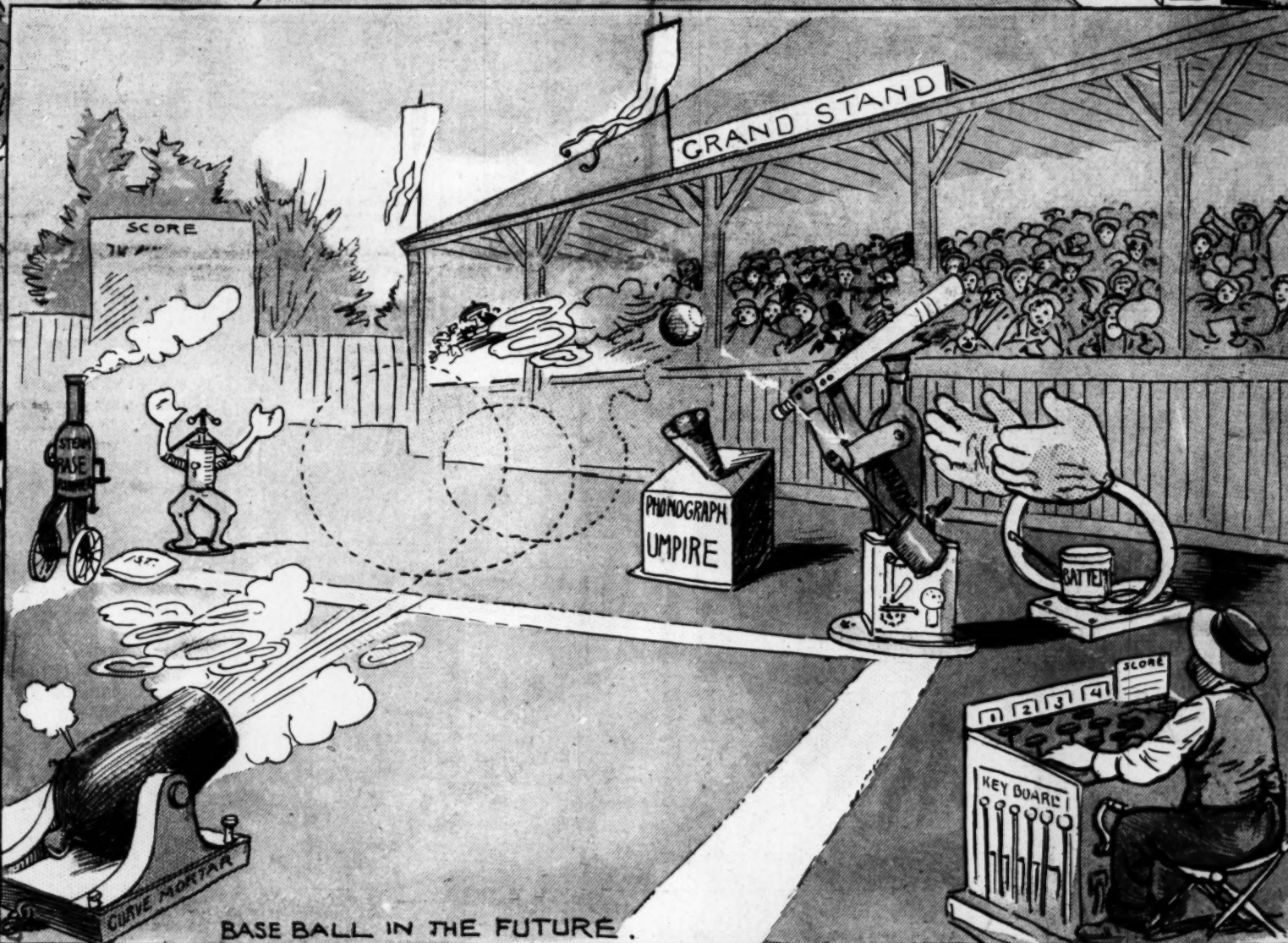


PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ST. LOUIS, SUNDAY, AUGUST 1, 1897.—COPYRIGHTED BY THE PRESS PUBLISHING CO., 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

WHEN WE DO OUR PLAYING BY MACHINERY.



AN ACCURATE PROPHECY.

robust old man, still as virile as when a could but evoke the admiration of all w him. will surely— air of the country in which he had lived own old had evidently not impaired his the least. attain— he was spry! The weight of his advanc- are fell only imperceptibly on his broad, shoulders. Truly, a grand old man! a green old age! was not until the metropolitan newspapers t the acquisition of a gold brick by another in from New Jersey that they realized with marvellous truth their prophecy had been d.

THE HORSELESS CAB.

It's a world of woe in the cabbies' heart, id their heads with sorrow droop, the motor's on the hansom cab id the horse is in the soup.

POOR FELLOW!

Editor—What shall I say of this man who und shut up in a folding-bed? Editor—Say that he was gathered into the

EPISODE IN BLACK AND WHITE, WITH A LAUGH ON THE SIDE.



THE LADY WHO BECAME PART OF AN ELECTRIC LAMP FIXTURE.

(From a German Comic Paper.)



"AS ADVERTISED"

We wish to call the attention of the trade to our new line of seaside jokes. We guarantee them to be strictly up-to-date in every particular and warranted in every case same as sample. Special discounts to those purchasing in large quantities. Positively no jokes at retail!

LOT NO. 1—OUR LEADER!

SPECIAL DRIVE IN BATHING-SUIT BON MOTS, AS FOLLOWS:
Miss Frisque—Will you show yourself at the pier this season?
Miss Risque—Rather! You should see my new bathing suit.

Maud—Look at that grass widow going in the surf in that shockingly low-cut basque to her bathing suit. She must have nerve to wear a suit like that!
Gladys—Yes; it does show considerable back-bone.

Cholley—Gwacious! Those girls ovah theah weah pweetly scanty skirts. Their bathing suits are the most outra I've seen yet, don'tcherknow?
Gussle—Walt till you see Miss Dashington. She outstrips them all!

LOT NO. 2. SUMMER ENGAGEMENT DIALOGUES.

Ho—When the season's over do you think these summer engagements come to anything?
She—Yes; they come to an end.

May—Ain't you sorry you didn't go to Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee?
Maud—Oh, no; I've got one of my own on hand. See the ring Charley gave me.

Miss Ann Teak—I can't make out what it is the girls see in Willie Hugg. He's as ugly as sin, and yet he's been the most popular man down here the last five seasons.

Flossie Flert—No; Willie isn't handsome. But, then, he's so engaging.

ALL THESE AT 98c.; WORTH \$2. REMNANTS.

Parke—Wonder if the Hardups are going out of town this year?
Tilford—Seems so. They've closed up the front of their house and are building an airship in the back yard.

ELECTION AND OTHER UNREASONABLE JOKES LEFT OVER FROM LAST FALL.

One of the Elect:
Tammany Tim—Was the count disputed in Chicago?
Cholley Chatfield (a bright light of Windy City society)—Was the Count disputed? Bless you, yes! All the society ladies fought over him tooth and nail!

Others in this style all reduced to 48c. Always sold at \$1.

Job lot of air-ship jokes, slightly shop-worn. Your choice at 50c. Worth double the money.

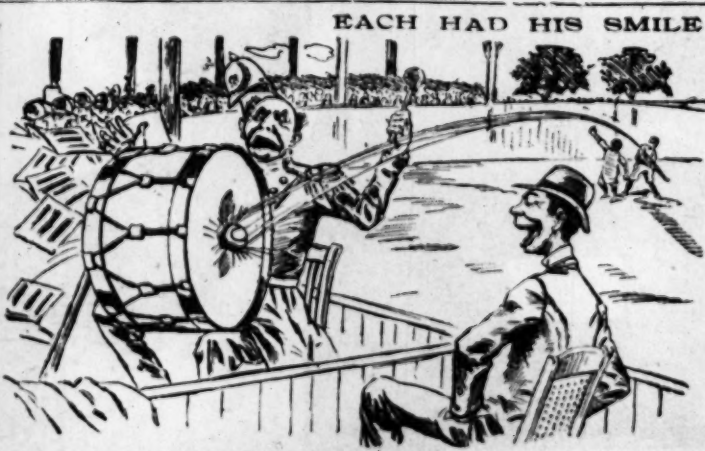
BICYCLE AND ICEMAN JOKES IN LOTS AND PRICES TO SUIT.
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.
NO JOKES SENT C. O. D.
EVERY DAY IS BARGAIN DAY WITH US. YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.
GREATER NEW YORK'S GREATEST JOKE BAZAAR.
PHIL SPACE & CO.

THE FIRST.

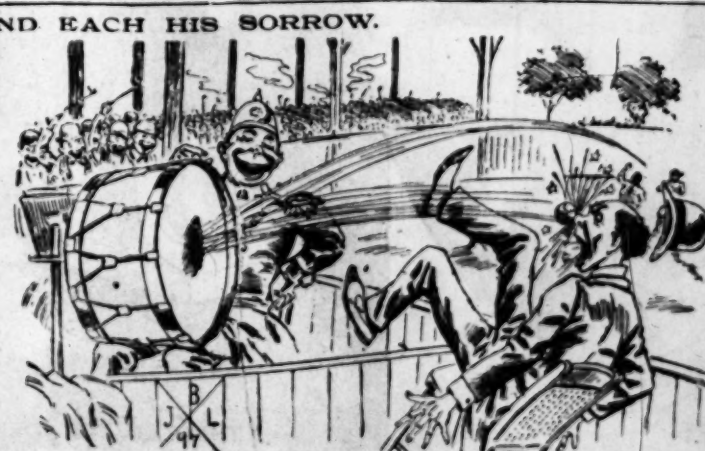
"I feel like a new man!"
And Adam gave a grunt of satisfaction as he arose from the ground out of which he had been manufactured and surveyed the pleasant scene before him.

PERUSING.

He had great puffs under his eyes.
Not that he was dissipated, but he was perusing with an ironical smile some fulsome "reading notices" in the morning paper.



EACH HAD HIS SMILE AND EACH HIS SORROW.



HIGH.

"The game's up!"
There was no doubt of it. It had been a struggle all through, and events had seemed to be against them from the start.

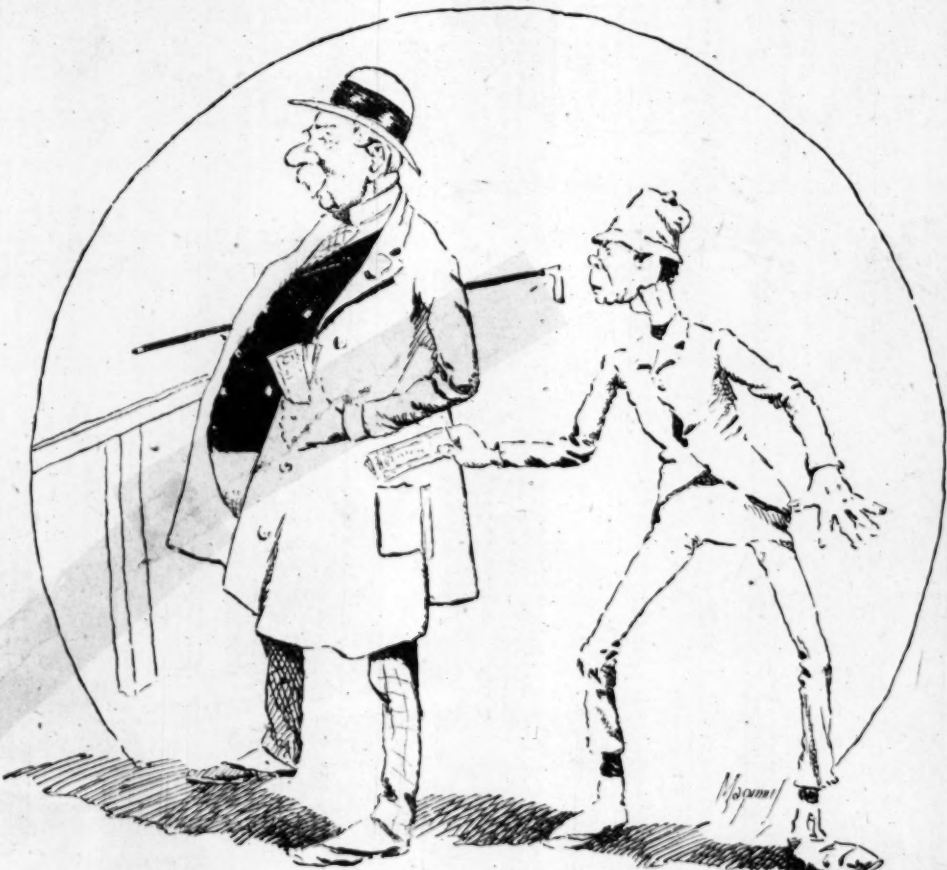
Now the end was at hand and the three men who had tolled together with so much zeal and ardor were forced to realize the actual state of affairs.

Yes, the game was up, and they must leave the scene quickly.

They knew it was strong against them, and they would be in bad odor unless they were very careful.

FAR PREFERABLE.

"Those Pumpernickel boys beat Bonnaker," remarked Gowanus to me the other morning as we swung side by side to the straps on the Elevated (so-called) Express train, "and as some erudite author once stated that Bonnaker beats his Satanic Majesty, you can pretty well realize that Arty and Joey Pumpernickel are the kind that only come one in a box, with lots of impressions of medals on the labels."
"Not long ago," he went on, after apologizing to the elderly gentleman upon whose lap he had just been sitting, and picking up the demolished headgear of the fair young damsel who had un-



"PICKING THE WINNER"

But after all, they had been taught by experience. Whate'er betided, their work had been of a high class.
Anyway, the game was up, and only those who have been through hanging grouse, pheasant and venison to remain until they smell to heaven, have any idea of the difficulties of the job.

A REASON FOR THE RULE.

Little Brother—Well, why can't you say "mouses" instead of "mice"?
Little Sister—Why, "mouses" would sound perfectly horrible!

A BICYCLE HINT.

Though many bells are advertised, You should not choose at random; I recommend a pretty one Before you on a tandem.

THE BASEBALL SEASON.

Why go to Africa to hunt For fortune and renown, For now the diamond's in the field In every blessed town.

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY QUARREL.

When the evening meal was finished and the hired boy had cleared away the dishes, Mrs. Flatte settled down in her easy chair. Then her husband ran to perch upon her knee for the customary chat before his wife took up her newspaper.

For some minutes there was the usual flood of masculine talk, which Mrs. Flatte, like a sensible wife, did not attempt to interrupt. She listened patiently while her husband prattled on in his artless, boyish fashion, recounting the domestic worries of the day, the brutality of the janitress, and the exorbitant demands of the ice-woman. Finally he paused for lack of breath. Then Mrs. Flatte told of her lucky deal in sugar and was promptly coaxed into the promise of a sealskin on the strength of it.

After that there was silence, and the husband lay nestled in the arms of his wife. The latter amused herself by blowing the smoke from her cigar into his face and laughing at his frantic coughs.

"By the way," she said suddenly, "how is your mustache getting on? Have you tried the tar and brick-dust I recommended?"

He seemed to shrink at the question, and his delicate oval face assumed a look of pain.

"Why," he queried, reproachfully, "do you make so many unkind remarks about my mustache?"
For a moment the wife did not answer. Then she replied unfeelingly:

"Because, my dear, it ought to be called down."

While she is chuckling at the jest he slips from her lap and rushes into his room.

With a sudden twinge of remorse the wife hastily follows, only to have the door shut and locked in her face.

"I say, old boy," she cries, with clumsy good-nature, "don't let such a trifle upset you! I didn't know you'd take it so much to heart. Let me give you a kiss and tell you I'm sorry."

There is no answer. Only the sound of passionate sobbing.

The repentant wife stands rattling the door-knob for several minutes. Then, losing patience, she stalks into the hall and takes her alpine from the rack.

"Bah!" she mutters, lighting a fresh cigar. "I shall go to the club. What sensitive little fools men are! This will cost me a new bonnet at the very least."

UP-TO-DATE DEFINITIONS.

Pasteboard—The diet of roaches in an editor's den.

Flying Roomers—Hotel beats who leave via the fire-escape.

Ante-Chamber—The room where poker is played.

High License—A permit for navigating an air-ship.

Fowl Tip—Upsetting a dish of fricasseed chicken.

Rubber Bands—Bootblack corporations.

Low Rents—Rips in the heels of stockings.

Cautionary Signals—"No Trust;" "Beware of Pickpockets;" "No Admittance."

"Working the Growler"—Giving poisoned meat to an ugly dog.

A FELLOW-SUFFERER.

Pastor—I've d'lighted to find yo' readin' de Bible.

Parishioner—I wuz jest lookin' in de Book of Job to see if it tel what he done fer be

SAWED OFF.

He was not long in this world.

It was evident to his wife, but she did not grieve, though she loved him well. She had gotten accustomed to his short stature.

A LOCK-OUT FOLLOWED.

She was coy, but he entreated her for but one caress with such fervor that she wavered. "Imprint a kiss upon my cheek," said he in many tones that shook with an emotion he could not control.

Laughing lightly, she leaned over and did as he requested.

Then she bade him adieu. He pleaded to stay, but she said him na. He loved her so and would have kissed too, but, as we have already remarked, she was y.

"Wilt imprint another kiss?" he asked, argu- cally.

She shook her head. Having observed with considerable an- ance that some of her lip-salve had come off, was sticking to his cheek in loud patterns, he decided not to do any more printing that evening. Such are the trials of high life.

THE FAT MAN'S DESIRE.

I would go where the Eskimos shiver. Where the seals and the walrusess scorch; Where the ice never melts in the river, Where the snow is knee-deep on the beach!

A PILLOW THAT PAID.



William—Look at last! A pillow for this tired brain!



HIS MISSION.



The Report—I am to go as correspondent to one of the South American Republics. His wife—Is there an insurrection going on? The Reporter—No, there isn't, and I am to find out what.

MYRTLE MAITLAND'S MISCREANT; OR, WON AT THE WIND-UP

By the Author of Below the Belt; or, Polled by a Foul.

CHAP. I.

I'd rather be a worm and dwell
Beneath the lowly soil,
Than be the father of a swell,
Or a son of honest toil.

—Alfred Austin's Unwritten Poems.

"I can never marry a man who sells peanuts,"
As Myrtle Maitland spoke she whistled for the
bulldog.

Pasquale Gonzales sprang to his feet and shot
a look of ingratitude, mingled with garlic, at the
girl. Then he hissed through his teeth like a
snake, and was gone.

The Maitlands were not rich—although they
were extravagant. Each summer for forty-seven
years they had spent two days at Newport, occupy-
ing the beautiful villa, Roosticanna by the Sea.

Pasquale Gonzales had known Myrtle all these
years. Therefore it was not strange that he had
grown to love her. They had waltzed together at
the Casino, and he had breathed his fiery passion
over her shoulder until it was scared and darkened.
But he had a past—and Myrtle Maitland knew
of it. How had she come to know that he had
been a barber? Only one man in Newport knew
his secret. That man was Bert Bradshaw, The
Blind Mendicant—and his deadly rival for the
hand of the girl.

CHAP. II.

The gaunt wolf lingers by the door,
The house is still as death;
The gaunt wolf lingers there no more,
Because he's out of breath.

—The Lost Chord.

"Stand, villain! I would speak with thee."
The voice of Pasquale Gonzales, low and menac-
ing, fell like an overripe peach upon the ear of Bert
Bradshaw.

"Tell me your full name, and state where you
are going and why you are going there!" And the
speaker laughed like a hyena about to be deprived
of his whelps.

Had The Blind Mendicant been a coward he
would have answered with a lie. There was a fine
opportunity for such an evasion. But turning his
green goggles full upon the fretful Italian, he an-
swered in clear, bell-like tones:

"I am a bohemian, and I am going to take a
bath."

"I do not believe you. In your heart you have
a plot incubating to rob me of Myrtle Maitland.
Where are you going after your abjuration?"

Drawing the tail of his Prince Albert defiantly
about his shoulders the Mendicant answered
haughtily:

"Sir, this night I ask the fair Miss Maitland for
her hand; I have a date with her in two hours.
The orb of day is setting in the west. Farewell—
like a swine I shall soon be wallowing in the
trough of the sea."

CHAP. III.

The weary hen once more was brought,
To wade across the soup;
Thus, robbed of strength, a cold she caught,
And perished of the croup.

—Poe's Idylls of the Boarding-House.

"Sblood! he shall not have her!"

As Pasquale Gonzales exhaled this imprecation
he immediately inhaled his lungs full of vengeance.
Then turning to his peanut-stand again, he looked
long and wistfully at the bright copper roaster
that had, with Myrtle Maitland, so long shared the
emotions of his heart. For a time two thoughts,
love and duty, warred in his brain. The first
meant happiness—the pursuit of the other eternal
misery. Again he looked at the meagre supply of
roasted peanuts, which threatened to give out at
any minute. Then a look of determination came
to his face.

"No," he said, finally, "I shall not steam up.
The whistle of my roaster, which has each evening
lured Myrtle's building from his nest, shall be silent
this night. The brute has a duty to perform;
may he perform it well. My curse upon the car-
cass of Bert Bradshaw!"

CHAP. IV.

The farmer's flocks sleep on the hill—
Erewhile, the twilight steals;
He throws his socks into the mill,
And then kicks up his heels.

—Lord Byron.

"Tat, tat, tat!"
The moon was just rising when these familiar
sounds floated into the room where Myrtle Mait-
land was sitting on the sea-breeze. She knew it
was the cane of Bert Bradshaw, The Blind Men-
dicant, upon the flagging.

Not so with her bulldog, whose intellect was of
an inferior quality. Pasquale Gonzales's peanut-
roaster whistle having given him no excuse to
leave his nest, he was moody and ferocious. A
shriek and the sound of tearing cloth shot heaven-
ward. Then all was silent.

Pasquale Gonzales knew of the awful horror
almost as soon as the undertaker. In nineteen
seconds from the time he received the good news
he had fired up his peanut-roaster and whistled
the dog off. Then hurrying to the home of Myrtle
Maitland he proposed to her at the point of a re-
volver.

The poor girl, feeling that this would be the last
proposal she would get on earth, unless she ac-
cepted it, gave the Italian her hand and heart.

Years later Pasquale Gonzales constructed golf
links on the spot where Bert Bradshaw, The Blind
Mendicant, was buried.

GEORGE A. BECKENBAUGH.

THINGS ARE NOT AS THEY SEEM.

Oh, very oft appearances
The wisest will deceive,
And prove to us that all we see
We really can't believe.
For things on this old earth always
As they should be are not—
And the man who wears a yachting cap
Doesn't always own a yacht.

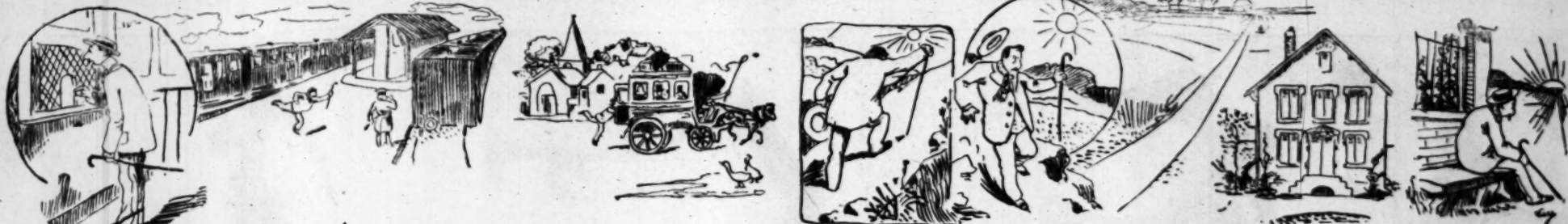
The maiden fair with shapely limbs
Which she would fain display,
'Tween subtle thought and woman's wit
Will sometimes find a gay.
And so the very, very wise
Will whisper, quiet like—
That the girl who wears a bloomer suit
Doesn't always ride a bike.

So don't believe appearances,
Too often they mislead;
And never take a simple bluff
For payment of a deed.
For what may seem to you most real
No truthful meaning hath—
And the man who wears a bathrobe does
Not always take a bath.

B. A. MARBURGH.

"COME OUT AND SEE ME SOME TIME AT RIDGE GLEN."

(From A French Comic Paper.)



LOUD FLOWERS.



Mr. Cusmo—I suppose that the crow cuss is the noisiest of flowers, don't you?

Miss Cawker—No; I should suppose the yell arrow entitled to that distinction.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

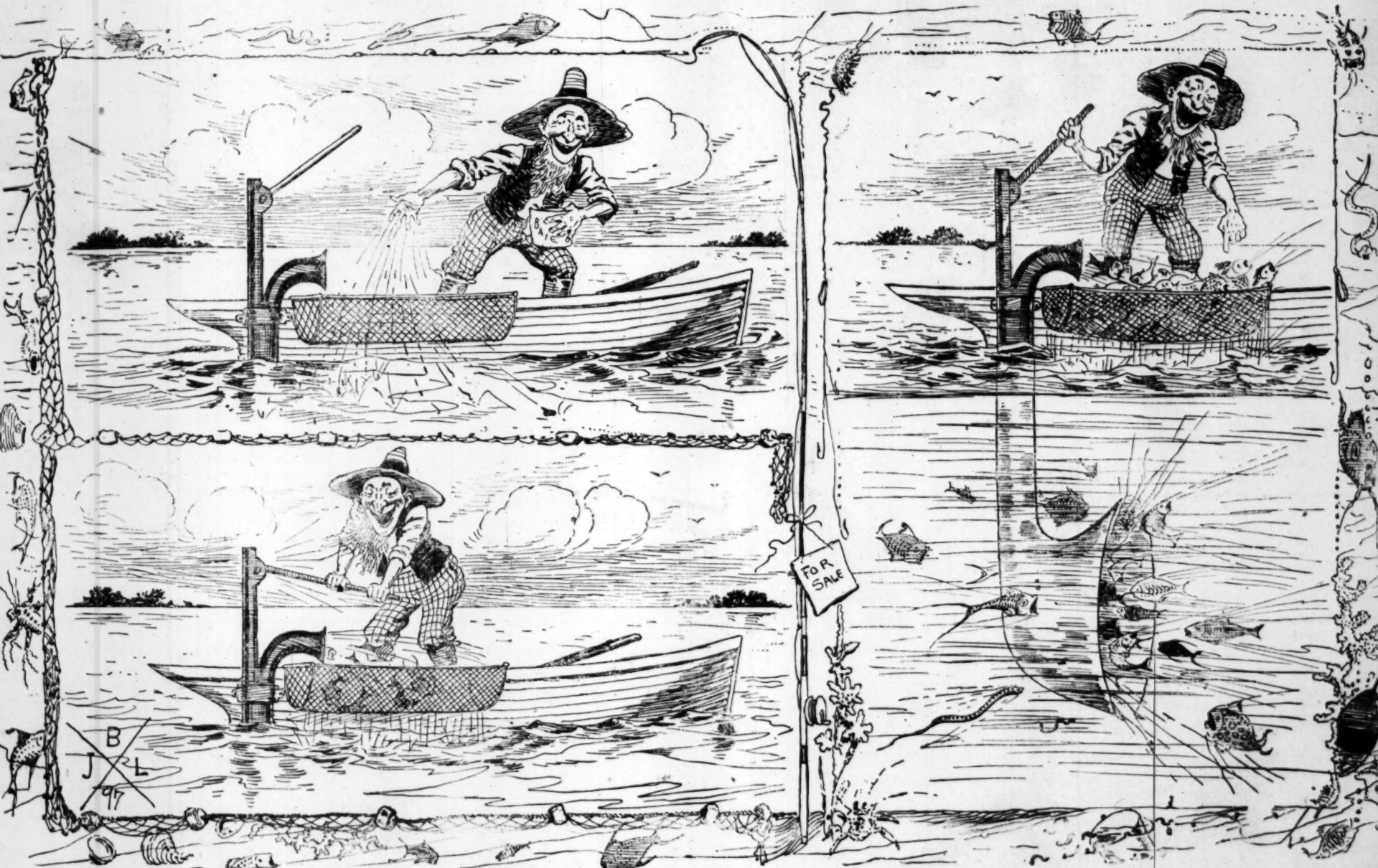
(From a German Comic Paper.)



Fat Woman—I'd go in swimming, but I have no costume.

Thin Woman—You can borrow the one I wear, ma'am.

UNCLE HAYROOB'S FISHING MACHINE.—PATENT APPLIED FOR.



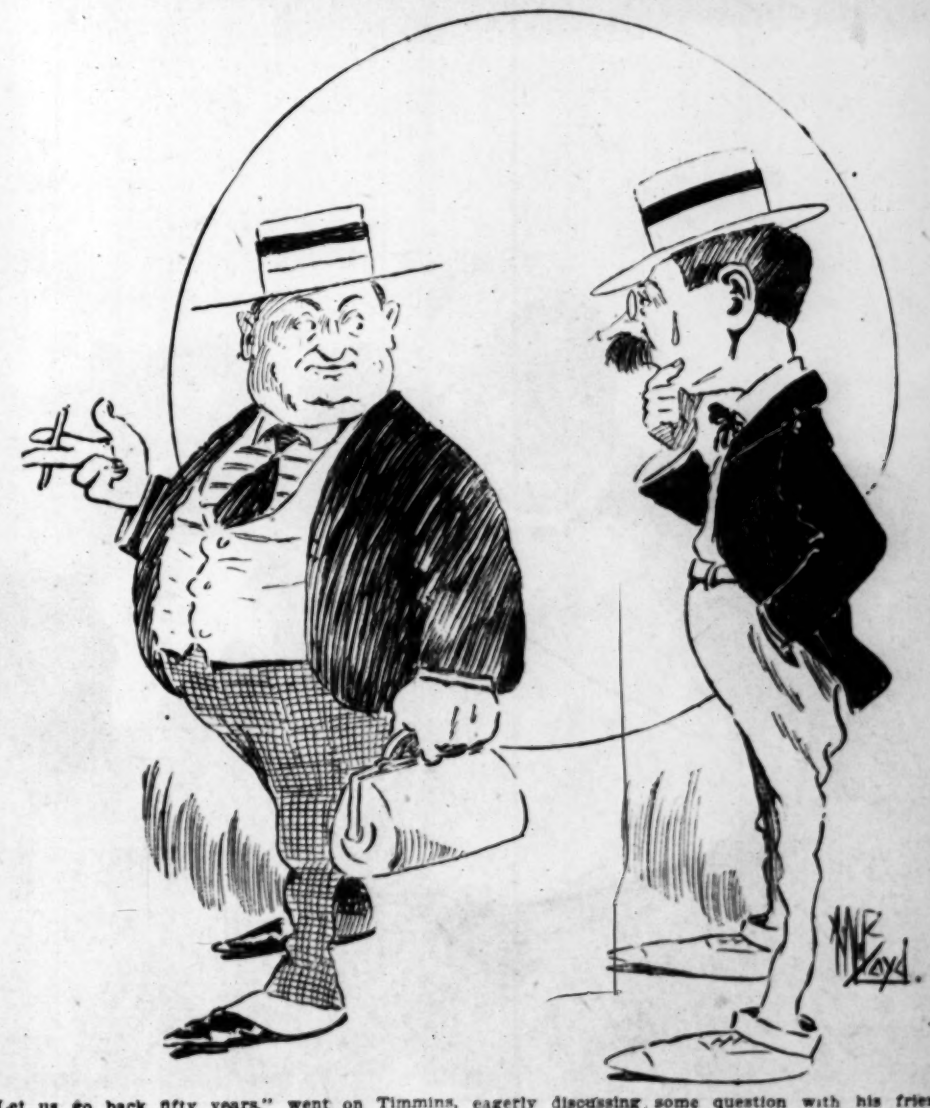
INHERITED TALENT



Mme. Le Bonnet—Have you an idea of the millinery business that you want to learn it?

Little One—My father is a landscape gardener, ma'am!

COULDN'T SPARE THE TIME.



"Let us go back fifty years," went on Timmins, eagerly discussing some question with his friend Gilgal.

"Sorry," replied Gilgal, "but I can't spare the time now for a trip to Philadelphia."

THE GRASS WIDOWS' CLUB.

"The club has a good many things to whi-
must give its attention to-day," said the Pres-
as she called the organization to order and
justed her bangs with the aid of a glass set
the top of her desk. After extracting a gray
and disposing of a superfluity of powder on
lobe of her left ear she added:

"Have any of the members present got trac-
their runaway husbands since our last meet-
ing?"

"I have," responded a hustling-looking wa-
in the rear of the room. "I have traced my
ber three from here to Kalamazoo, Mich. for
place I start on the next train, and he will re-
with me or I'll know the reason why."

"Bravo!"

"Good!"

"That's right!"

"That's the talk!"

"A little less confusion, please," said the
dent, bringing her gavel down sharply on
desk. "Our dear sister's pluck is certainly
commended, and I trust that it will hold out
not be put off with any fair promises when
reach Kalamazoo, my dear sister. We all
what these men are. Shakespeare hit them
a T when he said that they were 'deceivers
with—'

One foot on shore and one on sea,
To one thing constant never.

"I have had, as you know, five husbands,
those lines have a fearful meaning for me.
I see our sweet sister Giddylove on her feet
am sure that she has something to say to us."

"I should say I had!" exclaimed Sister G-
love. "I'd just like to ask this club what a
ought to do who has been basely tricked and
served and her womanly confidence betrayed
mine has been? It makes me so raving, how
fighting mad that I—"

"Calm yourself, Mabel, dear," said the P-
dent soothingly. "Rest assured that we will
everything in our power to right any wrong
has been done you by any man."

"Then you will take my last husband and
feather him and ride him on a rail!" shr-
Mrs. Giddylove shrilly.

"You know that we did that to Mrs. Gete
husband, Mabel, and it came near getting
club into bad repute. But tell your story."

"Well, you know that I was married last m-
to De Forrest Giddylove, and I thought and e-
body else thought that I'd made a splendid m-
He told me that he had over a hundred thou-
in Government bonds and that he owned inte-
in gold mines and coal mines, and that he
cottage at this and that summer resort, and
he was sole heir of an enormously rich uncle
California. And in this way he won my love
trust. Well, I married him and—oh, it makes
so raging mad to tell it!"

"Hush! he's rich uncle!"

"He has absolutely nothing that he said he
I've had his board bills sent to me to pay!
the bill for the engagement ring he gave me
the bill for his wedding suit have been sent f-
and I—Nellie Sprightly, if you and Lily H-
don't stop that giggling and tittering behind
fans I'll make you titter on the other side of
mouths!"

"Come, come, sweet sisters, this won't do."
"They'll find out that it won't do to sit-
zigging over my misfortunes! If I should te-
I might tell about Nellie Sprightly's matrim-
ventures I guess!"

"I dare you to tell a single thing, Mabe-
love! I just dare you to. Everybody knows
your first husband had to—"

"There isn't a word of truth in it, and—"

"It's a gospel fact, and I can—"

"The less you say the better for—"

"Come, come, ladies! This is no way to ac-
is our duty to listen to Sister Giddylove's griet
and to help her to secure justice and venge-
Where is this base Giddylove now?"

"That's what I'd like to know!" exclaim-
deceived spouse. "But I'd give more to
where his diamond rings and a diamond ore
and a pearl and diamond and emerald bri-
and an emerald and diamond ring of mine
that he took away with him!"

"This is awful!" said the sympathetic P-
dent. "The club will instantly go into exco-
session to consider the case of this perfi-
wretch!"

HE WAS READY.

Dolby and his wife were going out the
evening, and Dolby gave himself up to the
forts of his pipe and Morris chair until
minutes before time to start. Then he
around" in this fashion:

"Here, Mary," to his wife, "just lay ou-
things, will you? Put the studs in my shirt,
you? And just slip the buttons into my
Don't forget a clean collar, and I guess I'll c-
my underwear if you'll lay out a suit. And
you find time to change my suspenders if
evening trousers and put a little liquid dre-
on my shoes? Then I'll want you to tie m-
and—oh, just brush my hat up a little, won't
Yes, and there's a string needed in one o-
evening shoes. See to it, won't you dear? Wh-
my comb and brush? No, they're not where
them last, for I left them right here on
dresser. I can swear that I did. Find a
please, and then take the whisk broom and f-
my coat a little. I think that there is a little
on the collar that you'll have to sponge out
there is a button needed on my trousers. I f-
to tell you before. Can't you button this b-
collar for me? It's so stiff I can't do a
with it. Now tie my tie, please, and slip a
handkerchief into my coat pocket, and then
Lord, woman, it's time we were off now!
here you're not half-dressed! What have
been doing? Here I'm nearly ready, and
well, if you women don't beat the Dutch
it comes to dilly-dallying. I've a good m-
go off without you to teach you to be read-
time next time we're going any place!
hurry up. Here I'm all ready."

TWO WAYS.

(One man in a hundred.)
I love, in gentle summer time,
To leave my bed at early dawn,
And watch the day god upward climb,
Until he bursts in perfect morn.
I love to wade the dewy grass,
Or rest within some pensive nook;
And there, as swift the moments pass,
Absorb myself in pipe and book.

(The other ninety-nine.)
I love in gentle summer time,
To lie abed at early dawn;
And as the sun doth upward climb,
To snooze away the perfect morn.
I love to wade the dewy grass,
Or walk beside the murm'ring stream;
As swift the fleeting moments pass—
That is, I love to, in my dreams.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 1, 1897.

SUM PARTNERS WEE MITE SEE IF ANIMALZ CUD DANSE.

(BY THE RENOWNED CARTOONIST, PERCY WINTERBOTTOM, THE INVENTOR OF THE "NEW ART.")



THEE DOMINIE & CHICKEN.



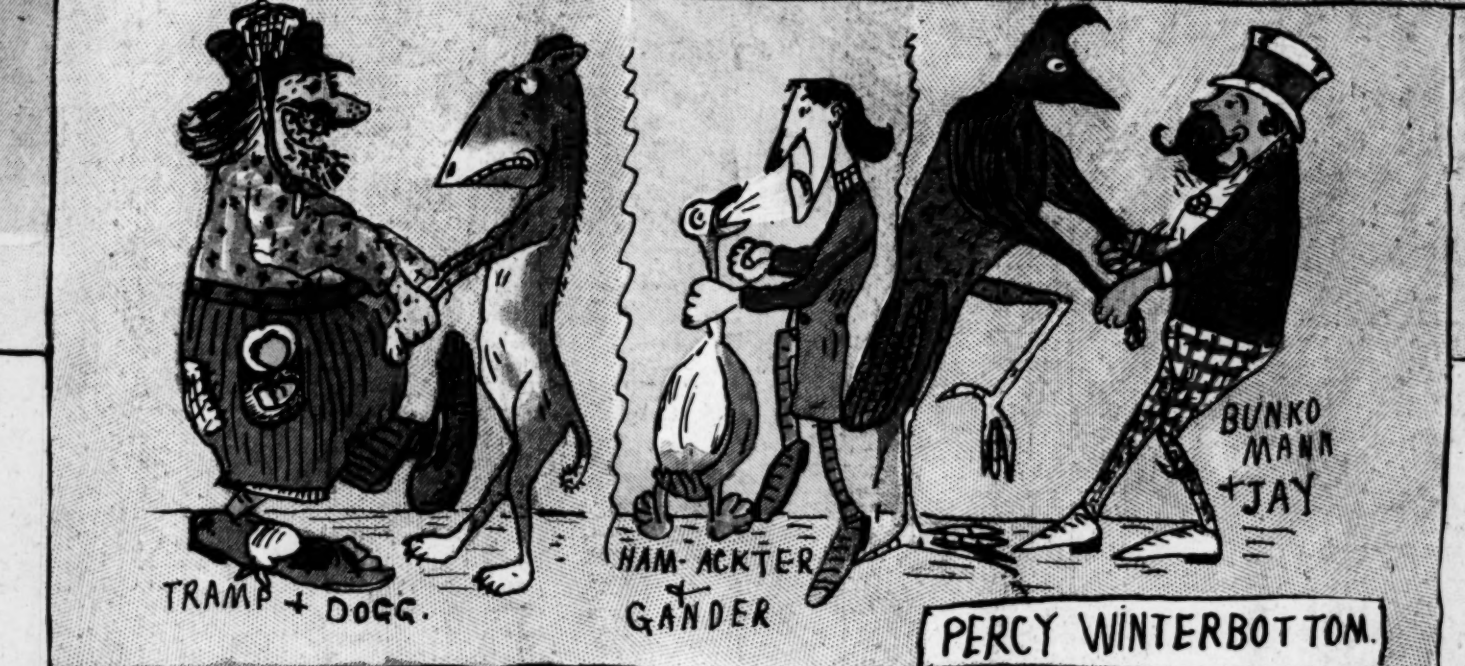
THEE ORKESTRA



FARMUR & GRASHOPPUR.



ONE MADE & KAT.



TRAMP & DOGG.

HAM-ACKTER
& GANDER

BUNKO
MANN
& JAY

PERCY WINTERBOTTOM.



Dood & Kalf

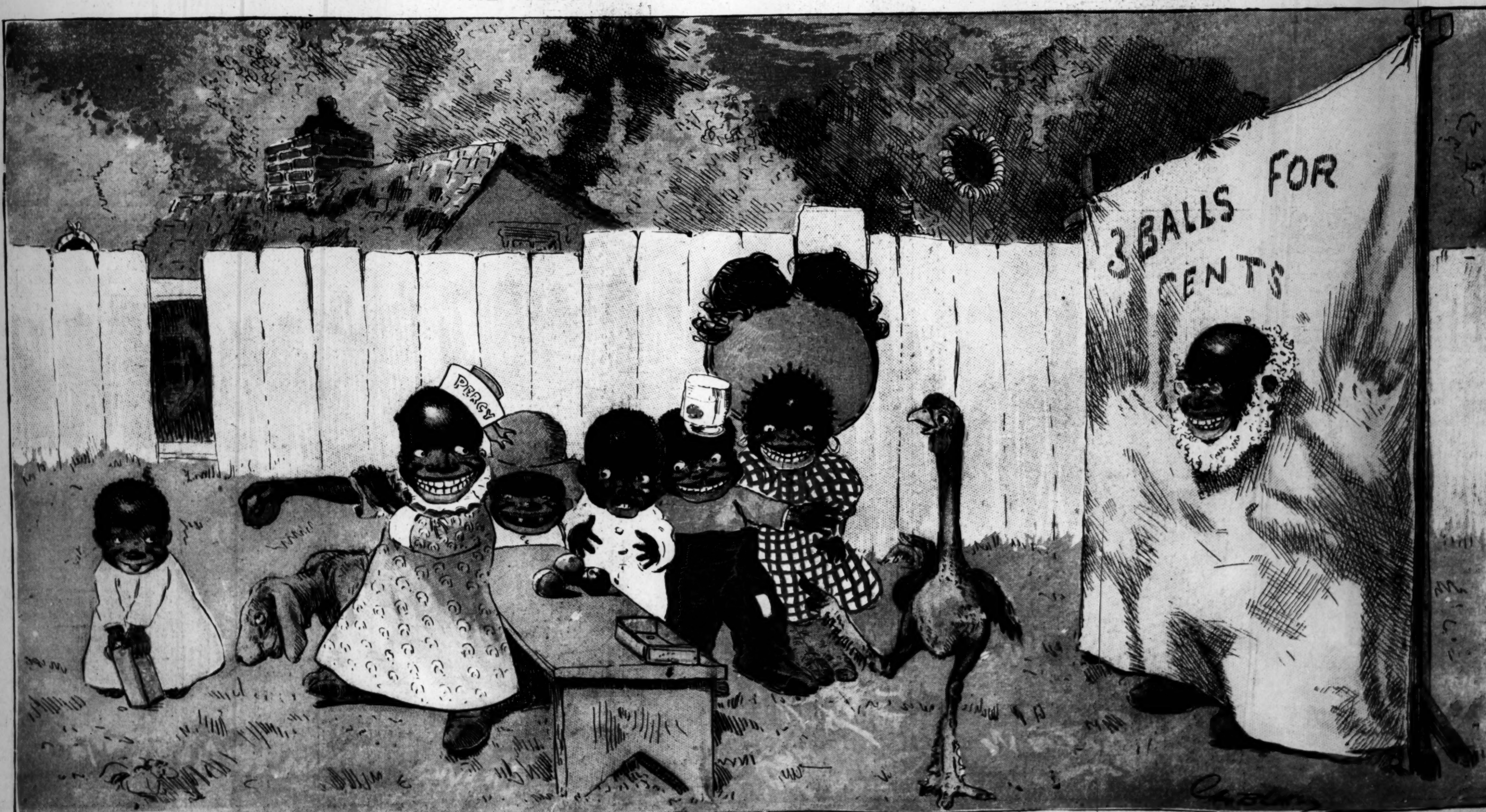
Bally Girl
& CRAIN

SUMMER
GIRL
& BARE



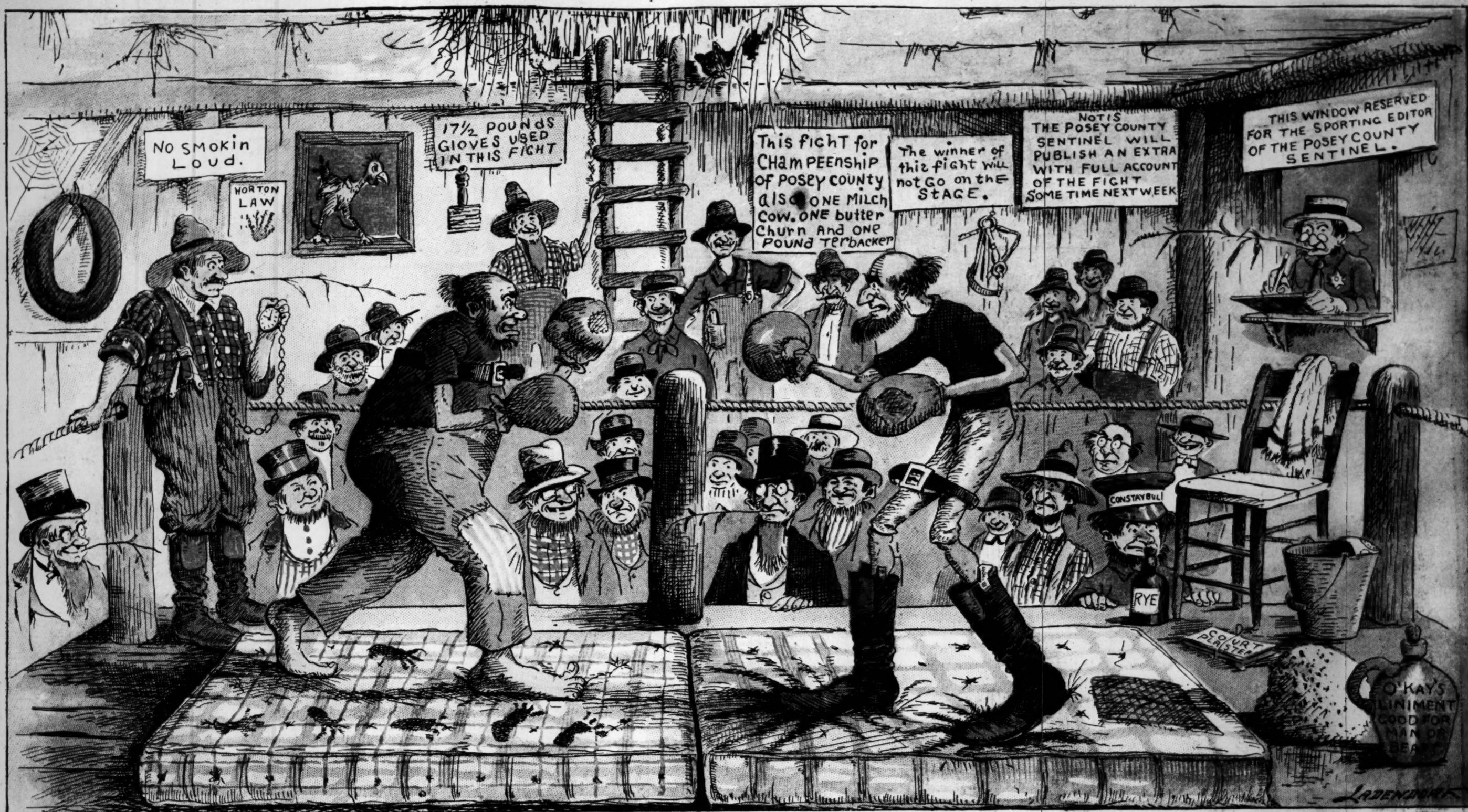
COLERO MANN & POSSIM.

THE KALSOMINE FAMILY PRACTISE BALL THROWING.

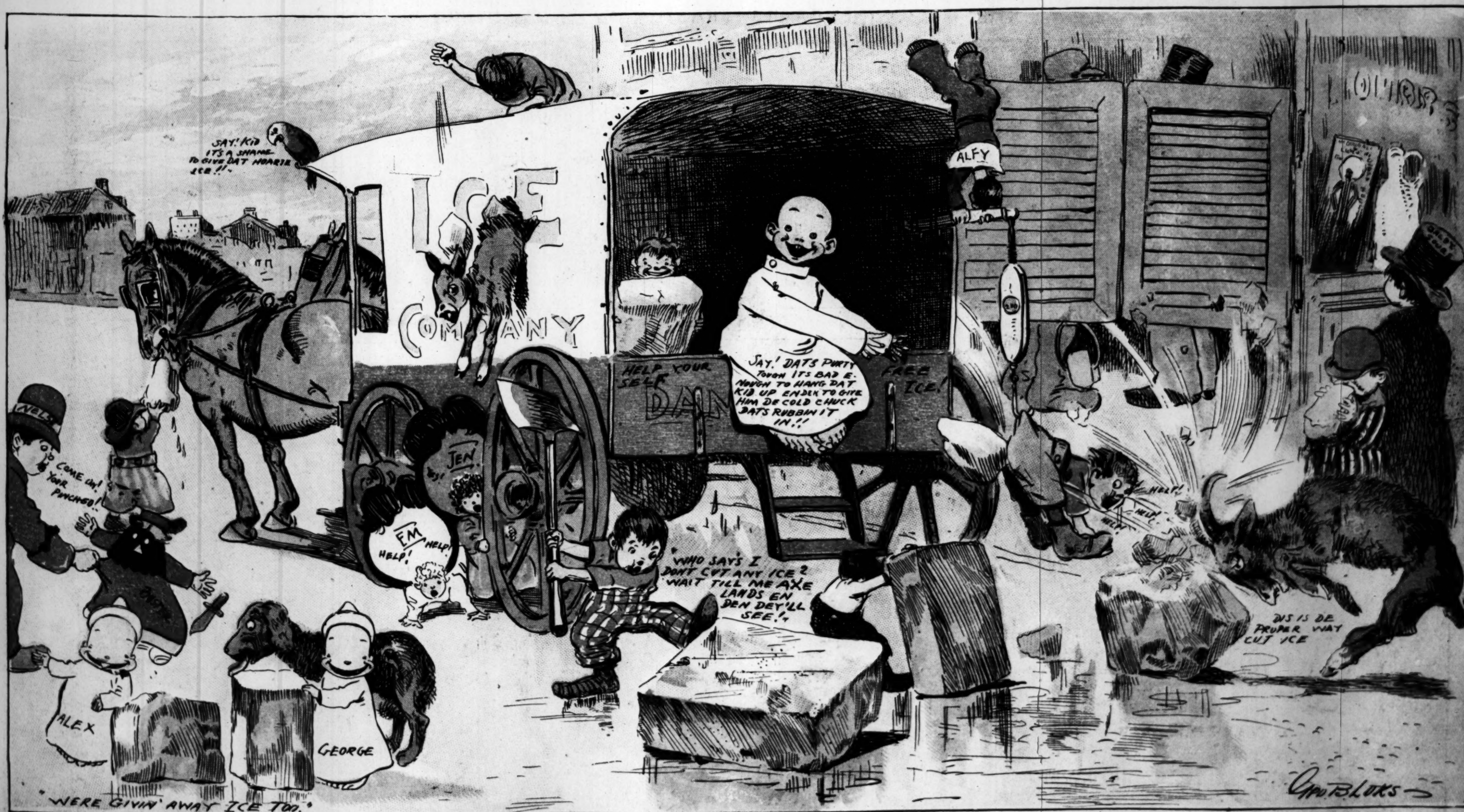


SUNDAY, AUGUST 1, 1907.

AN IMPORTANT PRIZE-FIGHT UP AT THE POSEY COUNTY ATHLETIC CLUB.



HOLDING UP THE ICE CART IN HOGAN'S ALLEY



SUMMER-SEASON STORY OF A QUEER
NESTING PLACE.

1. Heinrich Von Bumm cut an elegant dash his beard a la Chapman and brilliant mustache. In his title was praps all the Count had of health, a very fine figure and very good health.



2. Need that one day from their cage in the "Zoo" looking-birds 'scaped and immediately flew to a convenient place for a nest. In travels they found the Count taking a rest.



3. Warblers, being cage-born, were ignorant quite to find for their nest the materials right. Thankful, then, were they to find on the face of Count both material and suitable place.



4. Without heed to the snores of the Count, their nest-building work the two feather'd ones twisted his hair into shape very soon. A fact Mr. Mocker announced with a tune.

METHOD IN HIS SYSTEM.

(From a French Comic Paper.)



5. "Do you actually allow your wife to smoke?" he asked. When she's smoking she can't talk."

THE DUCK-DEALER'S DOLE.

OR, FRUSTRANEUS FARMING AT FORT LEE.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LONG, LEAN LOVER;
OR, THE LONG ISLAND LAFLANDER."

Chapter I.

"Cluck! cluck! cluck!"
As he uttered these words the Fort Lee duck farmer seized the throttle of his incubator in his clammy grasp. A look of intense expectation overcast his face as he drew the lever back and heard the hot steam hissing from a dozen of imperfect packings. Then turning his face towards the moon, which split its opalescent nacre through the window, for it was now long past the hour of midnight, he uttered these beautiful lines from Phiny the Elder:

THE DUCK DEALER.

Break, break, break,
From thy silent shell, oh, duck;
And I'll, like thy mother utter,
Thy lullaby, cluck, cluck, cluck.

Chapter II.

Morning was come again. The sun, as usual, rose in the east, and like the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, slowly crept up to the zenith. In the quiet hamlet of Fort Lee might have been seen a kindly-faced man passionately bending over eleven ducklings. They had only come to earth during the night, and yet they were unhappy.

And why?
Ah, the kindly-faced man was saying: "Cluck! cluck! cluck!"
His words recalled to memory these lines from Whittier:

The warble of the porcupine
Is louder than the wren's;
The blunt proboscis of the swine
Is stronger than the hen's.

Chapter III.

The colour of the evening hung like a piece of bunting over the brow of the Palisades. The zephyr sighed like a designing widow among the rock pines, mingling harmoniously with the moans of the duck farmer. The pale moon again came up into the sky and shed its milky flood upon the duck works. But the incubator, in solemn grandeur, stood there cold and silent. Down by the river's edge the laving tide kissed the upturned feet of eleven ducklings, now cold in the cruel grasp of death.

"Oh, why have I been bereft," muttered the duck farmer, turning away from the scene as a minister with dyspepsia would shun a dish of plum pudding. "I'll tell you," spoke a voice at his side. "You said 'Cluck! cluck! cluck!' to them when you should have said 'Quack! quack! quack!'"

The speaker was Josh Jeykel, the Hackensack goose fancier. For a time the two men eyed each other in silence. Then the duck farmer seized an axe, cleft his rival's whiskers close to the chin, simultaneously reciting these lines from Bobby Burns:

On the road to Mandelay,
Where the flying fishes play,
And to ducks it makes no difference
If their mother is a jay.

G. A. B.

FUTILE.

"But he comes from one of the best families," urged her mother. "Oh, yes, I know," she said wearily, "but couldn't he be induced to return?"

And then her parent knew it was of no further use to try and arrange the match.

TWO REMEMBRANCES.

Grandpa—Will you remember me, girlie, after I am dead?
Girlie—Yes, grandpa, if you have remembered me.

THEY KILL EASILY.

Perdita—Would we have any men with nerve enough to kill the enemy if we had a war?

Tom Barry—Certainly. Look at all our trolley men.

WHEN THEY MARCH HOME AGAIN

They have gathered 'round the White House, ten thousand office-seekers strong. With petitions and indorsements in a grand and gorgeous stack. And for weary weeks they'll warble their distressing, dreary song. And at last drill home disgusted.

On the Railroad Track.

O, they've labored for the party for a hundred years or more. Ever putting up their boodle when the others all held back. They have shouted and have spouted, and have won the votes galore. But—no difference; home they'll travel.

On the Railroad Track.

They've been promised many places by the party bosses all. And for high class commendation, no, indeed, they do not lack; But upon the jobs they settled, some one else has now the call. So home they'll tramp disheartened.

On the Railroad Track.

On the Railroad Track.

AN IMPORTANT POINT.

"The work and hours and salary all suit me, sir," said the applicant for the place as stenographer and typewriter, "but there is one more point on which I wish information."

"Name it," replied the brisk young business man.

"What sort of engagement rings are you in the habit of giving?"

A BARE HUNT IN THREE ADYRONDEX.



HIS DESTINY



Wallstreet—My little son Jimmy is bound to turn out a great financier.
Puttall—How do you know that?
Wallstreet—I gave him a toy bank this morning and the first thing he did was to go at it with a hammer.

AN ORATORICAL PROBLEM.



1. Why is it that this scared youth has to be coaxed, cajoled and threatened to "speak his little piece" in boyhood days, and—



2. —thirty years later in Congress nothing under high heaven, but the sergeant-at-arms can scare or check him from ever stopping?

WHICH MADE ALL THE DIFFERENCE.



"Last month you offered to sell me your drug store for \$3,000, and now you want \$15,000."
"Certainly. The new trolley line runs right past the door."

A BARE HUNT IN
THREE ADYRONDEX.

(By Percy Winterbottom.)

Most artists do not like to sketch from nature. First, because they cannot do it as well as we can; and second, because they know we always laugh at them. Therefore we have the field pretty much too ourselves.

While in the Adyrondex looking for a worthy subject for our talent, our attention was called to a gruesome, though highly humorous incident which implicates a Brooklyn Minister and two fare members of his flock.

It seems that word reached the dominie that bares were numerous in the North Woods, and the nooz made his heart sad. Sew he arranged for a crusade against them. Now knowing that bares were fond of honey, he took with him the sweetest girl in his congregation—thereby hoping to attract the beasts from their lairs. He sent her ahead by express. Then he secured the homeliest girl in his flock too go along with hymn so that the congregation could not hatch up a skandle against hymn. The magnificent sketch shows the expedition plunging into the primeval forest.

First, we see a section of dog. Then comes the trusty guide, an honest, though handsome man. Third is the dominie, disguised as a dood so as to prevent chickens from dropping ded as he passes. The fourth figure is the ugliest girl in Brooklyn—though the picture flatters her. She is chewing gum, as it will be seen by her mouth. She learned the pernicious habit when an infant cutting teeth, and has kept it up ever since too please her father, who is a member of the Rubber Trust.

These last girls are the beauty about which the entire plot klings. Before the expedition started, the dominie said too herr:

"Now, when you see a bare making for you, halloo with all yore mite and wee will come too yore assistance."

"I'll do it," she replied in a low, guttural voice, and they started off.

But before they had gone ten feet, a bare grabbed her and began squeezing her with awl his might and mane. But she did not scream. For fifty miles he kept it up over rough mountain roads. But no complaint escaped her mouth. (Rite heer the ettenshun of the skeptikal reader is called to the girl's face. It will be scene that even in the arms of deth she wears a look of serenity which indicates that she is at peace with the world.)

Suddenly the person turned around and saw the bare. Quick as a messenger boy his rifle was up. "Spar him," she said, and then continued:

"Chute if you will this old gray head, Butt spear your country's bare," she said.

The dominie's hand trembled, but he did not pull the trigger. Then the fair girl continued: "He may have his faults, but in Brooklyn they would be virtues. Oh, had I known hymn thirty-nine years sooner!"

Even the old gide's eyes were wet. The dominie labored as if he had asthma, and they were all happy. Turning to the two girls he said: "Go and become 'Bares in the Woods!'"

In another hour they were lost in the bowels of the forest—and the dominie returned without them forever.

SHE HAD TO BE TREATED.

"Away!" she said, "or I scream!"
The ruthless villain surveyed her musingly. "There's no weighing machine handy," he finally evolved, "so I suppose it'll have to be ice-cream!"

Muttering a curse on long engagements, when a fellow had only a small salary, he blew in another dime for her.

FEW AND FAR BETWEEN.

Browne—Who wrote "Birds of a feather flock together?"
Towns—Some idiot who had never been out shooting.

READILY ANSWERED.

Poet—Give me a word that's synonymous with "crop."
Amateur Farmer (sadly)—"Failure."

THE TRIAL OF KATIE.

The languor of the poppy creeps
Adown the dreamy night;
Far up the lawn a firefly keeps
A vigil with his light.

For forty nights, within this vale,
Her trial's been going on;
For forty nights we've heard them rail
And argue—pro and con.

The one maintains that "Katie did,"
(Alluding to a kiss)
And shouts his charges out amid
The rabble's awful hiss.

His colleague holds him hard at bay,
And thinks to win, I wis;
With lusty voice I hear him say
That "Katie didn't" kiss.

How foolish for these little bugs
To join in such a tilt;
I'll just give her one of my hugs,
And straightaway prove her guilt.

LOOKS LIKE BUSINESS.

"These Americans are very businesslike people," said Baron Flitree to Count Cashless, both of whom were in America in search of wealthy brides.

"What do you mean, Baron?" asked the Count. "They are determined that our titles shall be able to stand investigation. Look at that sign on the large stone building."

The Count looked and read:

"Titles examined and insured."

BREAKING IT GRADUALLY.

Howso—Slobs is a kind-hearted man.
Cums—Why?
Howso—When his wife's pet poodle died he got a friend who stuttered to break the news to her.

THE VALUE OF A
COMMANDING PRESENCE.

(From a German Comic Paper.)



1. "If I were in Africa," said Lieut. Blow, "and the lions came for me, I would cry out in my manly voice, 'Halt!'"



2. "And they would come to a standstill at once."



3. "Then I would say, 'Right about, face!'"



4. "Company front!" and off they'd go."

HOW IT HAPPENED.



Tourist (in Oklahoma hotel)—That mild-mannered, meek-looking little man who sat opposite me at dinner looked very peculiar with his fierce pompadour. I wonder how he happened to adopt that style of wearing his hair?

Landlord—Oh, that's the Rev. Mr. Harps. He has been wearin' his hair that way ever since he was in a stagelod of passengers who were held up by a cross-eyed road agent who was so nervous that the hook of his finger on the trigger of his gun kept openin' an' shuttin' like a bird's claw.

AFTER PLEASURE, BUSINESS.

(From a German Comic Paper.)



Peddler—Say, mister, you've kicked me down those stairs three times, and had all the fun you wanted with me. Now let's get down to business.

A MISTAKEN INFERENCE.



"Your friend is quite deaf, is he not?"
"Oh, no."
"I had an idea that he was, for I have noticed that his favorite walk is along the railroad track."

HARD ON HIGGINS.

Mrs. Higgins was going away from home to be gone a week, and upon Higgins was to fall the awful responsibility of taking care of the house and three little Higginses of from six to ten years of age. There were, to be sure, three trusty servants, a maiden aunt and a maternal grandmother in the house, and the neighbors had all promised to "do anything they could" in case of an emergency, and yet Mrs. Higgins felt that it was running an "awful risk" to go away from home and leave a man like Higgins at the helm, because he was "so awfully forgetful."

"But you will try to be thoughtful while I am gone, won't you, Higgins?" she said pleadingly. "You are so forgetful that I've written down most of the things you are to do. Don't forget that if the children show any signs of fever they are to

It in my purse. I—why, Hiram Higgins, if I haven't left that ticket at home in my dressing-case drawer! Yes, sir; I'm sure of it! Why didn't you think to remind me of it? You never remember anything! I never saw such a man! Why didn't you think about the ticket before we left home? But you never think of anything! And the train goes in five minutes, and there is that special round-trip ticket at home, and all because of your forgetfulness! Indeed, I won't buy another ticket! I'll go back home and give up the trip, that's what I'll do! It won't be the first pleasure in life that I've lost because of your awful forgetfulness!"

THE GOLD-BRICK LEGEND.

—A BUCOLIC.
There dwelt a man in Haverstraw
In ancient times, 'tis said,
Who wed a fair grass widow,
Whose hair was very red.

The union was a happy one,
And daughters twenty-six
Played round their door—their father made
Their living burning bricks.

Now all these maids, when they were young,
Were by their mother told
That all the bricks their father burned
Were made of purest gold.

And so they grew to think it true,
And when they likewise wed,
They told the story to their own
Fair daughters, it is said.

About this time—the date is lost,
A man at Hackensack,
While mixing cider one cold night
Discovered applejack.

The story of the new compound
Spread like a prairie flame;
Soon to the town of Hackensack
The Haverstraws came.

And here their seed took root and thrived,
And as they multiplied,
The legend of the "Golden Bricks,"
Like Banquo's ghost, ne'er died.

In later years—unto this day—
They'll try at any cost
To get again those bright gold bricks
Which they believe were lost.
GEORGE A. BECKENBAUGH

LIGHT ON ANOTHER MYSTERY.



Mrs. Jones—Just think, Mrs. Brown makes all her own dresses.
Jones the Heartless—I always wondered what made them look and fit so well.

have acornite and I am to be sent for. And be so careful about locking the doors nights. It would be like you to go off to bed and leave the doors wide open—you are so forgetful. And do try to remember that the children are to have only the plainest food at the table, and don't forget that Harry is to be taken to the dentist's on Friday, for I have made an appointment for him. You are so forgetful of little details. I declare I don't know what would become of this family if I was as forgetful as you are. But, thank heaven! I'm not. I don't dare to be. Some one must keep their wits about them."

And on the way to the station she "rattled on" in this vein:

"I'd feel so much easier about going away if you'll forget half I've told you, but don't forget to have a carpenter come and fix the clothes-line reel or the girls won't have any place to hang out the washing on Monday. And don't forget that the children must be in bed by 8 o'clock. It would be just like you to forget and let them stay up until 9, and then the habit would be formed and I'd have an awful time breaking them of it. And I beg of you, forgetful as you are, not to forget that"

"Here we are at the station," interrupted Higgins. "Give me your ticket so that I can get your trunk checked."

"Don't forget and have it checked wrong," she said as she fumbled in her handbag for her purse, and having opened it, she said:

"Why, where is that ticket? I was sure I put

THE THEATRE HAT IN FRANCE.

(From a French Comic Paper.)



Catman—What the dickens do you mean by making a hole in the roof of my cab?
Mr. First-rate—I had to get my wife's new theatre hat in somehow.

REGRETS.

Ah, the pity of it!
She sat wrapped in
reverie; it was most too
hot to wrap in anything
else.

It was all over be-
tween them, and she
had written him to re-
turn her presents.

They had arrived that
evening and she was
contemplating the col-
lection.

One mustache cup,
one razor strop, one pair
toe-clips, one pair sleeve
supporters, one cigar-
holder, a tobacco jar
and a cigar-ash tray.

"I can use the sleeve-
supporters-for garters,"
she sobbed, "and the
ash-tray-for hairpins;
the tobacco jar-to-keep-
vasseline-in-but-oh-how-
I wish-I-had-given-him
a-razor-so-I-might-now
have-something-to-pare
my-corns-with."

Ah, the hollow mock-
ery of it all! Still sob-
bing, she threw herself
on the bed and cried till
she fell asleep.

FOILED.

She (insinuatingly)—
There are more single
than married men in
the penitentiaries.

He (haastily)—Yes;
that shows that there
are a great many men
who would rather go
to prison than get mar-
ried.

AMERICA WINS.

Brown-Jones—Well,
I see that another
American millionaire
has gone to London to
live.

Jones-Brown—That's
all right. There's a
sensible, manly, hard-
working Englishman
come to take his place.
We win.

HOSTILITIES END.

First Indian—I have
met my old foe, Scrap-
ping Squirrel, and I
have buried the
hatchet.

Second Indian—
Where?

First Indian—in his
neck.

CAN ANY ONE SAY WHY THIS IS TRUE?



Magistrate Flammer, in deciding a case in a New York police court, said the other day: "I don't believe these stories about women flirting with men on Broadway. I have walked up and down Broadway for fifty years, and no woman has ever tried to flirt with me."

The above is a picture of Mr. Flammer. His friends think it quite flattering.

WHY HE DIDN'T KNOW IT.

Barber—You say you have shaved here before?
I don't remember your face.
Customer—Probably not. It has healed up since.

TALKED AS THEY WALKED.

Meekton—I saw a scandalous proceeding to-day.
Murphy—What was it?
Meekton—A couple of Brooklyn gossips out walking.

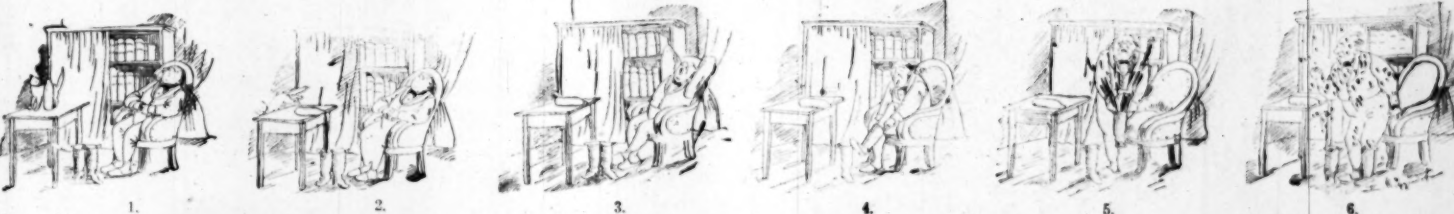
THE LIMIT OF CREDULITY.



"Is he very credulous?"
"He believes in gas meters."

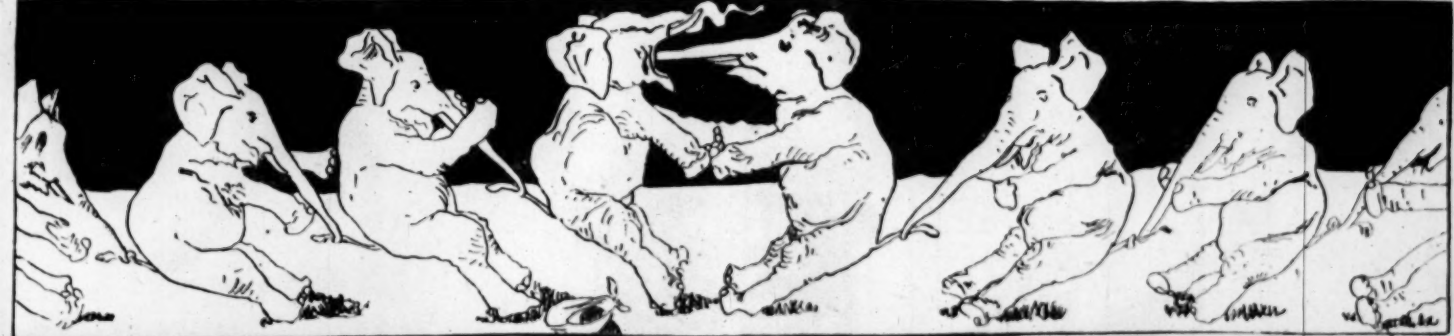
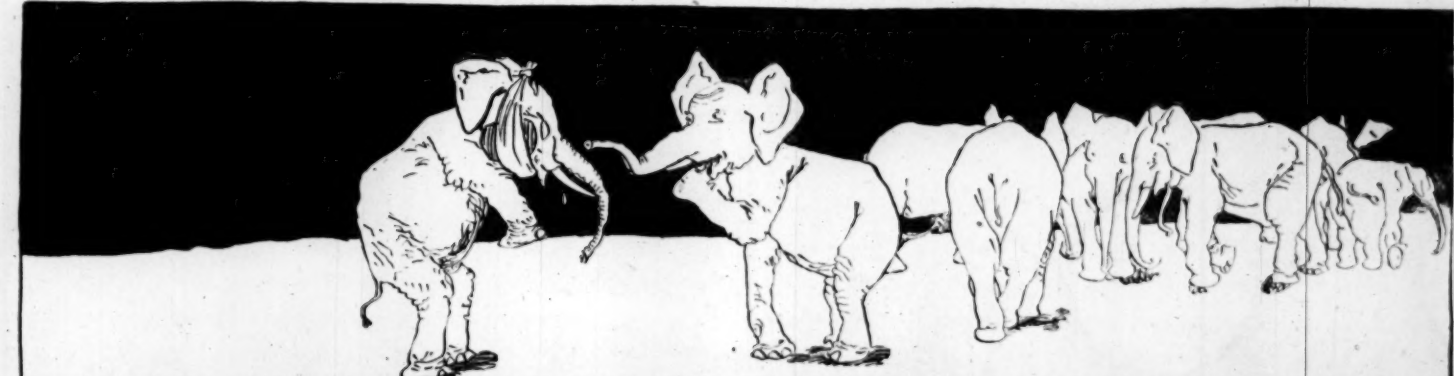
THE CAT THAT UPSET THE INK INTO THE OLD MAN'S BOOT.

(From a German Comic Paper.)



DENTISTRY IN THE JUNGLE.

(From a German Comic Paper.)



A CLUB FUNERAL.

(From the Montana Hooper.)

The funeral of Bije Slawson, one of our best-known and most honored citizens, was held on Sunday afternoon in the Red Light Dance Hall, of which he had for so many years been the successful proprietor.

It was the dandiest funeral ever held in these parts and was a stunning tribute to Bije's popularity. The floral offerings laid over anything heretofore seen in our town. Most of them came from the various social and other clubs of which Bije was a member. From the lodge of Jolly Good Boys came a cross five feet high of roses and lilies. The Roaring Forks Shooting Club sent a huge revolver of lilies-of-the-valley and carnations. The You Bet Poker Club sent a floral emblem two by three feet in size of white and scarlet carnations arranged as a huge ace of hearts. The Ladies' Poker Club, of which Bije was an honorary member, sent a huge queen of hearts in flowers of various kinds. From the Saturday Night Carouse Club came a magnificent floral punch-bowl of white roses filled with crimson roses. The Git-Up-and-Git-There Horse-Racing Association sent a floral pony composed of white pinks with a scarlet saddle astride which there was a tiny jockey in various bright-hued flowers. Many of those present thought that this took the cake, but the offering sent by the Dance Hall Ladies' Society was also a corker, consisting as it did of a full-size ballet dancer done entirely in white and pink roses. The Dead Broke Brotherhood sent a witty little device composed of a pillow of white asters on which in pink rosebuds were the words "Lend me a quarter." There were many smaller tributes too numerous to mention. Nine bands were in the funeral procession, and in the evening a sacred concert followed by a free dance was given as a kind of a memorial service to Bije, who is going to be deuced badly missed in this city. M. M.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

Tourist—I didn't know that this was such a healthy place. You say a man from the East—a dude, you call him—came here so weak he could scarcely walk, and the next morning you saw him half way up that tree? What got him up so quickly—the climate?
Nevada Ned—Naw, rope.

EXTRAVAGANCE.



He asked for a kiss,
And I squandered a dozen.
"Was surely amiss."
When he asked for a kiss,
To waste all that bliss—
For he's only my cousin.
He asked for a kiss,
And I squandered a dozen.

THE GROOM'S DISCRETION.

"I understand," inquiringly remarked the editor of the Hawville Clarion, who was in seat of news, "that you attended a wedding out Frozen Man last night, Ike?"
"I went thar for that purpose," replied Alk Ike.

THE CYCLE PIANO LESSON.

(From a German Comic Paper.)



ANXIOUS.

The wife of old Farmer K—was an extremely thrifty soul. One day she started her husband toward with a basket containing many dozens of eggs. He had been gone but a short time when an excited neighbor invaded Mrs. K's kitchen and called out wildly:

"Sa-a-y! The bridge over Goose River broke down while your husband and team was on it, and he's badly hurt, if he ain't killed!"

"Good land!" exclaimed Mrs. K. "I'll bet there ain't a whole egg left in that basket!"

NOT A CHAIN.

"I wonder what chain of events brought Miss Sterlingworth and Mr. Tillinghast together," remarked Mr. Harkins.

"It wasn't the chain," replied Mr. Hunker. "It was the pedal. Her left pedal flew off on a down grade. He happened to be near at the time, and the assistance he gave her developed into friendship."

GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT.

"Sweets to the sweet," murmured young Mr. Goslin as he handed the sugar to Miss Fosdick.

"Spoons to the spoony," replied that young lady, passing him the spoon holder.

UNPROMISING OUT-LOOK.

"Mamma," said little Fanny Fangle, "I've been watching the people moving in next door, and there are only two children's wheels."

"Well, my dear, what of that?"

"Why, there are four of us children, and we'll just have to take turns borrowing them."

"Give me the names of the happy couple, please?"

"Waal, it was popularly supposed that Tuck Wilkins and Miss Lillie Strodger was goin' to be married, but the ceremony was indefinitely postponed."

"Indeed! What was the cause of the postponement?"

"I reckon it may be charged to the discretion of the bridegroom. Tell you how it was: You Wadkins is a skimpy little feller, a trifle over five feet tall and slim in proportion, and Miss Lillie celebrated far and wide as bein' the maiden who choked a catamount to death with her bare hands about a month ago. The bride and her friends were so busy all the afternoon gittin' ready for the ceremony that they didn't pay as much attention to the bridegroom as they ort to have done. The best man neglected his duty and gave the bridegroom time to think it over, and when a critical moment came he wasn't to be foud Cactus Jack, who jest came in from the Panhan this mornin', reports that he met the happy couple along towards midnight, about ten miles back the Flat Hills, goin' in the general direction Lower California as the crow flies, hittin' the high places as he went, and them mighty frequent."

TOM P. MORGAN

COMPARATIVE COST.

Handel Bar—Your wheel may be a very good one, but it can't quite come up to mine. W. Great Sprockets! I paid a hundred and eighty dollars for mine. You paid only ninety for yours.

Scorchleigh—That's all true enough, but must consider this fact: Besides that ninety dollars I have paid over one hundred dollars repairs thus far this season.

AN EFFECT.

He—How dull it was at Wilkins' card party last night.

She—Yes; in the early part of the evening. I got brighter soon after you left.

NOT A BLOOD RELATIVE.



SUNDAY, AUGUST 1, 1897.

AN ALPHABETICAL ZOO.



A was an apt Alligator
Who wanted to be a head waiter.
He said: "I opine
In that field I could shine,
Because I am such a good skater."

B was a beggarly Bear
Who carefully cured his front hair.
He said: "I would buy
A red-spotted tie,
But I haven't a penny to spare."

C was a cool Chimpanzee
Who went to an afternoon tea.
When they said, "Will you take
A caraway cake?"
He greedily took twenty-three.

D was a diligent Doe.
In summer she shovelled the snow;
In the spring and the fall
She did nothing at all.
And in winter the grass she would mow.

E was an erudite Ermine
Who tried very hard to determine
If he should earn a cent
How it ought to be spent,
And decided to purchase a sermon.

F was a fussy Flamingo
Who remarked to his family:
"I think I would go
To that animal show,
But they all talk such barbarous lingo."

G was a giddy Gaselle
Who never could learn how to spell;
But she managed to pass
To the head of her class
Because she did fractions so well.

H was a haughty young Hawk
Who affected society talk;
But when introduced
At a large chicken-roast
He excitedly screamed out, "Oh, Lawk!"



I was an idle Iguana
Who lived upon curried ba-
nana.
With tears he'd protest
That he never could rest
Till he learned to sing "Eileen
Alanna."

J was a jimp Jaguar
Who purchased a Spanish
guitar.
He played popular airs
At fetes and at fairs
And down at the Fancy Ba-
saar.

K was a kind Kangaroo
Whose bonnet was always
askew;
So they asked her to wait
While they put it on straight
And fastened it firmly with
glue.

L was a lachrymose Leopard
Who ate up twelve sheep and
a shepherd.
But the real reason why
He continued to cry
Was, his food was so lavishly
peppered.

M was a mischievous Marten
Who went to the free kinder-
garten.
When they asked him to play
A gay-colored mat
He tackled the job like a
Spartan.

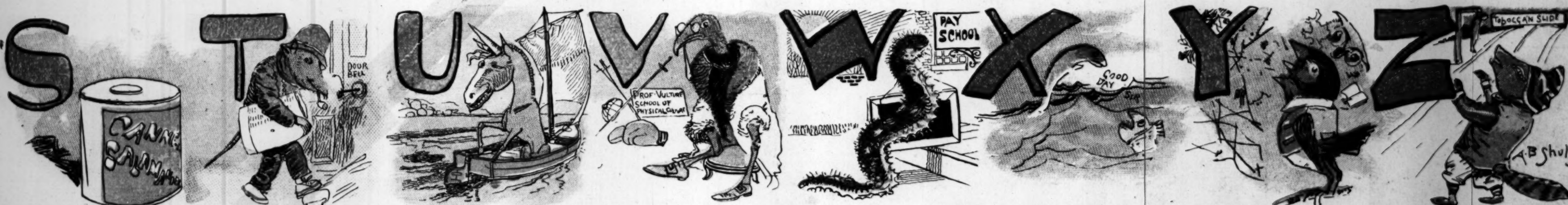
N was a naughty Nylgaur
Who wandered too near a
buzz-saw.
It cut off his toes,
And the shrieks that arose
Filled all of the neighbors
with awe.

O was an ossified Oyster
Who decided to enter a clois-
ter.
He could not return,
But continued to yearn
For his home in the sea, which
was moister.

P was a poor old Poll Parrot
Who had nothing to eat but a
carrot.
And nothing to wear
But a wig of red hair.
And nowhere to live but a
garret.

Q was a querulous Quab
Who at every trifle would "ob-
ob."
He cried: "I detest
To wear a plaid vest,
And I hate to eat corn from
the cob!"

R was a rollicking Ram
Attired in an old pillow-
sham.
When asked if he'd call
At the masquerade ball
He said: "I'll go just as I
am."



S was a shy Salamander
Who slept on a sunny veranda.
She calmly reposed,
But, alas! while she dozed
They caught her and killed her and
canned her.

T was a tiny young Tapir
Who went out to bring in the paper;
And when he came back
He made no muddy track.
For he wiped his feet clean on the
scraper.

U was a young Unicorn,
The boldest that ever was born.
They brought him a boat
And set him afloat,
And straightway he sailed for Cape
Horn.

V was a vigorous Vulture
Who taught animals physical culture.
When a pupil dropped dead
The kind teacher said,
"You needn't consider sepulture."

W was a very wild Worm.
All day he did nothing but squirm.
They sent him to school,
But he broke every rule,
And left at the end of the term.

X was a Xiphias brave
Who lived on the crest of a wave.
To each fish he would say,
"Good day, sir, good day!"
And then a polite bow he gave.

Y was a young Yellowhammer
Who raised a ridiculous clamor,
And he chattered until
An owl said, "Keep still!
I'm trying to study my grammar."

Z was a zealous old Zibet.
Toboggans he tried to prohibit
If any one tried
To take a sly slide
He ordered him hanged on a gibbet.

MORE ABOUT THE NOISE NUISANCE—SOME OF THE BELLS THAT ARE HEARD FROM IN THIS GENIAL OUTDOOR SEASON.

